



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

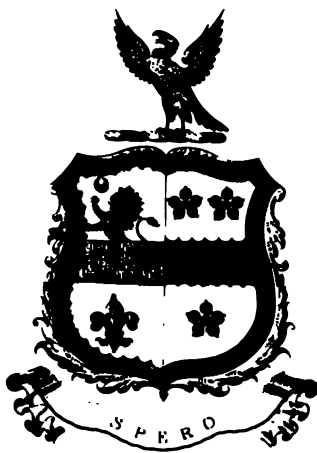
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





*Patrick Chalmers.*

*Author.*

**A** 475909





# LETTERS

DURING THE COURSE OF A

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY,  
SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE

YEARS M.DCC.XCI, AND M.DCC.XCII.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

*MANNERS, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION OF  
THOSE COUNTRIES.*

---

BY ROBERT GRAY, M.A.

VICAR OF FARRINGTON, BERKS.

---

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON,  
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---

1794.

D  
917  
-672

---

## PREFACE.

---

THAT these Letters were not written from the places whence they are dated will easily be discovered. The substance of them, however, as far as respects local description and living manners, was composed at the time and on the spots to which they relate. The impressions of the moment were taken down, and they have since been corrected and improved to meet the public eye. As near two years have elapsed since the Tour was completed, it may be enquired why, if the work were thought worth publication, it was not published sooner? The truth is, that the

Author, on his return from the continent, had no intention of presenting his Journal in any form to the public, and was immediately engaged, indeed, in other concerns. When, however, these were suspended, and he began occasionally to indulge himself in the retrospect of an interesting period of his life, it occurred to him that his descriptions and remarks might, perhaps, interest attention at a time in which an intercourse with the continent, for excursions of pleasure, is almost cut off; when some of the scenes, which the author visited, are disfigured by recent devastation, or clouded by the terrors of approaching storms; when he who forsook England must mark, wherever he may travel, the track of armies, and behold suspicion and distrust, and the influence of evil principles in societies, where confidence and cheerfulness formerly prevailed.

The

The countries spoken of in the ensuing pages have, it is true, been repeatedly described ; but no one can suppose that they have been fully displayed. The records of their history explain many particulars that have escaped attention. The beauty of their appearance may still be exhibited in fresh colours, and in new points of view. The character of their literature and religion has been slightly touched by travellers ; and their general manners afford ample subject for unhacknied illustration.

That the author has judiciously availed himself of the opportunities which he possessed to give full information upon the subjects on which he treats, is by no means pretended. He did not collect materials with any such determinate view ; and in the course of his Tour only noted down those particulars which appeared most interesting to him, and

which he now flatters himself may furnish subject for the amusement of a few leisure hours. It is some merit to produce any book that may amuse, and cannot injure the numerous readers of the present day : and accounts of other countries, however superficial they may be, cannot but afford some useful and instructive information. No taste is more prevailing than that for books of travels; none, perhaps, not professedly moral is less productive of mischief. The English, characterized by their curiosity in visiting and enquiring concerning other nations, read them with particular avidity. The author has been careful that they who travel with him should find him at least harmless; picking up no scraps of infidelity, collecting no trash of foreign politics. If he advert to the light and empty notions which bubbled up in the societies which he saw, it is only to point out their frivolous and transient nature.

When

When truth is scrupulously adhered to, the reader may complain of dulness, but he will find no misrepresentation. If he look in vain for strange occurrences and romantic adventures, he will see circumstances as they exist: he will not be terrified by imaginary dangers, nor harrassed by fictitious difficulties. He will struggle through bad roads without even breaking the springs of his carriage, and sleep at Italian inns without being devoured by fleas. If he is not entertained by lively fallies or sprightly anecdotes, let it be remembered that these are contrived embellishments, and, perhaps, often reflect false colours.

If the writer, in recurring to chearful days and to scenes visited in the society of friends whom he valued, revive sensations more enlivening than those which at present he enjoys, he may, perhaps, be allowed sometimes to dilate on trivial events, and to linger in minute detail of local circumstances. He can assert, at least,



least, that he never read the travels of others, in which he has been engaged by the charm of simplicity and truth, without partaking of a lively pleasure from those descriptions in which their affections are displayed.

The author, however, has often dwelt on circumstances of local description, but for the sake of communicating the sentiments which he experienced, of genuine and unaffected admiration of the works of Providence, and with design of conveying reflections of a general tendency. This, indeed, has been done chiefly in Switzerland, where the features of nature are most striking and impressive, most capable of being portrayed in description, and most distinguished by particulars of important consideration.

Buildings, statues, and pictures he has treated of only as objects to which his atten-

tion was necessarily led, without attempting to describe what has been so often represented, and only with a view to the illustration of the arts, and of the appearance of the towns which were visited in the Tour. Distances, and the stages of progress are commonly specified, as useful, not only to inform the traveller, but to assist the general reader in his ideas of the relative position of places; and such specification, if it appear minute, occupies but little space.

The author has endeavoured, to the best of his abilities, to impart to others as much as he could of that pleasure which he experienced in the Tour; and whatever may be his success, he has at least wished to direct curiosity to interesting objects, and to enliven the vacant hours of life by inoffensive if not instructive communications.



## ERRATA.

- Page 17, line 3, for *containing* read *consisting of*.  
P. 27, l. 13, instead of *more beautiful town* read *town more beautifully situated*.  
p. 43, l. 14, for *power* read *state*.  
p. 46, instead of lines 4, 5, and 6 read *1400 feet across the Rhine, where the river is increased in its breadth after having received the Maine a little above the town*.  
p. 48, l. 22, dele *who*.  
p. 61, l. 14, for *exhibits* read *exhibit*.  
p. 77, l. 14, for *bein* read *vein*.  
p. 84, l. 9, a break at *We*.  
p. 124, l. 14, for *their* read *this*.  
p. 128, l. 13, before *town* insert *this*.  
p. 188, l. 13, for *Maudon* read *Moudon*.  
p. 203, l. 6, for *farjent's* read *Cerjat's*.  
p. 209, l. 18, for *tutor* read *guide*.  
p. 249, l. 3, for *Bondoni* read *Bodoni*.  
p. 255, l. 23, for *orfeveria* read *orfèvererie*.  
p. 258, for *Tricheries* read *Trickeries*.  
p. 317, l. 2, for *Leonardi di Vinci* read *Leonardo da Vinci*.  
p. 321, l. 25, for *duorno* read *duomo*.  
p. 378, for *Pope's* read *Pope*.  
p. 389, last line, for *Trati* read *Irati*.  
p. 332, l. 18, for *Venice* read *Venise*.  
p. 417, l. 25, for *eleven thousand fathoms* read *near three thousand seven hundred feet*.

## LETTERS



*Lately published, by the same* AUTHOR,

- I. A KEY TO THE OLD TESTAMENT AND APOCRYPHA: or an Account of their several Books, their Contents and Authors, and of the Times in which they were respectively written.

The second Edition, in one Volume 8vo. Price, in Boards, 8s.

- II. DISCOURSES on various Subjects, illustrative of the Evidence, Influence, and Doctrines of Christianity. In one Volume 8vo, Price, in boards, 5s.



---

# LETTERS

DURING THE COURSE OF A

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

---

## LETTER I.

---

BRUSSELS, June 15, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

WE left home on the 6th instant in high spirits at the prospect before us, but our cheerfulness was mingled with some regret at the idea of a separation from friends, upon whose society we had been accustomed to look for enjoyment. The Dover road is always interesting, and perhaps no other is travelled with such variety of sensations, as differently experienced by those who are forsaking, and by those who are returning to their



their country—by those who emigrate in quest of novelty and happier scenes, and by those who hasten back to former enjoyments. We were about to quit England with no view but to improve our taste, and to ascertain its comparative advantages; neither driven by distress nor disgust, and determined to return as soon as curiosity should be gratified; we therefore admired the well-wooded scenery of Kent, its frequent hills, and occasional views of the river, without the lingerings of final departure.

Captain Radcliffe's vessel conveyed us, in about twelve hours, to Boulogne, where we staid only for the examination of our baggage, and then proceeded to St. Omer's, a town which still retains a gloomy appearance, though the mists of jesuitism are dispersed. The English college here, which cannot boast of having educated Mr. Burke, notwithstanding the silly reports upon the subject, was formerly a jesuitical school, originally founded on the same plan as that of Douay, to furnish England with supporters of the Romish faith. Upon the suppression of that society their public buildings were very generally permitted to continue as seminaries of education, and still

still contributed to the cultivation of literature. Modern reformation on the continent is more violent in its transitions, and evacuated convents are now converted into barracks, granaries, and manufactories.

We looked into the church and convent of St. Bettin. The monks are in daily expectation of the order of dismissal from their spacious and handsome buildings: the courts and gardens already exhibit the rude appearance of neglect. In the dissolution of these houses the unprejudiced mind will always remember something to regret. Monasteries, however deservedly decried as too numerous and too wealthy, and as regulated upon improper principles and restrictions, afforded, sometimes at least, shelter to piety, repentance, and literature.

From St. Omer's we proceeded by Cassel to Lille. The rich land through which our road was directed, was covered with full crops of various vegetation. The fields of tobacco, the strait roads, and the rows of willows and poplars fantastically stripped to the top, reminded us that we were in Flanders; and we remarked that the people appeared better

cloathed and more comfortably fed and lodged than those in France.

Their political sentiments are various. They have caught the enthusiasm of liberty; but though flattered by its prospect, many of them murmur against the proceedings of the National Assembly. The new archbishop of Cambray was lately received at Lisle with great honors, after having narrowly escaped the lanterne at Ballieul. The woman who waited upon us at Ballieul, on being questioned as to her principles, diffidently declared herself incompetent to decide on the subjects now agitated. It were devoutly to be wished, that many busy spirits at present active, were equally sensible of their incapacity. A person with whom we conversed at the dominican convent at Lisle, confessed that he thought it best to adopt whatever principles had the ascendancy, and that he became aristocrat or democrat as the times required.

We were present at Ghent on Whitsunday: my friend not recollecting the day, enquired of a man, what festival was celebrated in the churches? he seemed shocked at his ignorance, and said, he supposed that he was an Englishman, which he seemed to consider

consider as a synonymous term with that of a Turk or Infidel. The procession and celebration of mass were very showy. Prince Luckowitz, who is the bishop of Ghent, was present at the beautiful church of St. Bavot. He was dressed in his episcopal habit profusely adorned with diamonds. The singing, which appeared to be the only part of the service to the praise of God, was very fine.

The son of our landlord at the St. Sebastian at Ghent, was a very important personage in the late disturbances. He commanded a regiment against the Emperor, and resisted all the attractions that Imperial bribery could hold out to seduce him from his party.

On leaving Ghent we travelled through a country more open but less luxuriant in its productions. The road was covered with crouds of men and women returning from a pilgrimage to our Lady of Hall, whose miracles (of which, certainly, you must have heard) have established a great reputation. They all had a kind of paper flag in their hats, like those worn by the representatives of fools on our stage, and each person carried one or two small children's trumpets suspended at the side.

Brussels has been generally considered as a most agreeable place of residence. Those who have introduction to the higher ranks certainly experience every enjoyment there that lively and elegant society can furnish. It requires some prudence, however, to keep safe from the dissipation and taste for high play which prevails. Political dissensions have been lately introduced; and the intermixture of emigrant Frenchmen, restless and discontented, has contributed to change the character of the place. The court has been long absent, and the English have had no ambassador's house to frequent. Col. Gardner has not any ostensible character, and resides at the Hotel de Bellevûe. We mean to stay but two or three days and take up with the Table D'Hotes and the theatre, which are sufficiently good to furnish entertainment and society to transient visitors.

Of the public buildings at Brussels every book will inform you. The church of St. Gudule contains much to interest. The pulpit, the painted glass, and the pictures of Rubens have been often described; but I do not know any account that speaks of a picture of Mary queen of Scots, given, as the Latin inscription

inscription under it expresses, by the queen herself. A contemporary picture of this celebrated personage is certainly curious. It excites a very favorable recollection of an interesting woman, of whom we all wish to think well, and of whom we are all obliged to think ill; the description of whose charms and accomplishments still captivates our judgment, and the history of whose misfortunes awakens and interests our most lively affections. The portrait reminded me of her picture, poetically drawn by Buchanan :

- " Aspice quantus honos frontis; quæ gratia blandis
- " Interfusa genis, quam mitis flamma decoris
- " Fulguret ex oculis, quam conspirarit amico
- " Fœdere cum tenerâ gravitas matura juventâ,
- " Lenis et augustâ cum majestate venustas."

Which may be thus rendered,

What noble beauties on her forehead play,  
 What mingled grace her lovely cheeks display,  
 What gentle glances lighten in her eyes,  
 What charms to youth her matron mind supplies!  
 With awful majesty see beauty shine  
 In temper'd rays, in union soft combine,

“Pectora” (continues the flattering poet)

“Pectora nec formæ cedunt exercita curis,

“Palladiis et Pierias exculta per artes,

“Tranquillant placidos sophia sub iudice proles\*.”

Nor are the fair endowments of her mind

Less pure by nature, less by art refin'd :

Her manners sweetly tun'd, but speak the skill

With which presiding wisdom guides her will,

Buchanan, as an historian, delineates her character with an ungenerous and ungrateful severity that proves him to have been but little influenced by the impression of her personal charms, or the favours which he had received from that unfortunate queen.

The archduchess, and her consort the prince of Saxe Teschen, yesterday made their public entrance here, on their return, after an absence of above a twelvemonth. Their equipage and attendance were splendid, but the day was fullen and unpropitious to the parade : it rained and thundered violently as they arrived : their reception, by the people, was not flattering : no shoutings, no accla-

\* Epithalamium Francisci Valesii et Mariz Stuartæ.

mations;

mations; " no man cried, God bless them!" The populace has imbibed too much of the spirit of discontent to be pleased with the return of its governors: they were welcomed, however, at the theatre, in the evening, with great applause; and an occasional representation, with allusion to the circumstances of the time, calculated to excite satisfaction and reliance on government, was very favorably received. The higher ranks rejoice at the appearance of a court. The illuminations lost their effect at night, as they shone but dimly through the rain. This morning the prince appeared at the parade, on the *Grande Place*, with the *Comte de Seckendorf*, to review some troops of horse. The Hungarian horses have the reputation of being hardy and active; but they are so small as to appear almost incapable of supporting their broad-backed, boney riders.

LETTER



---

 LETTER II.
 

---

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, June 22, 1791.

WE left Brussels on the 17th, and proceeded by Tirlemont and St. Tron to Liege. The country towards Brussels exhibits gentle declivities, prettily covered with woods and villages, with their church spires rising among the trees. As we approached Liege it appeared gradually to impoverish.

Liege, though a very ugly town, is finely situated on the Meuse. The narrow streets are crowded with manufacturers of fire-arms and of other articles, who get rich amidst their dirt. We dined, the second day, at Chaufontaine, a beautiful spot in the centre of well-clothed hills. The views in the neighbourhood, particularly that over an adjacent valley, are charming. In the evening we drove through an agreeable country, occasionally contrasted by barren heaths, to  
Spa,

Spa, having passed through a part of the petty territories, or monastery, of the prince of Stavelot, an ecclesiastic, with whom his subjects profess themselves satisfied.

As we approached Spa we admired, by moonlight, its fine hills richly covered with trees. We took up our abode at the Hotel du Loup; a little discouraged, however, by that emblem of a voracious landlord.

Spa is yet very thin of company; the rooms are but little frequented: the gamblers can with difficulty draw a circle round their tables; they look very anxiously at strangers. The few Frenchwomen who are here dance with great elegance; but play is the whole pleasure and business of the place; men, women and children are all caught by the phrenzy. Volatile Frenchmen, and phlegmatic Germans, grave Spaniards and steady Englishmen. They who repair here for health counteract the effect of their morning ride and salutary draughts of water, by late hours and ruffled passions. It is strange to see them galloping after health in the morning, and deliberately throwing it away, with their cash, in the evening.

The

The fountains which issue out from amidst these stony hills are, certainly, very efficacious in many cases. Englishmen, returning from an Italian tour, visit them with great benefit; but one is apt to fancy, that when ladies, who are impatient to get their debts discharged by presenting their husbands with an heir, seek to promote parturition by bathing their feet in the waters of Sauvenier, they ascribe more virtues to them than they possess, though certainly they brace relaxed habits speedily.

As we found that we had more taste for Pharo and Birabee than might be consistent with our design of visiting Italy, we determined not to hazard a long stay at Spa, and therefore set off on the 26th; and quitting the territory of Liège, at Vervier, we travelled through a country, of which, the rich enclosed pastures and extensive views reminded us of Somersetshire. The latter part of our drive, at ten o'clock at night, was through a forest, where our lamps hardly afforded light enough to save us from being overset by the deep ruts of a heavy sandy soil.

When we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, we might have slept in our carriage, if our courier  
had

had not procured us lodgings at a private house ; for, in consequence of the king of Sweden's being here, not a room is disengaged at the inns, even for Englishmen, for whom room is always made, if possible. Englishmen might indeed be much flattered by the distinction with which they are received in all parts of the continent, if they could suppose that the reception arises from disinterested regard. Our English servant at St. Omer's, left a room, into which he was shown by the mistress of the post house, representing that he did not think himself fit company for the officers and gentlemen there. The good lady, however, soon cured him of his diffidence, desiring him to return, declaring, that she thought an English servant as good as a French officer at least, a compliment which no genuine John Bull would ever contradict.

As no form is observed at Aix-la-Chapelle, any more than at Spa, I went to the assembly room in my travelling dress, though the king of Sweden was present. His animated and affable manners, and lively conversation, appear to conciliate general regard. The next evening we saw the prince  
of

of Orange and his son, at the play, and afterwards at a ball. They came to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet the king of Sweden, with design, it is presumed, to confer on political concerns, but under pretence of arranging a matrimonial connection between the Stadtholder's son and a daughter of prince Ferdinand. The king of Sweden, however, either on some consideration of etiquette, or to prevent suspicious rumours, has not appeared in public with the prince of Orange, but set off for Spa yesterday morning. The son of the prince of Orange has the reputation of abilities far superior to those of his father, and of inheriting the genius of his mother. Prince Ferdinand, and this son, and many other illustrious persons, were present at the ball, and the young princes danced.

This ancient town, which Charlemagne made the seat of empire on this side the Alps, and which continued so to be till the time of Charles the fifth, affords but few circumstances to interest the attention. The cabinet, a quatuor portes, remains a monument of a silly dispute for national precedence. The picture in which Charlemagne is represented as conceding privileges to the town, is no more the  
work

work of Vandyke (I say it meo periculo) that are the wretched portraits of lord Sandwich and the other ambassadors who assembled here in 1748.

The dome of the cathedral, in which many emperors have been crowned, is supported by large pillars, brought from Constantinople.

LETTER

---

 LETTER III.
 

---

DUSSELDORF, June 24.

FROM Aix-la-Chapelle we were conveyed slowly, by Juliers, to Dusseldorf, by horses, which corresponded with the description which Tacitus gives of the German steeds, being not remarkable either for beauty or speed\*. The small, well-planted enclosures reminded us of England; they are not adorned, however, by the frequent neat houses which enliven our prospects.

Dusseldorf derives an air of dignity from its palace and great church, though these buildings are not particularly distinguished for their style of architecture. The palace has the appearance of a deserted residence, and a solitary guard or two suggested the idea of

\* "Equi non forma non velocitate conspicui"—

De moribus Germanorum, § 6.

departed

departed magnificence. It contains, however, the invaluable collection of pictures, which is deservedly celebrated, as containing an unrivalled assemblage of Flemish productions. I shall not repeat the description of them: All at least have seen the engravings from them, or have read the rapturous criticisms of amateur travellers. John-William, the count palatine, who made the collection, is said to have derived a taste for painting from seeing the fine picture here of the battle of the Amazons, by Rubens. As he married one of the Medici family, we need not wonder at his encouragement of the fine arts.

The full moral effect of pictures is seldom produced by large collections; ones attention is distracted by variety, and too often diverted to follow up any chain of thought. A single picture, accidentally seen, may excite very interesting reflections; but who can turn from the tragic sublimity of a crucifixion, by Vandyke, to the humorous representation of a Charlatan, by Gerard Dow, without perceiving a derangement of ideas. If this picture of the Virgin and Child, by Carlo Dolce, were in my closet, it would animate my piety to indulge in daily contemplation of it;

c

and



and the celebrated head of Christ, by the same master, at Burleigh, is, with great propriety, placed, with only one or two others, in a separate closet. But at Dusseldorf I am called from the sublime subject, to look at a Schallchens's woman, smiling on a boy who endeavours to blow out a candle.

In admiring the magnificent picture of the dispensation of a final judgment, by Rubens, I could not but regret, that the subject is degraded by the introduction of Satan, in that stile of traditionary representation in which vulgar imaginations have embodied him, with horns and cloven feet. Sir Thomas Browne, who has adopted and refuted many errors upon a rabbinical notion, supposes the idea to have arisen from the circumstance of the devil's having appeared in the shape of a goat\*; and the learned Mr. Mede was of opinion, that the devil, who, since the fall, only was allowed to appear in a human shape, is compelled to bear the deformity of some uncouth member, as though he could not yet take upon him human shape entirely, for that man himself is not entirely and utterly fallen as he is.

\* See Vulgar Errors.

The imagination of Rubens, however, like that of Milton, should have rejected such childish fancies; the sublime description of the painter, like that of the poet, should have portrayed him

“ As one whose form had yet not lost  
 “ All its original brightness, nor appeared  
 “ Less than archangel ruined, and th’ excess  
 “ Of glory obscured.”

He should have represented “ the faded splendor wan,” the fallen brightness of “ Lucifer, son of the morning.”

During my short stay at Duffeldorf, I became acquainted with a baron De Harold, an Irishman, who is colonel of the regiment of Konigsfeld, and gentleman of the chamber to the elector palatine, who has published, in English, some poems, under the name of Ossian, in imitation of those of Macpherson, which the baron professes to have composed on the fragments of some traditional songs found in the Erse language, in Ireland: they are written with some spirit. It is remarkable that Ossian is represented as an Hibernian, and that some of the poems contradict important passages in those handed to the public by Mr. Macpherson: but it is as

well known in Ireland, that the Scotch derive their origin from the Irish, as it is unquestionable in Scotland, that the Hibernians originally sprung from that most ancient nation in the world, *videlicet*, the Scotch; as any man, who chuses, may find fully proved by a long deduction of particulars in Macgeogehan's History of Ireland; though, observe, I will not enter into any controversy to defend or subvert the pretensions of either party. Ossian, the Irishman, is, I know, a much more pious man than Ossian the Scotchman, though I think it rather uncandid in the baron, to give any countenance to the imputation of atheism against the Scotch hero of Macpherson, and to suppose him unconverted by the arguments of the missionary with whom he disputed\*.

But my reason for mentioning the baron, was to inform you, that he is now employed, in translating into English verse, a Latin poem, entitled the *Christiad*, written by Robert Clarke, a Carthusian monk, of the convent of Nieuport near Ostend, from which, he asserts, that our great poet has

\* See Macpherson's Dissert. p. 10.

borrowed largely. The poem, which is on the Passion of Christ, in seventeen books, contains, indeed, many ideas and descriptions, strikingly similar to those of Milton in his Paradise Lost. But unless the baron can produce an edition previous to that which he possesses, which was printed at Bruges in 1678, it will be difficult to convict Milton of plagiarism in this instance; for Johnson, if I recollect rightly, informs us, that Elwood saw a complete copy of the Paradise Lost at Milton's house, at Chalfont, in 1665; that Milton sold the copy in 1667, and that the third edition was printed in 1678, when it is probable that many copies had passed over to the continent, and contributed to encrease the reputation which his name had gained abroad; and therefore we have a right to suppose, that Clarke, and not Milton, was the copyist: the poem however appears to have much merit. The baron has finished ten or eleven books, with what fidelity I know not, but certainly with much animation. Milton has often been accused of plagiarism, it is to be feared sometimes with truth; for though bishop Douglas, with great acuteness, detected Lauder's interpolations in the works

of different writers, which were designed to disparage Milton's reputation, he by no means undertook to prove, that Milton's claim to originality might not, in other instances, be impeached; and Lauder, though persuaded by Dr. Johnson to give up, in a hasty fit of shame, his whole Essay as an imposition, afterwards, in part, recanted his recantation, and attempted, with some success, to prove the charge of forgery against Milton. But it is time to put an end to this digression designed to vindicate Milton, as every Englishman must wish to do, where he can be vindicated without injury to truth.

Duffeldorf and its environs are not unpleasant. The river Duffel, from which the town takes its name, falls into the Rhine here, and flows with that river, in a respectable channel, through a chearful country. The society of the neighbourhood is described as polished; but with French politeness has been introduced somewhat of French dissipation, among the higher ranks, who mix not with their inferiors. The stile of living is not expensive. There is no tax, but a small land-tax, imposed by the three orders of the districts of Berg and Juliers, who assemble here

here to tax themselves. The baron informs me, that the 200l. sterling, which he receives as colonel, is equivalent to 600l. a year in England. His man-servant receives but two pounds two shillings per annum. A general toleration is granted here; but the Romanists only are admitted to municipal employments. Since the court has removed to Munich, a regency has been established,

---

## LETTER IV.

---

FRANCKFORT, June 29.

THE country between Cologne and Duffeldorf is flat. At Benrah, a few miles from Duffeldorf, we saw an elegant chateau of the elector, which, however, contains nothing remarkable, and is situated in gardens stiff and formal as art could make them.

Cologne is finely situated for trade, which once flourished here. It was one of the Hans towns, and free city, and formerly contained 30,000 men, and stood a siege of the whole empire. It is now badly governed: its corporation is rich; its trade and population are decayed; its streets and buildings are dirty and unimproved. The few Protestants who are here are not tolerated in their worship, but go to a church at Mulheim, six miles farther in the palatinate: these, however, are the chief promoters of trade. The Ro-  
manists

manifest exhibit their dark cathedral, and numberless monasteries : live in poverty to support an overgrown ministry, not respectable for character ; and tell their superstitious and childish stories of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, and of coach-horses that ran up into the garret of a man to punish his incredulity, with such trumpery tales as prove, that some of the inhabitants of Cologne are not wiser in their popular creed, than they were ten centuries ago.

One of the things best worth seeing at Cologne is a picture, which Rubens presented to St. Peter's church, in the parish of which he was born : the subject is the martyrdom of St. Peter : it is a complete tragedy. The countenance and distortion of St. Peter are admirably expressed. This apostle, we are told by ecclesiastical historians, was nailed to the cross on the vatican mount, and intreated to be crucified with his head downwards, declaring that he was unworthy to suffer in the same posture in which his Lord had suffered\* ; and the painter has represented the martyrdom under those circumstances.

\* See Echard's Eccles. Hist.



A famous work of Le Brun is also to be seen in Cologne, at the house of major Jaback : it contains the portrait of some of the major's ancestors, and is represented, as I suppose many others are, as the chef-d'œuvre of the French painter : it did not, however, raise him in my estimation.

While we were at Cologne, the comte D'Artois, accompanied by Mr. De Calonne, the bishop of Arras and a large suite, arrived there on his road to Brussels, in consequence of an account, which he had received, that the king and queen had escaped from Paris, and were hastening to join monsieur and madame De Provence. The prince appeared much elated.

“ O thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate!”

The same day, a little beyond Bonn, we met a gentleman, who was posting to overtake the prince with the information of the king's being retaken. He enquired of us if we had seen the comte D'Artois, and told us, that he was with the king when taken ; but he could not stay to communicate the particulars.

Bonn

Bonn is a fine town : the palace there has no uniformity of design : the chief façade is at one end : the gardens are gay, and decorated with espalier orange-trees, and a variety of fine plants : the terras in front commands, very beautifully, the bold sweeps of the Rhine, which, with the gradual declivities covered with vineyards that recede from its banks ; the summits of hills, covered with castles and towers, and the lofty spiral tops of distant mountains, form a wonderful scene. The duke of Marlborough never took possession of a more beautiful town.

The present elector of Cologne, who resides here, is brother to the emperor of Germany : he obtained his election somewhat informally, by pecuniary intrigue : his revenues and territory are not large : he is obliged, by the German confederacy, to maintain 800. foldiers.

About four miles beyond Bonn we quitted the road, in order to visit a mineral spring not far distant, which, if I mistake not, is called Newth. It is situated amidst some beautiful hills, on one of which are the picturesque ruins of an old castle. A good inn is established there ; and the adjacent grounds are

laid out, by the elector, with that attention to nature, which, to the honor of our nation, is characterised every where as the English taste. The water, which resembles that of Spa, though it is not so strong, is said to be very efficacious in similar cases. The place will, doubtless, be much resorted to; and if beauty of situation, by enlivening the mind, contributes to health, every advantage may be derived from the neighbouring scenes.

From hence we drove through a most enchanting country by the side of the Rhine, between mountains perpetually varying and richly clothed. The beautiful river winds very gracefully between banks, above which appear, as in the description given by Ausonius, of some neighbouring scenes;

“ Culmina villarum pendentibus edita ripis

“ Et virides Baccho colles \*.”

Towns which o'er hanging banks their summits rear,  
And hills which green with Bacchus' gifts appear.

The houses and frequent towns, delightfully situated, reflect a chearful light from their white fronts and slated tops; and the patches

\* Ausonius Mosella, l. 20, 21.

of corn, intermixed with the vineyards, spread a glad appearance of plenty around them. A fine spiral hill crowned with a rocky, castle-like building, forms a noble object for many miles. The whole ride to Andernach is one of the most beautiful in Europe: it runs along a road which was made, as an inscription informed us, under the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, in 162, and repaired and widened by Theodore, elector of Bavaria, in 1768.

We slept at Andernach, where the master of the post-house, and his two pretty daughters, detailed to us, very feelingly, the circumstances of the king of France's re-capture at Varenne. We lamented that the unhappy king had not escaped from insult and degradation; but if he had displayed his standard, what fatal effects must instantly have followed! The preparation for civil war was already commenced, and we should have soon had

“ —Plains with slaughter cover'd o'er,

“ And rage unknown to civil wars before \*.”

\* The writer could not then foresee that an uncontrolled and ferocious phrenzy would produce effects in France more dreadful than any civil war at that period could have occasioned.

Ander-

Andernach was one of the seven ports which Julian built after the destruction of the barbarians. From this town to Coblenz, the country is inferior only to that which we had passed the preceding day. The position of the city on the Rhine, at the mouth of the Moselle, is remarkably fine. The new part of the town is well built; the new palace is handsome, but the situation is by no means to be compared with that of the old one, which stood at the foot of the noble fortress of Elthrenherstein, facing the Moselle. The whole town is now filled with the troops of the comte D'Artois.

The Moselle, which here pours its yellow stream into the Rhine, would suffer much, notwithstanding the description of Ausonius, on a comparison with the Thames.

Of the Rhine one can never profess sufficient admiration; it has every beauty that poetical description hath attributed to it, though it seems indeed to have lost some of its powers; for Claudian, in conformity with a popular superstition, considers it as capable of ascertaining the legitimacy of suspected offspring;

“ Et

“ Et quos nascentes explorat gurgite Rhenus.”

And those whose birth the whelming Rhine explores.

It being customary, as Gregory Nazianzen has remarked, to make this ordeal trial\*. One wishes, it is true, to see more vessels on the Rhine; but its navigation is impeded by heavy and injudicious taxation. The current is likewise extremely rapid, and vessels ascend with the greatest difficulty; but large rafts of timber float down and give a peculiar character to the river.

Instead of proceeding by Mayence to Franckfort, we unfortunately took the road by Montabuer, Limbourg, and Konigstein, and were jumbled over a continuation of rocky stones, to the imminent hazard of dislocating our bones and breaking our carriage. We were obliged to sleep at Konigstein at a wretched inn, which, however, we exchanged next morning for the red house at Franckfort, one of the best in Europe.

Franckfort affords little gaiety to the stranger except at a coronation, or during the time of the fair, when the mornings are

\* Ες νοθον ευγενεος ρηνη κριθεντα ρεεθροισ.

enlivened

enlivened by the bustle of business, and the evenings pass merrily in the relaxations of success and in the spirit of occasional indulgence. The chief street in the town is spacious; the buildings such as wealthy merchants should inhabit: but some of the houses are disfigured by painting and tasteless embellishments. The town is well governed by its two burgo-masters and senates. The adjacent dependencies, situated in a flat plain, are marked out by four towers all visible at once. The town is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants, Romanists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jews, all of which have now their places of public worship. The Lutheran spirit, however, prevails in the magistrature. The Romanists are not allowed to partake of the government, or to have a public procession of the host; and the Calvinists were, till lately, obliged to have their churches at Bochenheim, in Hanau. The Jews are rich, but are compelled, by an useless and illiberal policy, to reside in a separate part of the town: in that oppressive spirit likewise with which they are every where marked out, they are obliged to fetch water to extinguish every fire that happens at Franckfort.

The

The trade of this town, and indeed of Germany in general, is supposed to decrease, since the export of German commodities, through Franckfort, scarce amounts to a tenth of the imports from France, Holland, Italy, and other countries. The revenues, from custom and excise, and contribution levies, amount to about 30,000*l.* per annum.

Those who have introduction to the merchants of this town, may converse with men of enlarged and liberal minds. The great resort of strangers has introduced a frankness of manners; and the traveller easily finds persons as willing, as they are well qualified, to communicate information. He may amuse himself also at the Cabinet littéraire, which is well supplied with books and foreign papers. The people at present have no public amusement, but that of repairing to a kind of vaux-hall wood, down the Maine, where they divert themselves with more good-humour than elegance, in drinking and dancing the walse, in which the man facing the woman embraces, and turns her round with a double motion, like that (if the comparison be not too lofty) which philosophers attribute to the earth revolving on its own axis, and turning



at the same time round the fun. The representation which we saw, was coarse; but we readily understood, why Werter should determine that the woman whom he loved, and to whom he might have pretensions, should never do the waltz with any other man.

The Maine is not beautiful near Franckfort. The houses on its banks are too close to each other, and have no lawns or gardens descending to the river: they are built of wood or stone, and are slated; but bear no more marks of taste in architecture than those at Dulwich. The ramparts, as those of many other towns in Germany, are generally planted with limes, which finely scent the air: they afford pleasant walks to the inhabitants.

LETTER

---

---

## LETTER V.

---

---

FRANCKFORT, July 4.

WE are just returned here, after a few days excursion to Hesse-Cassel, which is about one hundred miles from Franckfort. We passed through some of the territories of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, and arrived, the first day, at Marburg, formerly an Imperial town, but now subject to the prince of Hesse-Cassel.

Marburg has but a mean appearance ; it is irregular and built on a small eminence : the castle, which overtops it, is fast verging to ruin ; it commands a view of a country somewhat wild and romantic : the surrounding hills are well-varied and well-wooded. The university here, though so near to Göttingen, flourishes. We look in vain, however, for college edifices, amidst the poor buildings of the town.

Marburg derives no ornament from the river Loghne, on which it is situated. The waters of this stream, however, though not brilliant, furnish the largest cray-fish I ever saw; and it is remarkable, that they continue black after they are boiled.

Erxleben, the professor of civil jurisprudence in this university, who was formerly tutor to my friend at Gottingen, shewed us much attention. The professors are twenty-four in number: the students about three hundred and fifty, among which are three English boys from Leeds. The public library contains a large collection of books, in divinity, jurisprudence, and medicine. The belles lettres are but little cultivated here: the landgrave is the rector.

From professor Beauclair's plan, who styles himself professeur ordinaire en pedagogie, we learn that 30*l.* per ann. must be paid for board and instruction in French and German; Latin, Greek, and Hebrew must be paid for separately; each 4*l.* per ann. Italian and English, each 3*l.* Dutch and religion, each 2*l.* 10*s.* a curious ratio! Instruction in religion should not be the object of a separate charge at an university. There is no difference

difference in the price, whether a youth be taught the Romish or the Reformed faith; and the town furnishes a Romish and a Lutheran church.

From Marburg to Cassel, the distance is about sixty miles, through a country well diversified. We noticed, amidst variety of vegetation, the beech and oak as very fine, and the weeping birch as remarkably elegant. The houses, scattered here and there through the country, are built in a bad stile, with cross and differently coloured beams, like those in Cheshire. The white and slated houses of Westmoreland would adorn this country-much, and appear to great effect amidst the foliage of its rich woods, and its elegant scenery.

Cassel is a most beautiful town: it somewhat resembles Bath. We took up our abode in the circus: the public buildings are handsome, and have a classical appearance; the manege is light and elegant; the pavilion is built in a good stile of architecture, and pleasantly situated in gardens perfumed and richly decorated with orange-trees; and enlivened by the chearful notes of canary birds, which fly wild and unconfined about them. The mu-

feum, which was built by the last landgrave, Frederick the second, to whom the town is indebted for many of its public ornaments, is a noble building: the library, a magnificent room, 500 feet, I think, long, and 40 feet broad; among the fine works which it contains, we noticed a manuscript of Thucydides, which some Dutch editor, of that historian, has collated; an Hebrew manuscript, of which the variations are published by Kennicott; and a Latin bible, published at Mayence, or Mentz, in 1462, by John Fust and Peter Schæffer de Gernsheim (as they are described in the title page); another copy of this edition is in the Paris library; it was probably the second or third edition, as a Latin bible was published at Mentz in 1452.

The museum contains a valuable collection of antique gems and ornaments, stuffed beasts, statues, busts, cork models of buildings of Rome, &c. &c. In the room of the mathematical instruments here, we were shewn a focus glass which will burn wood in water. There were only three of these glasses, made by a man, who is now dead, who was in the prince of Stolberg's service: the glasses are said also to dissolve diamonds. The account reminded

reminded us of the glasses of Archimedes. We saw here also some optical glasses, somewhat upon the plan of those of Mr. Bradbury, who lately exhibited his deceptive representations in Bond-street.

The present landgrave, whose morals do but little credit to his religion, is, I believe, a Calvinist. His landgravine, from whom he is separated, is a Lutheran; and her spleenys sect has the ascendancy here. Romish and calvinistical churches are allowed, but are not suffered to have any bells, to sing a requiem in charity, or to warn their hearers by a memento of death; to prohibit bells must be considered as very intolerant, if we consider their use and importance, which Spelman in a descriptive couplet thus details:

“ Laudo deum verum, plebem voco, congreco clerum  
“ Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro \*.”

The God of Truth I praise; the people call and priest,  
I mourn the dead, expel the plague, and cheer the feast.

a service sufficiently momentous, without taking into the account that the sound of bells has been superstitiously supposed to be as tremendous to the powers of darkness as the

\* Durand's Rational.

crowing of the cock ; and that they contribute their assistance very usefully upon many occasions in civil life.

The Lutheran spirit has always been less tolerant than that of Calvinism, departing, in this respect, as well as in its general principles, less from the church of Rome than that of other Protestant sects : its oppressive and persecuting temper abated, however, considerably towards the close of the last century, when the authority of its symbolical books began to diminish. The exertions of Maurice, landgrave of Hesse, to restrain the power of the Lutherans, and the endeavours of William the sixth, his successor, to affect an union between them and the members of the Helvetic church, the doctrines of which had been introduced by Maurice, though they did not establish an uniformity of opinion, yet gradually produced a spirit of christian forbearance, and more liberal principles of toleration. At the conference held at Cassel in 1661, when Musæus and Henrichius, professors at Rintelin, appeared on the side of the Lutherans, and Curtius and Henichius as advocates for the reformed church, the candour of these great and good men produced a declaration,  
that

that their differences of opinion were not of sufficient importance to justify a departure from fraternal union and peace. The Lutherans did not immediately feel the influence of these just and charitable sentiments, notwithstanding many good and able men, and particularly John Dureus, the benevolent and indefatigable Scotchman, laboured incessantly to promote their operation; but the progress of literature, and gradual improvement of knowledge, at last brought the Lutheran churches to adopt the great maxim of the Arminians, “ that christians were accountable to God alone for their religious sentiments; and that no individual could be justly punished by the magistrate for his erroneous opinions, while he conducted himself like a virtuous and obedient subject, and made no attempt to disturb the peace and order of civil society:” A maxim upon which Mosheim well remarks, that “ it were to be wished that this religious liberty, which the dictates of equity must approve, but of which the virtuous mind alone can make a wise and proper use, had never degenerated into that unbridled licentiousness that holds nothing sacred, but with an audacious insolence



lence tramples under foot the solemn truths of religion, and is constantly endeavouring to throw contempt upon the respectable profession of its ministers\*.”

Toleration must result not from insensibility to the importance of religious opinions, or from any doubts of the certainty and evidence of truth, but from conviction that christianity prohibits violence, and that its doctrines must be propagated by reason and argument; that it disdains a pretended and compulsive assent, and seeks for the testimony of sincere and unbiassed faith.

Since this period the spirit of controversy has often occasioned dissensions and popular disputes discreditable to the Lutheran church, but it has not produced any violent persecutions.—But to return.

The territory of the prince of Hesse-Cassel is somewhat deficient in fertility. The general wealth of the people does not correspond with the opulence of the sovereign, whose revenues exceed 200,000*l.* independently of the produce of his possessions in Hanau and his pension from England, which is said to

\* See Mosheim.

have

have occasioned the draining of the country of its ablest men: so that a small principality in Germany suffers from the American war. The state, however, of the German peasants is better than it was, for the princes have relaxed some of their more oppressive feudal claims, as particularly that, by which the lord obtained three or four days of gratuitous labour in each week; more indulgence has, likewise, been shewn as to the *droits de la chasse*, both with respect to permission and pardon. Germany is divided into many small ill-governed states, and fortunately; for otherwise, what power in Europe could withstand its confederate and united powers?

While we were at Cassel, we of course drove to see the *Waffen Stein*, where the present and preceding electors have expended very large sums, in covering a hill with castles, cascades, temples, woods, gardens, &c. The grounds are disposed with great taste; and an English park, with a few deer, is introduced to great advantage between the woods. The two buildings, in which the landgrave and his favorite countess reside to the prejudice of his wife, though he remains upon friendly terms with her, are elegant. With the Chinese vil-  
lage

lage we found no fault; it is whimsical and pretty; but we were shewn also an apartment designed as a representation of Tartarus; the windows of which were inflamed with stained glass, and which is filled with classical figures of Orpheus and Eurydice, Pluto and Proserpine, Tantalus, and Ixion; the Danaidæ, Prometheus, Hercules, Cerberus, and other mythological personages, who may as well cease to exist except in poetical description. Such representations are silly enough in a christian country; and they sometimes serve only to excite ludicrous ideas on serious subjects.— We returned to Franckfort by the same road that we went.

LETTER

---

---

## LETTER VI.

---

---

MENTZ, July 6.

WE left Franckfort the day after our return from Cassel. The country improved in beauty as we approached Mayence, which is about twenty miles from Franckfort.

Mayence, or Mentz, is finely situated on the confluence of the Maine and Rhine. The adjacent country is covered with vineyards, among which, not far distant, is the pleasant village of Hockeim, where the famous hock wine is produced, of which the Augustines of Mayence and Franckfort have the exclusive possession. In a good year, the dean and chapter gain 12 or 15,000 guilders by it. The common Rhine wine is soft and natural, and I do not wonder that Roger Ascham was apprehensive, that when he returned to England he "could not lack it." Mayence, with its cathedral and palace, presents a grand appearance.

pearance to the traveller, who approaches it by the road. We entered it by the bridge of boats, which, if I recollect rightly, extends 766 feet across the Rhine. This river, however, is near 1400 feet broad, where it receives the Maine, not far from the town.

The palace of Martinsburg, in which the elector Frederick-Charles, who is of the antient family of Esthal resides, is a gothic building of the fifteenth century. It contains several magnificent and well-furnished apartments which command a view of the Rhine, and the Rhindgau, but which exhibit but few pictures.

The cathedral (for in describing towns one must speak of cathedrals and palaces, which bear the same rank in cities that priests and princes do in society) the cathedral, I say, cannot be admired for its architecture, though the tower would be rather grand, if we could divest it of some trifling appendages, added by way of ornament. The foundations of the building were laid by archbishop Conrade, in the twelfth century: on the principal door of this cathedral are inscribed two lines, which deserve to be noticed for their piety, at least, if not for their poetry.

Hæc

" *Hæc qui templa subis, ad cœlum attollito mentem.*

" *Sintque procul nugæ ; sit scelus omne procul.*"

Who enters here should lift to heaven his mind,  
And leave all trifles and all guilt behind.

There are ten collegiate churches at Mayence, five convents for men and four for women, which are certainly sufficient in proportion to the number of inhabitants, which amounts to 30,000. The nobility pique themselves much on the purity of their descent ; and we need not wonder at their attention to pedigree, for some of the richest offices of ecclesiastical preferment can be filled only by those who can give proofs,—not of untainted virtue, but untainted rank.

The chapter preserves, in some measure, its freedom of election. It enjoys a revenue of near 300,000 guilders. The provost's house indicates the affluence of his situation : it is furnished with great splendor, and with more luxuriancy of taste, some think, than becomes an ecclesiastic. The clergy, however, have established a good reputation here, by the propriety of their general conduct ; and the late and present elector have laboured very assiduously for their reformation, and  
have

have suppressed some monasteries, applying the buildings and revenue to good purposes. The education of the people has been also attended to; and the reading of the scriptures not discouraged. Against opulence, well employed, no man should murmur. The nobility here live in great state. The narrow streets hardly allow a passage for the old dignified carriages, as the narrowness of modern reform would obstruct the display of ancient splendor.

In the summer the higher ranks quit Mayence for their small wooden houses, which are thrown prettily together, something in the Tunbridge-Wells stile, about two or three miles from the town. Strangers, and particularly the English, are well received at Mayence, and obtain, without difficulty, admission to elegant society. The elector pays them great attention: he is indebted for much of his splendor to an Englishman; for St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany who increased greatly the value of this see, at which he resided some time. The extent and authority of the diocese have been much lessened by the reformation and the resentment of the Bohemian kings. It  
formerly

formerly included all Suabia, Francônia, Bohemia, and almost all Saxony, with part of Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Upper Rhine. It is still, however, the richest see in Europe, next to the Papacy, producing a revenue of 150,000*l.* per annum, and comprehending the arch-bishoprick of Sprengel and eleven of the most considerable bishoprics in Germany.

The electors of Mayence retain some vestiges of their ancient power. In the thirteenth or fourteenth century the emperor paid allegiance to them; and they influenced the election of the emperor. They are now greatly dependant on the emperor; but as speakers of the electoral college, have appointments of diets under him, and have a privilege to order a re-examination of the proceedings of the Imperial courts. These ancient rights are now, however, much disputed: even the appeals from consistories, of suffragans to him as vicar-general, are usually decided by a reference to Rome.

The elector's civil and military establishments are too great for his revenues: the outlines are not, however, filled up. Princes when they decay in power still like to retain the appearance of their former grandeur:



the solid is relinquished before the splendid. Instead of 8000 troops the elector has but 2000. The offices, however, for the higher ranks of dependant nobility are preserved. The elector's territories are populous; and trade, which may spread its sails along the Rhine, the Necker, and the Maine, and have intercourse with Alsatia, the Palatinate, Franconia, Suabia, and the Netherlands, flourishes with some success.

The ecclesiastical electorates are not so much taxed or oppressed as those of temporal princes. Their governors have not such large armies to support, nor have they children to portion for splendid alliances; and they are not so often engaged in war.

The elector often resides at a small chateau near the town, called the Favorita, which overhangs the Rhine, on which he may look with pleasure, as he draws about 6000*l.* per annum from its customs, besides 10,000*l.* from an impost on the wine made from the vineyards that adorn its banks. We saw him receive the prince de Condè here, with his son the duke de Bourbon, who came on a visit to him; from Worms, where they reside in the episcopal palace by the permission of

the elector. The possessors of Chantilly are indebted to a foreign prince for a house.

Mayence is famous, as every one knows, for having given birth to John Faust, who was the reputed inventor of printing, which he discovered and brought to considerable perfection, in concert with Guttenberg and Schæffer. The pretensions of these men to the discovery have been opposed; but their opponents can produce no works printed before 1441, and indeed their claim may be satisfactorily defended. It is certain that a Bible was published, at Mayence, in 1450, or 1452, and that Schæffer and Faust, and Guttenberg, laboured conjointly at it; and that, probably, this was the first book ever printed\*. In the library of the jesuits there is a breviary, according to the rite of the church of Mayence, printed in 1509, which contains this passage:—"Impressum moguntiae impressis et operâ honesti et providi viri Joannis Schefferi civis moguntini, cujus avus artis impressionis fuit inventor et auctor †:" and  
in

\* The *speculum vitæ humanæ*; the doctrinal and the grammar of Gallus, which bear an earlier date, are considered as spurious.

† Printed at Mentz by the expence and labour of John Schæffer, an honest and skilful citizen of Mentz, whose

in a permission to print Titus Livius, granted by the emperor Maximilian in 1518, to John Schæffer, it is said, “cum sicut docti et moniti fumus fide dignorum testimonio ingeniosum calcographicæ authore avo tuo inventum felicibus incrementis in universum orbem permanaverit \*.”

At the benedictine college here, are preserved some of the copies of the first printed books.

The author of *La Voyage du Rhin* led us, by a pompous description, to enquire for a garden and harpsichord, which formerly belonged to a baron de Dunnewald: the baron was dead, the harpsichord sold, and the garden and hermitage such trumpery as could amuse only children: such are the disappointments which travellers experience, who listen to the fictions of Tour writers. We consoled ourselves in la grand allée, a fine walk between poplars, by the side of the Rhine.

grandfather was the inventor and improver of the art of printing.

\* Since, as we are informed by learned and credible testimonies, the ingenious art of printing, invented by your grandfather, has spread, with great improvements, over the whole world.

LETTER

---



---

 LETTER VII.
 

---



---

BASLE, July 11.

LEAVING Mayence, we drove by Oppenheim to Worms, by the side of the Rhine, which spreads itself between banks fringed with verdure to the edge of the water : its sweeps are finely broken by islands. The neighbouring hills, however, are less rich than those we have seen before. We did not stop at Worms, which seemed crowded with Frenchmen, whose names must be still terrible from traditional fears in this country, since its towns yet bear marks of the devastation which they made towards the conclusion of the last century, particularly Oppenheim and Worms, which were burnt, the former in 1668, the latter in 1669, in consequence of the dictates of Lewis the fourteenth,

“ Magnus ille gurges miseriarum atque atrocissimus turbo \*,” who, from amidst the dissipation of a licentious court, gave orders to desolate the territories of an harmless prince.

Manheim is a very beautiful town; it is fortified after Cohorn’s manner: its streets are spacious and regular: some consider their regularity as irksome after a continuance: one should not, however, quarrel with regularity in works of art, and intended to appear as such.

The electors palace is situated at the junction of the Rhine and Necker: it has little exterior beauty of architecture, though it has the appearance of a palace. The collection of pictures which it contains is extremely interesting; and, perhaps, no sovereign in Europe, except the pope, and the grand duke of Tuscany, can boast of two collections equal to those of Dusseldorf and Manheim. Vernet’s landscapes, and Denner’s portraits

\* “ That gulph of miseries and most destructive whirlwind.”

See Orosius speaking of Alexander, l. 3. c. 7.

here,

here, are known by frequent description. We noticed some of Brughel's in a superior style. Hessel's four allegorical pictures of the four quarters of the globe, or rather his satirical representation of their characteristic distinctions, deserve examination.

As the town has but little trade it suffers much from the absence of the court. The electress, as she is called, resides at Okertheim, which is a few miles only from Mannheim: the elector, being of the Romish faith, prefers Munich, as he there resides among *bons catholiques*; for here, though some of the higher ranks profess the religion of the court, the bulk of the people has embraced the reformed principles; and the Calvinists have the largest portion of ecclesiastical property. The people at Mannheim say, that the elector's confessor teaches him, that it is more meritorious to make heretics miserable than professors of the true faith: they seem, indeed, to have imbibed the democratical spirit; but it shews itself in too low and daring insolence to conciliate the higher ranks to its party. Political subjects, however, begin to be discussed, and the discussion will lead to the discovery of some subjects for discontent. The

place swarms with refugee French ; the Table D'Hotes resound with their noisy politics, upon which conversation is in vain prohibited. The elector might with propriety reside at Munich, for Bavaria is a greater and more important possession than the palatinate, since it contains twice the number of inhabitants, and produces double the revenue of that country, even including the contribution of Berg and Juliers ; but greater attention should be paid to the government of the palatinate, which is now subject to a corrupt administration, and severely and injudiciously taxed.

The public money is also lavishly expended. The palatinate is esteemed the garden of Germany : it is better cultivated than Bavaria, and furnishes the neighbouring countries of France and Switzerland with grain. The whole palatinate is not, however, computed to contain more than 220,000 men : its population has been thinned, however, by numbers whom oppression and persecution have driven to emigrate.

Manheim itself contains near 25,000 inhabitants, including a garrison of 5000 men. The situation of the town, which was built in opposition to Heidelberg, was injudiciously chosen ;

chosen: the water is very bad and unwholesome; and less advantage is derived from the neighbourhood of the Rhine than might have been expected: it is not even supplied with fish from it, the stream being too wide and too rapid for nets: and it is proverbially remarked at Mannheim, that unless the land be deluged and damaged by inundations, the river is of no value.

After leaving Mannheim we stopped a few miles from the town to look at the elector's palace and gardens at Schwefingen: the palace is seldom thought worth the trouble of a visit; the gardens are large, and adorned with canals, orangeries, statues, fountains, berceaux, amorous Neptunes, Cupids riding on swans, stags, spouting water, &c. &c. very handsome to be sure; but considering that the elector seldom resides in this country, and has so many palaces, it is hardly worth while to spend 40,000 guilders every year to keep them up.

Instead of taking the Heidelberg road from hence, which would not have led us to deviate much from our route, we drove over a sandy country, through woods of fir, about 30 miles to Waghensel; and had, for the first time, reason to complain of a German inn,  
Waghensel



Waghenfel being but a small village: we left it, however, early next morning, and drove over rich tobacco lands, and through delightful woods, to Carlsruhe, the chief residence of the margrave of Baden, whose beautiful territories run along the Rhine to the borders of Switzerland, though separated by some intervening districts.

Carlsruhe is a very neat town and constructed in a remarkable manner, since all the streets are terminated with a front view of the palace; and constitute, as it were, the radii of an half circle.

The palace of Carlsruhe contains little deserving notice, except a prince of much acquired information and solicitous to promote the happiness of his subjects. His first wife was of the house of Darmstat: by her he had three children. He has since married the baroness de Hochberg, who is not acknowledged as margravine. The hereditary prince, his son, who likewise married into the house of Darmstat, has six children.

Strangers, and particularly Englishmen, who stay any time at Carlsruhe, are usually invited to partake of the hospitality and cheerful pleasures of this court: they are received  
with

with much affability, and dine with the margrave and his family. A few months, indeed, may be spent with much advantage at the small courts of Germany. A stranger, of any condition or appearance, is privileged to associate with men of elevated rank and intelligent minds: he becomes acquainted with new modes of life, and is formed to politeness at the same time that he is gratified by condescension. We were too eager for Switzerland to avail ourselves of the occasion.

The Lutheran are the prevailing principles of the margrave and his subjects, though Romish and Calvinistical churches are established at Carlsruhe and in other parts of his dominions.

At Rastade, 15 miles from Carlsruhe, we looked at another palace belonging to the margrave, where we saw nothing remarkable, except a cabinet of Turkish arms taken from the Turks about a century since, by an ancestor of the late margrave; and the room in which the treaty of Rastade was concluded, in 1714, by Villars and Eugene. From the top of this palace, which commands an extensive prospect, we discerned, at about ten leagues distance, the spires of Strasburg; satisfied with-

without taking a nearer view of that city, as we understand that the patriots of France lay some restrictions on the exportation of Louis D'ors. We were informed here that the French, who entertain a suspicious aversion to the German princes as the supposed favourers of the royal party, have lately taken possession of some of the margrave's towns on the French side of the Rhine; a measure as impolitic as unjust. There is the appearance of preparation for war in this neighbourhood, to which the French are flocking in great numbers, from Switzerland and other parts, since the rumour of the king's escape, on the expectation of an invasion into France. At every town, at every village, at every table we meet with persons of both sexes who have fled from the oppression and anarchy which prevail in that distracted country. What private distress and misery has this wild and ill-conducted revolution occasioned! In this palace, at Rastade, there is a Romish and a Lutheran chapel. The officers and servants are chosen indiscriminately from both sects, and live together, said my guide, like brothers.

In our drive to Bune, which is about twelve miles distant from Rastade, we could  
not

not but remark, how much the character of this country must be changed : for though the hills are topped with ruined castles and broken walls, which add great beauty to the picturesque scenery of the country, where well-wooded, pasture, and arable land are delightfully intermixed, not a modern house, of appearance beyond a cottage, is to be seen. The people seem but thinly scattered : the women, as in the time of Tacitus, are here and in other parts of Germany the chief labourers : they appear to have great strength and brawny limbs : they wear a very large straw hat, that is both parasol and paraplue ; and exhibits under short petticoats, legs thick as any in Scotland and as little adorned with shoes and stockings.

The country from Bune to Freiburg, in Brisgaw, which is about sixty miles farther, is finely cultivated : the rising grounds are occasionally covered with vineyards ; and the valley of Rinsing, which slopes from a fine chain of hills into rich meadows and pastures, is animated with cattle. We passed through some Imperial towns which profess the Romish faith ; and others, belonging to the margrave of Baden, which are chiefly Lutheran.

Freiburg

Freiburg was formerly the residence of the bishops of Basle, who quitted it in 1551, when the canton of Basle joined in the Helvetic union.

The cathedral is light and elegant, though disfigured by painting in the German taste: it contains a few pictures, by Holbein. We had already begun to anticipate in the scenery of this country, in its lofty cultivated hills the romantic beauties of Switzerland: and after leaving Freiburg we discovered the snowy tops of the Swiss mountains. We remarked in yesterday's and this day's journey that many of the trees were dead, and found that they were destroyed by the severity of the winter preceding the last.

The women of the country, between Freiburg and Basle, wear their hair bound fancifully enough with ribbon, though some prefer a small hat crimped up like a shrivelled mushroom, which is very ugly. In this day's ride we took up, before our carriage, a refugee curé, from Alsace, who had been obliged to quit his benefice for refusing to take the oaths inconsistent with his former professions: he escaped from the myrmidons of the national assembly, with difficulty, by a concealed flight through

through a vineyard ; had they taken him, he must have been conveyed, for trial, to Orleans. We arrived; after a ride of about forty miles, at Basle, by six o'clock in the evening, or rather seven o'clock, reckoning by the clocks of Basle, which, for some reason not well remembered, are always an hour advanced. We have taken up our abode at les Trois Rois, as they stile the three eastern fages. Our rooms overhang the Rhine, which runs rapid under our windows. We live here in pleasant society with some French ladies and officers, whose situation, in spite of boasted prospects of liberty to the nation, we cannot but compassionate.

Basle has been filled with emigrants from France. Mirabeau, brother to the eloquent democrat, but attached to the royal cause, was here for some time supporting many many of his party : but having given great offence to the magistrates by his conversation and manners, he was desired to change his abode ; and venturing to appear a second time, was peremptorily ordered to withdraw.

Basle has no streets or buildings remarkable for beauty ; a modern house or two, indeed, exhibit a stile of architecture superior to the plain character of the rest of the town. The cathedral

cathedral is chiefly remarkable for containing the tombs of Erasmus, and Gertrude wife of the emperor Rhodolph the first : the ramparts are pleasant. Mr. Coxe represents the inhabitants of the town as scarcely amounting to 11,000 ; but in this instance he appears to have been misinformed, as they certainly may be computed at 16,000 or 17,000. The town appears, indeed, thin of inhabitants : the numbers decrease because the burghership is very rarely conferred on strangers. The manners of the people strike us as plain and simple : we see no parade of equipage, no theatre, no bustle of business, no throngs of idleness.

Mr. Mechel, the engraver, is generally visited here by strangers : his collection of pictures and prints is well worth seeing. We are indebted to him, among many other things, for having engraved the designs which Rubens made from the famous Dance of Death, which is now perishing from the walls of the church-yard of the prædicants' convent of the suburbs of St. John, where it was sketched, in memory of the effects of the plague, which happened during the session of the council assembled at Basle, in 1431. This suggested to Holbein the idea of the  
 represen-

representation of the same subject; and his rich fancy improved much upon the confined descriptions of the first painter, as we learn from Hollar's designs of Holbein's drawings. Mr. Mechel has published also a very pretty edition of the *Moriæ Encomium* of Erasmus, with the Sketches of Holbein, designed as illustrations in the margin, the original of which is in the public library at Basle. An edition of this work was published by Patin in 1656. The story concerning these Sketches, though well known, may be repeated. Erasmus sent the book, on its first appearance, to Holbein, who was so pleased with its lively descriptions that he designed the representations of Folly on the margin; and when that was not sufficiently wide, on pasted paper. Erasmus perceiving that he had represented an amorous fool, by the figure of a fat Dutch lover hugging his bottle and his lass, wrote under it, Hans Holbein, the painter being much addicted to these amusing relaxations. Holbein, with equal delicacy retaliated, by drawing the portrait of Erasmus, as the musty groper who busied himself in scraping together old manuscripts and antiquities, and wrote under



it Adagia, alluding to the work of Erasmus so entitled.

The library at Basle exhibits, amidst a good collection of books, some fine editions of the fifteenth century: it contains also some manuscripts, among which is a Latin bible, a Greek copy of the gospel, said to be of the seventh century, and some minutes of the council of Basle, which dispute originality with those preserved in the Archives.

At this library we were shewn also some manuscript letters of Erasmus to Boniface Amberbachius, a counsellor of Basle, whom he styles his incomparable friend. They were written between the years 1530 and 1533; and are dated from Freiburg, in Brisgaw, whither he retired from Basle on account of the revolution in civil and religious matters; and from whence he returned to Basle in 1535, and died there the following year. These letters are not published in the Leyden edition of his works. They contain some interesting accounts with respect to contemporary characters and events. He describes England as in confusion, not only on account of the deposition of cardinal Wolsey, but because of the dissension between the  
king

king and queen Catherine, stating, that Cardinal Campeggio had left England with no other answer, relative to the projected divorce, than this: "I think that the thing is of great importance, and that we should deliberate farther," though he was called on purpose that he might settle the affairs; and "least," says Erasmus, "he should be said to have done nothing, he took away a large sum of money from Calais, but the booty was intercepted by the king's contrivance, I do not doubt."

In another letter he observes upon the same subject, "that it is hard that a queen, who had lived so many years with a king, had so often miscarried, and at last presented him with so elegant a daughter, should be repudiated; and, notwithstanding, as he believed, from the opinion of physicians, there was no hope of offspring from the other." "That he married," continues Erasmus, "the relict of his brother is not repugnant to the divine law; and, beside, the diploma of the pope has interposed: but the king has declared before the people that he never was connected with her. It is true, that when he was under the di-

reſolution of tutors he vehemently ſtruggled againſt receiving her as his wife : but when his tutors alarmed him with various fears, even leſt he ſhould be ſhaken from the throne, and after his depoſition be ſlain, as is cuſtomary there, he married her, but in ſuch a manner as ſufficiently to ſhew, that he did it unwillingly. If, indeed, he had abſtained from intercourſe with her, and laying aſide fears had early declared his mind, it would have been ſomething of the ſame kind as did Lewis the XIIth, king of France. Some adviſe that the daughter ſhould marry one of the nobles, and that the offspring of that marriage ſhould ſucceed to the throne ; but beſide that, it is uncertain whether this would prevent diſturbance, the king's declaration before the people, that he never had connection with her, *animo conjugis*, is an obſtacle, for this declaration renders her a baſtard. Nothing remains, even if it is to be regarded as a true marriage, but to conſider whether it may be diſpenſed with for the ſake of the public tranquillity."

Among trifling particulars relative to himſelf, he requeſts his friend to ſend him a pen,  
if

if he should be in possession of one or two; adding that he had two which his friend had before given him, but they were too slender or soft (*graciles*): a singular request from a man, of whose printed works we have ten or eleven folio volumes. Pens must have been then scarce we may suppose.

In another letter he states himself disposed to receive a person, whom he calls Daniel, to board, but not in his house to sleep, as he had no spare chamber. He demands three florins for each month; but wishes, with an art unworthy of Erasmus, that the person would say, that he pays three and an half, because another person, a Pole, paid as much; or, at least, that he should not mention the sum, but say that he would pay what Erasmus should ask: such stipulations was Erasmus led, by his circumstances, to submit to. He complains, soon after, of wanting many things necessary to relieve his infirmities, and particularly some generous wine: that his most intimate friends had become his most violent enemies; and that some persons, and particularly some monks, determined to make him a Lutheran, whether with or against his will; and that therefore, on both sides, he

was torn by songs, and stoned by petulant publications.

He appears, by his will, to have died possessed of but little: he had sold his library, in part of payment for which, 200 florins were due to his executors. He leaves some few legacies, of rings and gems, to different friends; and the remainder of his property to Amberbachius, and to be distributed in churches to old and infirm persons, marriageable girls, and boys of good promise, and on such others as his friends and executors might think deserving. The original will of this great man, together with his ring, his seal, his sword, and knife and pencil, is preserved here, as also his pictures, which articles the magistrates of Basle, with a generous reverence for his memory, purchased for 9000 crowns, and gave or sold them to the university.

It is a natural and rational taste to prize every relic of such a character, and to treasure up whatever tells us,

“ Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.”

The university at Basle does not flourish. The library here contains some antiques and  
some

some natural curiosities, with some fine pictures and drawings of Holbein; which are highly preserved, and shew the progressive improvement of his pencil: some of them were painted when he was in his sixteenth year. It is a fact well ascertained, that Holbein, like the painter Turpilius mentioned by Pliny, painted with his left hand \*. Erasmus, we are told, was much gratified by the portrait which he painted of him.

We were pleased at this library to see in the book, in which strangers are desired to write their names, that of Algernon Sydney conjoined with that of Frances Norton, who seems to have been his companion here in 1663, when he had been on a visit to general Ludlow: we were pleased also to see that of lord North: “ the statesman who,” as Mr. Gibbon truly represents, “ in a long, a stormy, and at length an unfortunate administration, has had many political opponents almost without a personal enemy; who has retained, in his fall from power, many faithful and disinterested friends; and who, under the pressure of a severe infirmity, enjoys the lively vigour of

\* Plin. Hist. Nat. l. 35. c. 4.

his mind, and the felicity of his incomparable temper." " Lord North," says the eloquent historian, " will permit me to express the feelings of friendship in the language of truth ; but even truth and friendship should be silent if he still dispensed the favours of the crown : " this, however, is somewhat of a parade of disinterestedness. It is certainly honourable with Garrick " to bow to him whose course is done ; " but the rising or the meridian sun may be hailed, if its rays are really splendid, and the public will easily discriminate between the tribute of truth and the flatteries of interested panegyric.

We rode one evening to see the famous garden at Arlesheim : it is composed of some pleasant walks, which ascend in a natural, easy manner through woods, on the side of a hill, and which open upon some fine points of view over Alsatia and the adjacent country. There are some well-contrived grottos in the grounds ; in one of which is a bold representation of a Resurrection, which is so contrived as to produce a great effect. But why are we not allowed to enjoy the beauty and solitude of the place, without encountering, at every step, an inscription to thrust away our thoughts,

thoughts, and a conceit to disturb our reflections?

At Arlesheim we met our friend the French Curè, who poured out abundant gratitude for some little assistance which we had afforded him, and introduced us, with great elation of mind, to the grand Doyen of the chapter there, which consists of twelve regular canons, who elect the bishop of Basle.

**LETTER**



---

 LETTER VIII.
 

---

SCHAFFHAUSEN, July 16.

BEING now obliged to give up the post, we hired horses for our carriage, and bidets to ride; and leaving Basle on the 12th, rode about six leagues by the side of the Rhine, to Stein, a village delightfully situated on that river. Here we accidentally met and supped with Mr. Buxtorf (a descendant, I believe, of the great rabbinical Buxtorf's, who were professors of Hebrew at Basle,) and a tribune of that republic, Mr. Zosenburger, a member of one of the councils, I know not of which; but I know that they treated us with such attention, and displayed such friendly qualities, that I shall rejoice if the chances of life should throw us together again. How often, in travelling, do we form acquaintance with persons whom we seem to know only to regret the loss of their society! Our friends  
had

had been as deputies from Basle to the general confederacy at Frauenfeld, and shewed a joy at the prospect of rejoining their families on the morrow, which did honour to their hearts. They prepared punch for us, thinking that every Englishman, like lord Bomston in Rousseau's *Héloïse*, must like punch.

Stein is at the foot of some hills which command a delicious prospect. We ascended to the summit of one, which is distinguished by a projecting rock, and had a magnificent view of some hills richly clad, and of the river winding through a beautiful valley. At the first entrance into Switzerland we were struck with the greatness of the materials which nature has to work on.

We left our friends next day, early enough to mark the rich volume of vapour rolling along the top of the hills, which gradually dispersed after a fullen morning, descending occasionally in light showers, between which the sun enlivened an enchanting country: we rode through woods of oaks, and spiry firs, by the foot of well-planted hills,

“ Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,  
 “ Wanders the hoary Rhine along  
 “ His silver winding way.”

The

The Rhine has, indeed, more of the green than of the silver cast.

Most of the towns through which we passed, after leaving Basle, belong to the emperor, whose territories skirt the frontiers of Switzerland: we stopped at Lauffenburg, which is about six miles from Stein, to look at its old castle, and a fall of the Rhine, which, pent up here in a narrow channel, throws itself precipitously over rocks, when it meets with resistance and foams in violent eddies with a boiling surface.

At no great distance from hence we stopped at Havenstein, and ascended a steep hill to examine the ruins of a castle which formerly belonged to the counts of Friburg, and which was thrown down by an earthquake in 1356. As it is on the frontiers of Soleure and Basle, it was doubtless formerly a place of some importance. From its broken walls we had a pleasing view of the Rhine, and some neighbouring hills.

Continuing our ride by the banks of the Rhine, at the foot of sloping hills on which the vines climbed up, as it were, to meet the sun, we passed by Coblenze, a town of which the name, as well as that of Coblenze

lence at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, is descriptive of its situation, being derived from Confluentia, for here the Aar and another river bring their waters to encrease the broad and rapid stream of the Rhine; which, to use the sublime comparison of Denham with accumulated force,

“ Hastens to pay his tribute to the sea,  
“ Like mortal life to meet eternity\*.”

What oceans of water must it have rolled in since the time of Tacitus, who speaks of the violence of its course †. How often, after it has been lost in the sea, has it been,

“ By some secret bein,  
“ Thence re-conveyed there to be lost again\*.”

By what admirable œconomy does the sea dispose of the vast influx of waters which it receives from this and numberless other more abundant rivers? By what wonderful arrangement does the earth receive its regular and uninterrupted supplies from water raised in vapour and descending in showers! 'Till I read Halley's accounts I could never fully

\* Cooper's Hill.

† Tacitus's *Annals*, l. 2. c. 6.  
under-

understand how, according to our most philosophical song,

“ Water parted from the sea

“ May increase the river’s tide :

“ To the bubbling font repair, &c\*.”

The current of the Rhine has, however, a rapidity which injures its beauty. A river should glide gently through such a delightful country : besides, the rapidity of the stream prevents its being navigable. No vessels are to be seen in the expanse, noble as it is : and the few narrow-boarded boats which are hurried down its green currents to Mannheim, Mayence, and other parts, never to return, are paltry as the bean-shell boats of children, and add no beauty to the scene. The occasional bridges thrown over the narrow parts of the river, contribute nothing to its ornament : they are roofed with a kind of wooden pent-house, which is called Hængewerk, and is erected to preserve them from rotting by the rain.

The road from Basse to Schaffhausen is sometimes represented as uninteresting. Whether it were the effect of the first impression of Swift’s views I know not, but I never was more pleased with a ride ; and ’till I shall be

\* Opera of Artaxerxes.

undeceived

undeceived by the appearance of more beautiful scenery, shall think that Mr. Gilpin would here derive a confirmation of his opinion, that the chief beauties of a country are to be found on the banks of its rivers. The cottages on the hills are certainly picturesque; they resemble those which we have seen in the neighbouring parts of Germany, being built of dark fir with projecting roofs. The dress of the men has an antique cast, they wear a kind of puffed Spanish breeches.

We dined at Lauchingen: it belongs to prince Schwartzenburg, and is on the verge of the Black Forest, which is the largest forest in Germany, and said to be sixty days journey in extent.

We arrived late at Schaffhausen, having deviated from our road to see the ruins of a very fine castle, situated on a lofty hill about two miles from Lauchingen; from whence we had a view of a vast circumference of country, of fields and mountains covered with snow.

Schaffhausen, the capital of the smallest canton in Switzerland, exhibits an appearance of republican equality. The houses are plain and somewhat dirty: there is no contrast of

disproportionate splendor ; no palace to excite the envy of the neighbouring buildings : on the other hand, there is no edifice for the stranger to admire ; no monument for national vanity or taste to point out. The free states of antiquity, long before the private citizen was well lodged, erected public edifices with emulation of ornament ; and republics, as well as monarchies, had magnificent baths, theatres, and temples. The genius of Switzerland is different : the Swiss are not rich ; they are fond of simplicity, and consider, with a jealous eye, whatever indicates the approach of luxury and foreign taste. The fortrefs, and the curious bridge by Ulric Grubenman, of Tuffen, were the only public works that attracted our attention.

There appear to be few distinctions of rank observed in this country : our host is of the great council, and a captain in the service of the state. In little republics where every man has some education, where the administration of government is very simple, and where its views are limited to the management of a small district, every man, almost, is qualified to fill the petty offices of state. In larger communities, where the direction of affairs must necessarily

necessarily be entangled with many difficulties and embarrassments, a complication of important interests calls for intelligent and experienced guides. It is not every man, with the capacity of a constable, or mayor, that is qualified to become a minister: and in extended societies of men, the eligibility of every man to offices of trust, any farther than as the term implies competent talents and respectability, is a delusion fit only to mislead a mob.

The first object, after our arrival at Schaffhausen, was to see the fall of the Rhine, whither we drove as soon as the weather, which is now rainy, would permit. Descriptions of such scenes are always faint: something, however, may be attempted. The whole river, after rippling and foaming over several scattered breakers, runs, by different channels, against some beautiful rocks which rise several feet from the water, covered with shrubby wood: beat back from these it rushes round, and by three grand openings precipitates its fall, in accumulated masses, for fifty or sixty feet perpendicular, raging and foaming with wonderful violence, and throwing up a thick dust and shower of spray. In the view from



the front, as the banks approach in the perspective, the river appears almost surrounded by a fine amphitheatre of hills richly covered with trees. After viewing it at the bottom of the descent, and looking up at its arched fall, and after contemplating its broad and magnificent front from the beach, we crossed over in a little boat to the castle of Lauffen, in which a bailiff, from Zurich, resides. From the room there, which overhangs the cataract, we saw the river, under different circumstances, spreading into great variety of surface before its fall: in some parts gliding smooth and transparent over polished and rounded swellings of rock; in others, broken, snowy, and unequal, till it rushes headlong down its steep descent. We wished to contemplate this amazing fall in every point of view, and therefore descended to the planks and beach beneath it, and were covered by its spray and stunned by its noise. One of our company sketched on the wall of the room,

“ Currite præcípites fluvii, si linquitis arva  
 “ Grata, per ornatos currere restat agros.”

Flow swift, ye streams, though quitting grateful plains,  
 For still through chearful scenes your course remains.

We

We wished to have proceeded to the Benedictine convent, on the banks of the Rhine, but the evening began to close, and our minds were filled with reflections on what we had already seen.

We had no introduction to persons resident at Schaffhausen, and contented ourselves with the society of our Table D'Hôte, which consisted of our host and some travellers, both Swiss and foreigners, who afford us often interesting conversation.

An evening or two since we were present at a fisher-woman's wedding, at which the bride and bridegroom's friends were dancing the waltz with much apparent glee and good-humour; the sumptuary laws, which prohibit dancing, being suspended occasionally by order of the magistrates, who dispense with them on the payment of a small fine. The people were pleased to see that we partook of their merriment, to which contributed

“ *Rifus, blanditiæ, procacitates,*  
 “ *Lufus, nequitia, facetiaque,*  
 “ *Joci, deliciae et illecebræ,*  
 “ *Et fufpiria, et oscula, et fufurri ;*  
 “ *Et quicquid male sana corda amantum*  
 “ *Blandis ebria fascinat venenis \*.*”

\* Buchanan's *Hendecasyll.* in *Næram.*

G 2

Laughter,

Laughter, ogles, roguishness;  
 Sports, and mirth, and wantonness;  
 Jokes, delights, and wily snares;  
 Sighs, and kisses, whispers, airs:  
 Whate'er could love's bewilder'd fancy fire,  
 Drunk with delicious poison of desire.

There was a profuse supper, at which a collection was made, as is usual at Swiss weddings, for the dowry of the bride. We were taken yesterday to see a private collection of natural curiosities here: the shells and petrefactions are particularly fine; and the specimens of petrefied sands, impressed with figures of fish, are very perfect and curious.

LETTER

---

---

LETTER IX.

---

---

CONSTANCE, July 19.

AFTER leaving Schaffhausen we drove twelve miles to Stein, which is finely situated on the Rhine, where it appears with the expansion of a lake, and forms the Zeller Sea, or inferior lake. It is an independent town, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons ; near it is a citadel, called Klingen, from whence it is customary to salute, with cannon, all travellers who arrive with four horses to their carriage ; as we had but three to our chaise, we did not receive the honour. Had the day been favourable we should have sailed from hence to Constance ; but as it was lowering and squally

“ We took by land a course more promising than a  
“ wild dedication of ourselves to unpathed waters—\*,”

\* Winter's Tale,

and had a beautiful drive along the Rhine, whose banks are adorned to the edge with picturesque villages and scattered white houses projecting beautifully into the water. The sun occasionally broke through a gloomy sky and enlivened the delightful scenery of pastures and vineyards, the latter of which, in Switzerland, rise up with very lofty poles, and are less regular and formal than those in France. We slept at a small village of Stuchhohn, where, as our host was a butcher, our supper was better than our beds. The church serves alternately for the Romanists and Calvinists of the village.

The next morning we skirted the margin of the lake, about three or four miles, to a small village called Manebach, whence we rowed about a mile across the lake to the little island of Richenau, which is about a league and half in length, and a mile in breadth. The island, and some territory adjacent to the lake, belong to a convent in the island which is subject to the bishop of Constance, and which formerly was filled with between five and six hundred Benedictines; it at present entertains only ten, received from different convents, for an occasional residence,

The

The library contains many ancient manuscripts and books. The superior and monks, who were willing to shew us every thing curious that they possessed, exhibited to our incredulous eyes one of the vessels in which our Saviour performed his first miracle of Cana, by turning water into wine ; but as it was the hour of dinner at the convent, we were not permitted to see the blood which our Saviour shed, and which is said to be preserved here, notwithstanding the reasonable plea which we urged against the rule, as not applicable to us, for though the good fathers had dined, we had not. They consoled us, however, by a sight of the tooth of St. Mark, as likewise by that of an enormous fang which masticated food for Charles le Gros, sometime emperor and king of France, who retired and died here after his deposition in 887, leaving the remains of weak and despised sovereignty, to be interred in ground consecrated to repentance and mortification.

The present of Charlemagne was also of course exhibited among the treasures, though none of us could decide whether it were an emerald or a piece of spathfluor,

We afterwards called at the bailiff's castle, who receives about 100l. per ann. as governor of the island, a sum inadequate to the support of his office and family, as his unfurnished rooms and apparent poverty did sadly testify. We dined at this pretty island, at a small house in an inland spot of green, from which the whole lake was concealed; and afterwards enjoyed, from an eminence in the centre, a view of the whole territory, the lake, and the fortress of Haut-viel on a distant rock, which belongs to the duke of Wirtemberg. In the evening we returned to the continent, and drove three or four miles to Constance, which is built on an uncommonly fine situation between the two lakes.

This once populous city, which flourished while the Reformed faith was established, began to decline as soon as the Romish religion was again set up under Charles the fifth, in opposition to the endeavours of the league of Smalkalde. Though it is so finely situated for trade, the repeated attempts which have been made to establish manufactories have always failed. The distance from Vienna, the jealousy of the senate of Constance, the pride of the nobility, and the spirit of the  
Romish

Romish religion which is unpropitious to trade, have been enumerated amidst the causes that have contributed to stifle the exertions of the Swiss. The town has the appearance of decline; it contains about 6000 inhabitants; but its deserted streets would not be too much thronged by ten times that number; they retain, however, somewhat of elegance: and the quay, the adjacent white buildings, reflected by the transparent waters of the lake; the neighbouring convents, and the view of the snowy furrowed mountains of Appenzel, give a striking and interesting character to the town. As we stroll along its solitary streets we reflect on its history and lament its departed grandeur. The room in which the council was held in 1414, which contributed to inculcate the subjection of the papal power to general councils, is now a repository for lumber, old armour, watermen's jackets, &c. The emperor's and the pope's chair are still there.

At the Benedictine convent we were shewn some cabinets of natural history; at the cathedral a fine altar; and, from the tower, a striking view of the two lakes.

Yesterday



Yesterday we visited the island of Meinau, in the Superior Lake or Boden Sea : it is about a league distance from Constance, and is entered, from the shore, by a long bridge of planks : it is a beautiful clump of land, of about 150 acres, covered with vineyards and luxuriant trees. The governor, who is chief of the knights of the teutonic order, to which the island belongs, lives in a castle here, which has some fine rooms that command a magnificent view of the lake and its noble environs, a view superior to any that the grand masters anciently enjoyed from Acre or Marienburg, the seats of their first residence. The castle, however, presents but a faint image of the ancient splendor of the grand masters, who, since Walter of Cromberg was put under the ban of the empire, have never recovered their opulence and power. We saw no grand marshal, no grand hospitaler or treasurer.

The chief keeps up some state ; we could not see him, and therefore did not profit by the hospitality which Mr. Coxe celebrates, though we had an introductory message to him, from a relation whom we had met at Mayence ; we dined therefore at a small  
 8 village,

village, at a little distance from the island, and afterwards strolled about the neighbouring grounds, and vineyards, from whence we had some incomparable views of the lake and adjacent country, somewhat similar to those enjoyed from the isle of Wight. We separated from each other to enjoy our own reflections. There is a melancholy and soothing pleasure in viewing the grand scenes of nature; and when we are struck with unexpected beauties, the mind dwells with very feeling interest on the sentiments which arise from recollection of what we have formerly read and thought on subjects connected with the places and objects which we contemplate. Ideas of distance bring back the memory of absent and departed friends, to whom we wish that we could communicate our present sensations, and our reflections on past periods, and scenes never to return.

As the night approached we drove back to Constance and supped with Mr. Garvy, an English painter, who talked with great pleasure on the beauties of this country.

LETTER

---

 LETTER X.
 

---

ST. GALLENS, July 21, 1791.

LEAVING Constance on the evening of the 19th, we travelled through vineyards and orchards, by the side of the lake, till we were overtaken by the night, accompanied with rain and lightning. The road being very bad, we arrived, with some difficulty and danger, under the direction of a guide, who preceded us with a lantern, at a small village, called Hoof, near Romanshorn, in the canton of St. Gallen, where the civil possessors of an indifferent house accommodated us with fish and decent beds.

The next morning we found, that as the lake had considerably swelled, our carriage could not pass by the common road, which runs close to the lake: we therefore hired a vessel large enough to receive ourselves and the chaise; and sending the horses by land,  
we

we failed to Roschah, a small burgh belonging to the abbot of St. Gallen. The shores on each side of the lake are rich and pleasingly adorned with variety of ground and buildings. The Thurgau, with its scattered farms and pastures, reminded me of Westmoreland; but the houses were not white. We landed early at Roschah, which is a chearful town, with the apparent opulence of trade. After dinner we walked about half a mile, to the convent of Monaberg, which, though a religious establishment, was erected, in 1489, with the uncharitable design of injuring the town of St. Gall. The people of St. Gall and Appenzel demolished, however, the first building before it was finished; and it was re-built in the year following. The Stadtholder of St. Gall, and three other conventuals, reside here, and provide for the affairs of government conjointly with the council palatine of St. Gall. The view of the lake, from the convent, is extensive and grand. The magazine, at Roschah, is a large and handsome building. There is a great market for corn here, which is brought across the lake from Suabia. There is also a considerable trade in cloths, though that, as well as the Swiss manufactures

in

in general, have suffered much from the treaty of commerce established between England and France.

Adjacent to the town is a large common, where the subjects of the district take the oaths of fidelity to the abbot of St. Gall, after his election, and to the deputies of the four cantons, Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Schweitz, who are protectors and co-regents. The abbot is elected, at St. Gall, by a chapter of seventy-two Benedictines, under whose direction he acts. He is a titular prince of the empire. From Roschah to St. Gall we had a drive of two leagues, admiring the beautiful hills richly dotted with cottages, on which an evening sun shed its chearful rays after a showery morning.

St. Gallens, or St. Gall, is a chearful clean town, situated in a fine well-watered valley, in the centre of the abbot's territories, who, himself reciprocally, is surrounded by the town, which is independent of him. Its inhabitants are protestants, and have been often engaged in very serious disputes with the abbot. The present prince, however, has conciliated the people by his conduct.

The

The deformities of the Swiss architecture are rendered more glaring, at St. Gallens, by the strong colours with which the houses are fantastically painted. Our inn was but very indifferent, and we were obliged to live, upon republican principles, in the same room with our servants.

At the Benedictine convent, where the abbot resides, there is a noble library very rich in manuscripts; among which I was shewn part of a manuscript of Virgil, said to be written in the fourth century: a Greek manuscript of the gospels, of the tenth century, remarkable for the omission of the story of the adulteress from the eighth chapter of St. John; a blank space is, however, left for its insertion. There are no Greek manuscripts of the epistles; but in a Latin manuscript, said to be of the tenth century, the controverted text, in the first epistle of St. John, is not to be found. In another Latin manuscript, of the tenth or eleventh century, it is in the margin. In one of the twelfth century the text is imperfect, for the words "et hi tres unum sunt," "and these three are one," were omitted. In another manuscript of the twelfth or thirteenth century,  
the

the whole passage is in the text: the authority of this text rests, perhaps, chiefly on the vulgate; and, therefore, attention to every Latin manuscript is important.

The other grounds, however, on which its authenticity has been defended, are not undeserving of our notice, even if we waive the consideration of the Greek manuscripts.

There is an excellent catalogue, with judicious observations, in this library; the author of which remarks, in support of the text, that Tertullian alludes to it\*, and St. Cyprian cites it; and, indeed, notwithstanding the evasive constructions which have been offered on the passages, St. Cyprian must be admitted to refer to it in one † if not in two places ‡, by a very marked and precise citation. St. Jerom also must be allowed to have contributed to establish the authority of the text, if we admit that the epistle, in which he speaks of it, and which though omitted in the edition of his works, by Erasmus has been considered as genuine, be really authentic§: leaving, however, the controversy to Mr. Porson and Mr. Travis, it

\* Tertullian Prax. c. 25.

† Cyprian. de Unitat. Eccles. § 5. p. 77. edit. Fell.

‡ Epist 73, ad Jubaian. p. 310.

§ Cyprian. p. 79. note 1, edit. Fell.

may be observed, without design to join in impeaching the verse, that fortunately the doctrine of the Trinity does not rest on this single text, but on the concurrent evidence of many passages, on the uniform declarations of scripture, and on the consistent statement of the design and effects of the atonement.

The town library here is said to contain some letters of the first reformers ; but having had enough of books at the convent, we were more disposed to attend to other objects of curiosity.

The linen manufacture has flourished at St. Gallen for many years, and still preserves its reputation. Its effects are very sensibly felt in the competent wealth which it has diffused through all ranks. The fields near the town are covered with its bleacheries. The flax which is used, grows in the neighbourhood, and the linens are transported into different countries on mules.

As we mean to visit the lesser cantons, and as that Tour can only be performed on horseback, we have sent a servant with our carriage to Zurich, whence the horses that have brought us from Basle will be discharged.



---



---

 LETTER XI.
 

---



---

GLARUS, July 28.

WE arrived here on the 26th after an interesting Tour, in which, if you follow me, you must sometimes toil over tedious mountains, and sometimes endanger your neck over tremendous precipices. The guide whom we hired at St. Gall, who was a ragged chearful fellow, conducted us through a wild and romantic country to Gaisfe, our road winding round the edges of hills, the sides and the bases of which were covered with lofty and aspiring firs.

Gaisfe is a village of Rhodes Exterior, which is the Protestant division of the county of Appenzel. The neighbouring hills are naked of trees, but covered with wooden houses, roofed with polished fir, cut like tiles, which are remarkably neat. These houses belong chiefly to the muslin manufacturers, who

who enjoy competence and liberty on their healthy mountains. Each house is surrounded by its little territory; and every hill, in spite of the natural poverty of the soil, is animated with population.

The village of Gaiße is as much resorted to as Abergavenny in Wales, for the benefit of drinking the goat's whey, which is brought every morning from a neighbouring mountain, and which is considered as very efficacious in purifying the blood. It is supposed to derive its medicinal qualities from some very salutary herbs on which the goats brouze. The place is most frequented about the time of Easter. The society of le Boeuf, the chief inn, afforded us some conversation, though but a bad specimen of the Swiss beauty and taste. It would be fastidious, however, to reject good-humour in the mountains of a small canton in Switzerland, because unaccompanied with the elegance of Tunbridge or even of Matlock. After dinner we were persuaded to walk about two miles to the brow of a hill, from which we had a grand rude prospect of some frowning mountains, at the bottom of which the Rhine winds sluggishly through a black valley. On our return we were led, by

road. My companions successively declined the enterprize, though they ascended high enough to enjoy a fine view of the lake of Constance, and to see an hermit who has lived here in penitential restrictions for eight years. After their desertion I passed by a narrow projecting edge of the rock, holding by a rope, which some friendly attention had fixed in the side, to the hermitage, where I tolled the bell to announce my arrival. Having examined the chapel, which has an altar with trumpery decorations, dawblings, and inscriptions, I looked into some dark caverns and excavations, in which the peasants, who reside on the top of the mountain, keep their milk. I afterwards passed through an opening of the rock, from one of the caverns, which resembled the nymphæum, or cave of Archidamus, described by Chandler as existing in Attica \*, and crawled up the steep rocky side of the mountain. Having at length, with great labour, attained the brow, as I hastened to the summit I saw a thick mist surround the whole circle, and shut up the grand and extensive prospect, of which I had scarce caught a glimpse.

Chandler's Attic. ch. 32. p. 149.

Such,

Such, thought I, is often the mortifying cloud which, after a toilsome exertion in life, closes on the bright scenes that we had expected to enjoy: disappointment hangs over us, or

“ Nigris imminet alis  
“ Et cursu in medio mors intercludit euntem \*.”

Death, with sable wings display'd,  
Hangs o'er our course, and wraps us in his shade.

At temporary disappointments, however, the Christian should smile, intent on the prospects where no clouds can interfere.

The mist continued impenetrably, thick while I stayed. I was soon surrounded by some mountaineers, of whose jargon I could understand nothing but that they wanted money, which I thought it prudent to give them.

After examining a great cleft in the mountain, which contained a large quantity of snow that has probably remained there for many years, I began to descend; the fearless boy who conducted me, went on with the confidence and activity of a mountain goat, by a route different from that by which we had

\* Hawkins Browne's Poem, De Immortalitate Animi.

ascended : I, relying on his knowledge, followed him some yards, though under the necessity of descending on my side, and of holding by bits of rock, sensible of infallible death if I should once lose my hold. We soon arrived at a steep ridge of sward, hanging over a perpendicular precipice, which the boy was preparing to pass. I could see nothing, however, by which I could possibly keep myself from falling, and therefore insisted, very vehemently, on his return, though it was with some difficulty that I could communicate my orders to his German conceptions by signs and gesticulations ; we again, however, mounted with much toil, and he at last conducted me by a less tremendous, though very precipitous path. We passed through a wood of firs ; and while I was clinging, with apprehension, to the friendly roots and rocks, in a descent often perpendicular, the boy was rambling, on all sides, for wood-strawberries, with which he refreshed me.

After some hours I arrived safe and joined my friends, who had been much alarmed on my account ; and I was very thankful for having thus escaped the dangers of my first alpine

alpine expedition, which you see I have detailed with the minuteness of a traveller inexperienced in such expeditions.

We set off again in the evening with an additional guide, who was judged necessary: he had the behaviour of an honest man, a character to which the men of Appenzel are not always entitled. We travelled about eight or nine miles of the vilest road, without any exception, that I ever passed: it lay chiefly through woods; the worst parts of the worst roads seemed to have been compiled together. We had stones at once sharp and slippery, mud and clay, steep ascents and headlong descents, uneven stairs formed by trunks of fir placed laterally, often broken or sunk irregularly, and gaping with muddy crevices. Thanks, however, to our cautious and experienced horses, we arrived safe, and before dark, at Oberreid, a small Roman Catholic village in the Rheinthal. The last part of our ride was by the side of the Rhine, which runs through the valley that we overlooked the day before in our walk from Gaisse. The valley is little adorned by vegetation, but it is enlivened by small cottages encircled by fields.

We seemed to excite much attention in the village ; the children followed us in crowds.

We left Oberreid the next morning, and rode about twelve miles to Werdenberg, through a broad willowy valley, sometimes by the side of the Rhine, which, as we mount towards its source, flows in a contracted and stony bed. The hills, near which we rode, are covered with fine pasturage, bounded towards the summit with firs. Above the firs we see the barren rock often tipped with snow, a striking variety of tint in landscape, but ill calculated for representation in picture. The short grass of the Swiss mountains affords as fine feed for cattle as the celebrated pasturage of mount Libanus, or the Castravan hills. The lower parts, however, of the mountain are now deprived of the ornament of cattle, which is driven, in the summer, to feed on the summit.

We passed through the village of Sennwald and that of Salitz, where baron John Philip was murdered by his nephew George Ulric, in 1596. Where is the spot not stained by the crimes of mankind ! Our guide, for whom we had now procured an horse, gave vent to his garrulity ; and on seeing the bailiff's

liff's chateau in the bailliage of Sax, declaimed against the government of Zurich as oppressive, and described the people as disposed to revolt. It was not difficult, however, to convince him that grievances are every where exaggerated by the murmurs of complaint, and that the people of the canton of Zurich were more likely to lose than gain by rebellion. Many a hot spirit might be calmed at the beginning of its effervescence, by judicious infusion of truth. Werdenberg is pleasantly situated amidst well-cloathed hills: at the foot of Schlosberg there is a castle, of a bailiff, of the canton of Glaris. We began to remark some strong symptoms of poverty in this part of Switzerland.

From Werdenberg we had a most beautiful ride, of four or five leagues, to Ragatz, passing through Sargans, a small village on the Rhine, near which, most romantically situated on a rock, stands the bailiff's castle, which was formerly the residence of the counts of Werdenberg Sargans, and has more of the dignity and style of an ancient castle than any that I have yet seen in Switzerland. Opposite to Sargans, on the German side of the river, is another castle, which commands

a nar-



a narrow defile leading into the Meyenfeld. The mountains on each side of the Rhine are beautifully covered with trees and houses at an immense height. We slept at Ragatz, which is situated on the Tamina, a river which frequently overflows the country when swelled by dissolved snows or hurried beyond its banks by sudden torrents. The prevot of Arlesheim, who supped in the same room with us, appeared to approve his meagre fare more than we did.

The next morning, which was that of Sunday, I set off, with Mr. ———, to walk to Pfeiffer; but as we toiled up a steep hill he out-walked me: the day was excessively hot, and I was not a little indebted to the friendly shade which covered my path. At the top I walked into the convent; and having entered into conversation with one of the monks, he introduced me to the superior, who invited me to dine with him, which I did, in his apartment, with one of the monks and some gentlemen from Zurich. The superior is a titular prince of the empire, intelligent and well bred. As I do not understand German, our conversation was carried on in Latin, in which we mutually regretted the  
difference

difference of accent. Though unaccustomed to speak Latin, I find my little skill in that language very useful. After coffee, and a good concert, in which several of the monks performed, I took leave of my hospitable friends, having had no time to see the library. Wishing to join my fellow-traveller, I proceeded to the baths of Pfeiffer, which is about a league from the convent. I descended by the brink of a tremendous chasm, and down a perpendicular passage cut into stairs, to the baths, where my friend had dined in company with some monks of the convent of Pfeiffer and Disendis, who furnished us with introductory letters to the different convents which we projected to visit. These letters were written in Latin, and with a conciseness not inelegant.

We were tempted here to visit the source of the hot water which supplies the baths; and having procured a conductor, began the dangerous journey. After entering a frightful cleft of the rock, which admitted a feeble light to direct us, we walked about half a mile on boards attached to the side of the rock, often sloping and slippery, and sometimes placed so distant from the side, that we  
had

had no support from it. Below us, about fifty feet, at the bottom of a deep rocky channel, roared a rapid river bursting through a very narrow passage. If our feet had slipped we were inevitably lost. When we arrived at the end we saw but little to repay us for the risk which we had incurred; a gush of water, of about 30 degrees of heat, issuing from the rock. We were soon satisfied, and returned from the dripping rock as expeditiously as the danger would admit. We staid to look at the company, some of whom had a more respectable appearance than any persons whom we had yet seen: they were variously engaged; some were at the Romish chapel, some bathing, and others dancing or playing at billiards; the amusements of a Romish Sunday. As they supped at the primitive hour of six we were persuaded to stay, and afterwards returned to Ragatz by a different but equally beautiful walk, though our Swiss servant, who is ever attentive, had contrived to bring horses, in case we should chuse to ride.

Having, from apprehension of want of time, relinquished our projected scheme of visiting the sources of the Rhine, and given  
up,

up, with regret, the prospect of the Grisons, any further than the peep which we obtained from Pfeiffer, we set off very early next morning, and rode twelve miles in the shadow of some beautiful hills very richly adorned, and sprinkled with a variety of the most picturesque houses and villages, to Wallenstadt, on the approach to which, the lake of Wallenstadt opened most elegantly between the hills.

The village of Wallenstadt is situated at the eastern end of the lake, in the bailliage of Sargans, at the foot of the Seven-headed Mountain, the rocky tops of which are called the Seven Princes. The lake has decreased and retired from the village. After walking to a curious spring not far from the village, we intended, in the evening, to go by water to Wefen, but suddenly a storm was introduced by a violent wind, which, in a few minutes, transformed the smooth mirror-like lake, which had just before reflected the bright rays of the sun, into an outrageous sea, on which it would have been very dangerous to embark. The inn-keeper at Wallenstadt having made us a most exorbitant charge, had the insolence, on my remonstrating with him, to set us at defiance, though he could  
not

not but admit that the charge was extravagantly high. It was vain to dispute, for as he himself was the advoyer of the town, there was no one to whom we could apply for redress. We therefore paid the unjust extortion, and ordered our horses; but mine host, whose republican spirit had been offended by our complaints of his injustice, had seduced our guide to refuse to accompany us any farther by land, unless we would submit to an additional charge of twelve livres for this day, under pretence of bad roads. As we had consented to take this man farther, at his own particular request, and had hitherto found him a civil honest fellow, we were as much surpris'd as provoked at this; and our good Swiss was so hurt at the treatment which we experienced, that he vented his feelings in tears. Resolved not to consent to this unreasonable demand, we paid the man for the days that he had travelled with us, and set off, determined to walk from the inhospitable house. The storm, however, coming on violently with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, compelled us to take shelter under the hænge-work of the bridge, close to the village. In the mean time our guide repented of his  
conduct,

conduct, came to us, confessed his fault, and earnestly, with tears of repentance, intreated to proceed with us: to which, after much sollicitation, we consented. The evening and the scheme brightened, and we again set off: the guide amused us on our way with exclamations against his own ingratitude, and the rascally arts of our landlord.

We travelled slowly, between two or three leagues, to a small village on the lake, called Mullihorn, having passed over a somewhat dangerous road, with frequent ascents and descents, at the edge of holes and precipices, sometimes creeping along a shelving bank close to the lake, meeting occasionally the mules of the Milanese and other Italian merchants, which, with their projecting baggage and unaccommodating manners, produced disagreeable rencontres on narrow banks. These merchants bring coffee, chocolate, sugars and spices, to exchange for the muslins of St. Gall, Zurich, &c.

The lake of Wallenstadt assumes somewhat of a solemn cast from the black and gloomy mountains which overshadow its surface. Those to the north are lofty and steep, and descend rapidly, often to the brink of the

water. The lake reminded me of Derwent-water. In some parts narrow slips of fields skirt the edge, and occasional platforms project into the lake, with houses accessible only from the water. The southern side, along which we passed, is enlivened by pastures, woody walks, and cottages with gardens. The lake is not broad; it opens into a variety of striking points of view: it is subject to very sudden changes, and is, in many places, rendered dangerous by lurking rocks; we paddled upon it, in the evening, and admired "its dark billowy bays." A kind of diurnal monsoon prevails on this lake; the wind generally blows from east to west from the break of day for some hours, and afterwards from west to east, till sun-set.

Next morning we went by water from Mullihorn to Wefen; it rained hard during our voyage, and we covered ourselves with the sail. When the watermen foresee a squall, which their long wooden boats are ill calculated to encounter, they put in, as we did once or twice, and shelter themselves under cavities of the rock.

Some beautiful waterfalls glide from the mountains, which rise on each side of this lake,

lake, often falling in a fine silvery stream. Wefen is elegantly situated at the bottom of the lake, near where the Linth, or Limmat, which joins the lake of Zurich with that of Wallenstadt, falls into the latter. The chief lakes in Switzerland are so connected together that they facilitate the communication between different parts, and afford opportunities for inland intercourse, very important in a country distant from the sea, and of which the rivers can be of no use to navigation unless they should be hereafter employed to supply canals. The Swiss manufactures are chiefly exported by land, as well those which go to Franckfort and Leipfick, as those which are conveyed to France and Italy.

Wefen is in the bailliage of Gaster, which belongs to the canton of Schweiz and Glarus; it was formerly fortified: from thence we walked about two miles to Mollis, where the brave Glaronnois, who were killed at the battle of Næfels, were buried. Næfels is not far distant; we saw it as we passed from Wefen. The Glaronnois fought for liberty from advantageous posts on their mountains, and lost but 55 out of 380 men, contending against 13,000 or 15,000 Austrians, of whom, they



killed 183 nobles and gentlemen, and 2,500 soldiers. The battle happened in 1388, and is commemorated by a procession, on the first Thursday in April in every year\*. Here our horses, which had been sent round from Mülhorn, joined us. Our guide arrived still trembling; and we were informed by him and the servants, that as they were leading the horses over the mountains, by a very horrible road, his horse slipped and fell from a dreadful height; the guide, who had not presence of mind to loose the bridle, jumping with it: they must then have fallen into the lake had they not been stopped by trees. It providentially happened that neither man nor horse were hurt. Admitting that the man's fears exaggerated the distance, it is certain, from the servant's evidence, that they must have fallen at least forty feet.

Having mounted our horses, we proceeded about a league farther to Glarus, passing by the side of the Linth, admiring the wild character of the country and the grand rocky mountains that faced us. Glarus, which at a distance seems important, when seen in conjunction with another town, called Schwan-

\* See Gesner's *Idyl. La Jambe de Bois.*

dan, dwindles as we approach, to its own dimensions; and though it makes a better appearance than Appenzel, is but a paltry place as the metropolis of a canton. It is inhabited by persons of both communions who use the church in common. The Romanists of the canton in general do not amount to above an eighth part of the number of the Protestants.

As, after visiting Pantenbruck, we meant to return to Glarus, we set off the evening of the same day and rode through a wild romantic valley, to Linthal, three leagues farther. The Linth flows with a full whitened stream, which derives its force and colour from melted snow. The valley flourished with the vegetation of Summer, while the mountains were clad in the horrors of Winter. The canton of Glarus is composed of three of these valleys, separated by mountains from each other: they are cultivated to their utmost fertility, but cannot support their inhabitants who expatriate as soldiers or in search of employment into commercial countries. The government of the canton is democratical; and both sects are admitted to the direction of affairs, with some preference, as to duration, in favour of Pro-

testants. Four or five thousand assemble once a year, at Glarus, for tumultuary elections and Babylonian eloquence; and both communions assemble separately for their respective affairs.

We arrived late at Linthal, having passed through several villages, and crossed many fir bridges, and were obliged to call up the innkeeper, who is of the council. He gave us some good trout, which are always to be found at most of the Swiss inns; and some indifferent beds, with puffy eddy down coverlets. We first noticed here a watchman; and found, on enquiry, that watchmen are employed, in most parts of Switzerland, to give an alarm in case of fire, which, in these wooden villages, would produce rapid destruction.

We rode, next morning, three or four miles farther, between wild mountains which closely approach each other, from which descended some very beautiful cataracts; we admired one especially towards the end of the valley, which fell very elegantly, shooting its white foam like an inverted sky-rocket; when seen from the side, it appeared frequently to strike against and bound from the rocky furrow which it had made,

The

The mountains from which the torrents pour have often large lakes at their summits, which furnish admirable fish.

The Chamois's are pursued, by the hunters, from rock to rock, particularly on the Freyberg mountains, near the foot of which we slept. They go in flocks, posting one as a centinel, who hisses when he hears "the approach of hostile foot." The people, who have sometimes seen their picturesque forms suspended as it were from the side of the mountains, describe them as hanging by the horns from the rock. The cottages, which are of a dark walnut colour, have projecting roofs which hang over to protect them from the snow: their appearance accords well with the scenery of the country; and when seen at a distant height on the mountains has a very peculiar effect. Stones are placed on the roofs to save them from being carried away by the storms of the Winter. Winter, amidst these mountains, must be awful: their lofty summits exclude the sun, except for a few hours, in the longest days of Summer. We left our horses at the end of the dark shadowy valley, and mounted on foot, through

a forest, about a mile, by a very steep ascent, to Pantenbruck, which is a narrow bridge that overhangs a fearful chasm, at the bottom of which the Linth rushes impetuously. The source of this river is about three or four leagues farther in the mountains, that form the rude barrier, and boundaries of this canton, separating it from Uri, and the Grey League, a division of the Grisons. The valleys of Switzerland often run parallel, and, by crossing the mountains, a short passage may be obtained from one to the other. As we had seen Pfeiffer, the chasm and rush of water here did not astonish us so much as it may have done other travellers; but the surrounding scenery struck us by its grand and rude character.

After dining, at Linthal, on boiled goat's flesh, nearly as good as mutton to hungry appetites, we returned to Glarus this evening, and have been much amused with the conversation of an old soldier who lives at our inn, and spends the money which he saved in fighting against the English in the last German war. He speaks highly, however, of our nation: he sits drinking, uninterruptedly,

edly, for one and sometimes two days together without eating. The landlord assured me that he has drunk twenty-nine bottles of a thin white wine this day, and he does not appear to be intoxicated.

**LETTER**

---

 LETTER XII.
 

---

ZURICH, Aug. 1.

We left Glarus on the 28th of July, and having passed through Næfels; and other small villages, we dined at Oberbilten, which is nine miles from Glarus, at the sign of St. Fridolin, who, as I understand, is the patron saint of the district. Mine hostess entertained us nobly; and being surprized at the information which she displayed in her remarks, we enquired into her history, and found that she was the daughter of a palatine officer who had been in the English service. As her husband, who is a native of that place, had la Maladie du Pays, she consented to follow him here; but having been familiarized with people of more polished manners, they derive but little pleasure from the society of their neighbours, whom she represents as sensual,

sensual, ignorant, and deceitful; they have set up the inn merely to enjoy the company of such strangers as pass through the village; and if we might judge by the moderation of the charge, profit could not be their object.

We had a beautiful ride, of six leagues, in the evening, partly by the side of the lake of Zurich, of which we had a fine view from a mountain, before we reached Einsidlen, looking down upon Rapperschwyl, the isle of Ufnau, &c. The effects of the devotion of the neighbourhood were visible before we arrived at the abbey of Notre Dame des Hermites, particularly in an handsome church at Lachen.

Einsidlin has an important appearance as approached by a wide plain, situated between lofty mountains, whose distant summits are covered with snow. The town is built on the river Sihl, in the canton of Schweitz. The abbey was rebuilt in 1735: the church is a sumptuous edifice: the walls are hung, at the first entrance, with votive tablets, made for deliverances by sea and land, attributed to the miraculous assistance of the virgin: they are painted with more piety than skill; and, in truth, the representations of persons in great perils,  
are



are often as ludicrous as the catastrophe of Mr. Puff's Tragedy.

Some of these are of very recent presentation. The Virgin's chapel, at which the offerings are made, is dazzling with its polished golden altar which shines with the reflected light of numberless tapers. The Virgin and Child are represented black. She is differently dressed every week. Over the door are the five holes, in a plate of silver, said to have been made by the fingers of God, into which the pilgrims put their hands with much superstitious reverence. Mr. Coxe represents the annual resort of pilgrims, who repair to their celebrated monastery, to be near 100,000. The number is now much reduced; and it seldom, as I am informed, amounts above 10 or 12,000. The rich now travel for pleasure, without such excuses, and rambling idleness, or discontented poverty can find but few who will assist them in such mis-directed devotion. On a monument in the church, inscribed with eulogia on some departed brethren of the convent, I observed the following punning allusion to their order, "*Vocantem Dominum secuti, ut certius illam citantis vocem audirent, Venite benedicti, patres*"

patres, esse voluerunt Benedictini," which would hardly admit of a translation if it were worth it. The librarian Bonwyl, to whom we had a letter, shewed me the handsome library. I examined a Latin manuscript of the New Testament, said to be of the tenth century, which contained the disputed verse in St. John, except the word *Hi*.

The collection of books is large and splendid: as it was *Jour Maigre* we were not invited to dine at the convent, but after dinner we were shewn the sacerdotal vestments elaborately worked and adorned, and the riches and relics of this establishment, by a very assiduous and complimentary conductor. In the evening we set off. All the surrounding country is covered with chapels, sanctuaries, and hermitages, at which pilgrims respectfully stop. We rode by the side of the lake, which, though it has not the bold and magnificent breadth of that of Constance, is enlivened on each side by a continued succession of neat and cheerful villages with white houses. As we were now about to part with our guide, who had accompanied us from St. Gall and behaved well since we left Wallenstadt, he expressed

pressed great regret at being obliged to leave us : he confessed, with much simplicity, that he had been a sad fellow ; hoped that he should profit by the good advice which we had given, and, half laughing, half in tears, promised to reform and become a sober good man. We got to L'Epee in good time, found our servant and carriage safe, and letters from England, which spread a lively satisfaction over our minds. We supped with a Dutch gentleman, and combated his democratical principles.

I shall not attempt to delineate the constitution of the Swiss cantons, or to make out the minute gradations of freedom which severally prevail in them, since this has been so fully and accurately performed by Mr. Coxe in his improved accounts : my design is only to furnish you with a slight description of our Tour, and to report such things as we found most deserving of attention.

My room here, at L'Epee, hangs over the rapid Limmat, a beautiful clear river, but which flows with great impatience from a country where most rivers, if they had the taste ascribed to them by the poets, could not  
chuse

chuse but linger. Zurich is charmingly situated on this river, where it runs from the lake. The town has no streets that are regular or well-built: the suburbs, towards the lake, are improved by some modern buildings: the environs are very beautiful, and the banks of the lake and the Limmat are covered with houses, many of which are the country seats of the gentlemen of Zurich: these derive their chief beauty from their situation; having nothing that corresponds with our pleasure-garden; the Swiss, who on every side behold the bold and magnificent features of Nature, seem to despise the minute and artificial ornaments by which we mimic her works.

Though the town has no buildings distinguished for their beauty of architecture, it has every edifice of importance to the welfare of the people. The town-house is large and commodious; the granary is well conducted, and, in times of scarcity, alleviates the public distress: the arsenal, where, among the ancient armour, is preserved as a valuable monument of liberty, William Tell's cross-bow, seems to be well provided with arms: Les Orphelines, a charitable institution for the children of the  
citizens,

citizens, and which contains from eighty to one hundred, who are instructed, and, at fifteen, are apprenticed to different trades, is well supported. The Swifs have neither the inclination or the power to expend money in superfluous edifices. Their private houses are furnished with simplicity, and very little ornament : their carriages are for convenience, and chiefly open ; their possessors are not permitted to use them in town : their servants seldom wear liveries ; and there is but little appearance of those refinements which are too often the indication of corruption of manners. The dress of the higher ranks is extremely plain : black is the full dress ; and the men, who are in any department of government, wear swords. The dress of the women is unbecoming ; on Sundays they wear black in the morning, and colours in the evening : the hair is dressed in the French and English fashion, but with a loose and ill-shaped negligence, appearing, what is vulgarly called, blowzy : their shapes are not advantageously displayed, nor do they exhibit any of that flowing and graceful drapery which gives to the lengthened and picturesque forms of Reynolds and Bunbury, the elegance of the Grecian

Grecian figure: their squat and unfeminine monsters of shoes seem manufactured for downright walking, not to bend with supple pliancy in the dance, or to draw attention in the succession of the well directed steps. The strangers who resort here begin to sap a little the simplicity of manners which prevails, by the introduction of foreign luxuries: they intermix indeed, but seldom, with the natives in convivial intercourse; but the sight of luxury is infectious, and the genius of the people of Zurich yields to the contagion. Herdegger, the famous Arbiter Elegantiarum, for many years, in England, was the son of a clergyman at Zurich; and no man ever presided with greater spirit in the circles of dissipation, or pushed the revels of voluptuousness to a greater extent. The native of a severe and simple town in Switzerland, directed the luxurious pleasures of one of the most refined courts in Europe. "I was born a Swiss," said he in a public company, "and came to England without a farthing, where I have found means to gain 5000l. a year, and to spend it. Now I defy the most able Englishman to go to Switzerland

K

and

and either to gain that income or to spend it there."

We have no particular introduction to the inhabitants of this town, and associate chiefly with the English and other strangers, with whom chance or our public table brings us acquainted. I have been introduced, however, to Mr. Lavater, whose mild and expressive countenance, rendered more interesting by a shade of dejection, will recommend him to all who adopt his principles of physiognomy. I observed to him, that it required some courage to present ourselves before a man possessing the powers of penetration, which he professed: he replied, that no mortal need fear the presence of another, since all must be conscious of defect. He lives in a very small house; we found him instructive and unassuming in conversation. He speaks French with hesitation and difficulty, but his expressions are forcible. On a second visit he shewed us his collection of pictures, which contains three or four pieces, by Holbein, in high preservation: among these is an angel with the instruments of Christ's Crucifixion, that has great merit. There are some other valuable pictures; one by West, and two or three

three admirably done by a Swiss peasant ; a variety of beautiful drawings, and other things well worthy attention. Mr. Lavater's character, as a minister, is very high. He is now projecting two or three charitable institutions, one of which is designed as a retreat for women after the age of fifty. He is engaged in a pleasant periodical publication of Miscellanies, of which six volumes have appeared for the first year, and one for the second. He complains that our translations of his writings (especially of his great work) are extremely defective. I have since heard him preach with great apparent energy ; but he preached in an unknown tongue to me. The Vandyke frill, which the ministers wear, gives them a very antique appearance ; and the mourning dresses of the congregation produce a very grave effect in the churches. I was not much disposed to approve an hour glass, which was placed by the preacher, to direct him in the length of his discourse. After the singing, in which all the congregation join, there is a great noise of letting down the seats ; and the people all put on their hats and sit down, to hear the minister pray or preach. Devotion here appears to



correspond with Parnel's description of it at Geneva, " A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the croud." I reflected, with satisfaction, on the rational and decent service established in our church: on premeditated prayers, formed upon sublime principles of piety and benevolence; and exterior forms, designed only to be expressive of reverence for God, and subservient to the becoming solemnity of public worship.

The ministry is supported with suitable maintenance at Zurich, and the people seem to profit at least by its moral instructions, being celebrated for their integrity and worth.

The library is open, upon very liberal terms, to the public. I read there three original manuscript letters, written in Latin, by lady Jane Gray to Bullinger, with some elegance of style, but with much extravagance of compliment. In one hyperbolical strain she inconsiderately enumerates St. John among other exemplary characters, to whom Bullinger, in her opinion, was not inferior in piety; one of the letters, however, was written in 1551, when she was only fourteen years of age; the other  
in

in 1552, when she was about to learn Hebrew.

Bullinger was born in the neighbourhood of Zurich; and, on his return from his studies at Cologne, taught in a convent at Kapella, which is not far from Zurich, where he heard the lectures of Zuinglius; and having adopted the principles of the reformation, became a minister of the Protestant church at his native village of Bengarten. After the death of Zuinglius he succeeded him as pastor at Zurich, and laboured with great zeal to encourage the increase of the reformed faith, corresponding with its members and defenders in all parts, in letters, of which a collection is here preserved, which deserves examination.

Among other books in this library, I noticed also a polyglot of the New Testament in twelve languages, printed by Elias Huttens at Nonberg, in 1591: a German Bible, said to be printed in 1448, by mistake for 1458; and another in 1578. In the Latin manuscripts of St. John's epistles, I found always the disputed text, though the word *Hi* was sometimes omitted. But bishop Burnet speaks of an ancient Latin manuscript in this library, which I did not see, supposed to be between

eight and nine hundred years old, and which, by omitting the text, led Bullinger to doubt of its authenticity ; and he observes that the verse must have been left out by the negligence of the copyist, for before the general epistles in that manuscript, the epistle of St. Jerom is to be found, in which the father says, that he was the more exact in that translation as he had discovered the fraud of the unfaithful translators, who had struck out that passage concerning the Trinity. This preface is not printed in the edition of St. Jerom's works, published by Erasmus, but it is in all or in most of the manuscripts, ancient and modern, of the bibles that have the other prefaces in them, and in almost all the first printed bibles, as in that of Nurenberg in 1475, in that of Venice in 1498, and besides others in that of Basil in 1506 ; as also in all the manuscripts of Basil, where Erasmus indeed published his edition of St. Jerom ; and therefore it must have been known to him, and it is difficult to say why he should have omitted it.

Strangers, at Zurich, are generally conducted to see Mr. Gefner, the painter's, works : we were shewn some of his landscapes in  
imitation

imitation of the Italian masters. His designing is good, but his manner somewhat hard. The Swifs, who have a country of fuch peculiar fcenery to defcribe, fhould form a fchool of their own : but it is fingular that Switzerland has, as yet, produced neither poets nor painters, who have much diftinguifhed themfelves. The fublime poem of Haller, on the Alps, is almoft the only important defcription, in poetry, of Swifs fcenery, by a native of Switzerland ; and, 'till lately, it has had no painters of landfcape known beyond their country. The natives become familiar with the grand and noble fcenes of their country, before they have attention to admire and powers to imitate them ; and Switzerland has fcarce yet arrived to that refinement of civilization in which a knowledge of the polite arts leads men to the investigation of their principles. The foreigners, who travel here for the firft time, are aftonifhed at the ftupendous character of the objects which they behold ; but thefe they dare not attempt to copy. The mountain, with its fummit of fnow, could not, perhaps, be introduced with harmony. The lake is too fpacious for representation ; and he who fhould felect only the

picturesque cottage or the woody bank undermined and rugged, would not characterize his work as a description of Switzerland. Painters, however, may study here every department of the art; and when a Salvator Rosa shall arise, he will find materials to employ his pencil. We were much pleased with the works of Mr. Hope, a butcher, who has displayed a very extraordinary taste for landscape. He has certainly a genius of great scope, and his representations are much to be admired. I thought that he failed in the colouring of his water.

L'Académie Physique deserves much attention. We saw a very fine Hortus Siccus there which was collected by the learned Gesner.

**LETTER**

---

### LETTER XIII.

---

ZURICH, Aug. 10.

SINCE I last wrote to you, Mr. — and I have walked to St. Gothard.—For mountain expeditions, to ascend the summit or to glide into the vale, to skirt the precipice or to climb the rock, no subservient animal can rival the powers of man. We left Zurich on the second instant, on a fine evening refreshed and brightening after a shower, as a fine woman smiling in tears. We strolled about eight miles through a charming variety of hill and dale, to Albis, where we slept at a tolerable house. The next morning a misty rain deprived us of our prospect from the hill, on which we slept. It did not prevent us, however, from renewing our walk, through a fertile country, to Zug. We found fruit-trees and fountains the whole way.

Zug

Zug is situated on the lake of that name. Oswald, king of Northumberland, from I know not what distinction, is titular saint of the town which Albert, duke of Austria, thought not worth defending against the Swiss, and drove into the Helvetic confederacy. In the evening we continued by the side of the lake, for about three leagues, under fine beach woods which adorn its banks, and in which we heard the frequent sound of the woodman's axe, without any sorrowful reflections that the trees were to be indiscriminately felled to pay the debts of the gamester or the spendthrift. The cultivated fields which border on the lake, and the well-wooded promontories which project into the water and form beautiful bays, finely embellish the scenery.

The houses are but few; some vineyards occasionally descend to the edge of the water, and are trained sometimes to twine over roofs of wood which overhang the paths. We stopped for a short time at a small village in the canton of Schweitz; at the bottom of this there is a capuchin convent, of which, the houses are fantastically painted, some of them with sketches of the Dance of Death. We then continued our walk among the echoing caverns

caverns of a sequestered valley, and by the side of another lake 'till we were overtaken by darkness, and wandered, for some hours, without the glimmering of a single star to direct our weary steps in security. Towards midnight, however, we were taught the folly of despair, by a happy rencontre of a peasant returning home, whom we persuaded to conduct us to Schweitz, where we at length reposed, as well as if we had arrived with a chaise and four and half a dozen attendants.

At Schweitz there is a collection of medals in the possession of Mr. Hottinger, which Mr. Mechel has engraved. On leaving, next morning, this metropolis of the canton, which has nothing remarkable in its appearance but a handsome church, we walked about a league, to Brunnen, a village situated on the lake des Quatres Villes Forestales, where the cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, entered into their treaty of alliance in 1315, and where the deputies of the Romish cantons still sometimes hold their assemblies. Here we engaged a boat to convey us to Fluellen, which is three stunden or three hours row from Brunnen,

The



The lake of the four cantons here is not very broad; it is inclosed with lofty steep rocks, on some of which are houses and chapels, built like the religious edifices of ancient times, on high places, and beautifully furrounded with groves of wood: here, as in Eden,

“ Overhead up-grows  
“ Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
“ Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
“ A sylvan scene!”

By the bye, Dr. Hunter, in his notes to Evelyn's *Silva*, objects to this passage without reason. Milton was naturalist enough to know, that the cedar rather spreads than exalts its branches; and the loftiness is applied, not to the individual cedar, but to the towering height of the trees rising one above the other,

“ As the ranks ascend  
“ Shade above shade, a woody theatre.”

We stopped to look at William Tell's chapel, which is painted with some sketches of the history of that hero and patriot, and landing at Fluellen, which is the little port and repository of the Italian merchandize, we walked a short mile to Altdorf, the capital of Uri,

Uri, situated in the valley of the Reufs. It is almost surrounded by dark steep mountains covered with gloomy trees, which throw a solemn shade over the town. The firs of mount Banberg, which rise immediately above it, shelter the houses from injury from the snow or falling rocks; you may suppose, therefore, that they are religiously preserved. The whole neighbourhood has a serious character. There are many churches and chapels on all sides; one of the latter is erected on the spot where William Tell is said to have been born. The town has no better appearance than a market town in England: the *Maison de Ville*, if it may be dignified by that appellation, is daubed with some historical paintings, relative, I believe, to the exploits of William Tell, who is said to have shot the apple from his son's head in this town.

After dinner we continued our walk about nine miles, to Steig, through the valley of Reufs, along which the snow-muddied river runs shallow, in a rapid and rocky channel. The rivers in Switzerland, like those in Scotland, are not often fit for navigation; they feed the lakes, however, and might feed canals. The valley, through which we  
passed,

passed, is enclosed by fine dark mountains *ορειὰ σκιοειρήα*, overspread with solemn firs. The evening was gloomy and accorded with the scene. We met some Capuchin friars travelling from Italy, whose figures had a good effect in the landscape. Towards the close of the evening the mountains behind us glowed with the strong beams of the setting sun, and enlivened the natives of this romantic country, whose cottages are beautifully placed on chins and projections of the mountains, hanging over dizzy precipices, and lifted to an elevation from which their inhabitants may often see the clouds and storms of the winter collect their mischief beneath them.

The valleys in Switzerland sometimes reminded me of Thessalian Tempe, as beautifully described by Ælian, who represents it as a place situated between Olympus and Ossa, mountains of vast height, and separated, as it were, by divine contrivance to admit the valley; in the midst of which flowed the river Peneus, swelled by other streams that fell into and increased its current. The rocks here, as in Ælian's valley, are overshadowed, and often almost concealed by the mantling shrubs and herbs that spread their  
foliage

foliage around them; and amidst these burst out frequent fountains, from which cool and pleasant waters flow: many of them are, doubtless, like those of Tempe, impregnated with salutary principles. The valley of Theffaly excelled, however, those of Switzerland, in the number and variety of musical birds, which Ælian represents as seducing along the enchanted traveller, and rendering him, by the melody of their notes, insensible of fatigue. In Switzerland no birds are to be seen, except sometimes a fine eagle soaring above the tops of the loftiest mountains, for as every one has a gun, the feathered race is shewn no quarter, each man seeking for objects on which to exercise his skill. If a sparrow is accidentally seen, the whole neighbourhood is in arms, and every one is anxious to distinguish himself, by obtaining the prize. There were circumstances, likewise, that gave a peculiar character to Tempe, in the time of Ælian, in which no modern valley can resemble it, and which, by a revolution in manners and sentiments, it must have itself lost. The descriptive historian informs us, that in consequence of the resort of the neighbouring people, who assembled in this place sacred to  
many

many heathen deities, in frequent intercourse to sacrifice and feast together, those who travelled, or sailed through the valley, were gratified by the most fragrant and delightful odours, which were shed around from the incense and perfumes used on those occasions. Instead, however, of the smoke of sacrifices ascending to heathen deities, we may see the towers of churches erected to the honour of the true God.

The imagination which travels, without trouble, from Theffaly to England, sometimes also transported me to Colnbrook Dale, where the smoke of glowing furnaces blackens a vegetation equal to that of Switzerland, and where the peaceful quiet of the valley is disturbed by the noise and labour of the iron works.

But to return to Switzerland. In my walk this evening, near Altdorf, I saw, with very interesting sensations, a wooden hand, fixed to a chapel, pointing to a road and directing, "per Italia." I was struck with the first idea of proximity to a country which I had so long wished to see, and which I am not sure that accident may not still prevent me from visiting. We met many carriers, whose  
loaded

loaded pack-horses, which bring pepper, wines, rice, citrons, and sometimes silk, from Italy; and return with salt, cheese, &c. The horses are muzzled lest they should stop to feed at the edge of precipices. The sight of our inn shocked us as much as that of the Holy Ghost at Cologne; it was the representation of Christ.—If the sublime conceptions of Raphael, or Carlo Dolce, were suffered to imagine the perfections of an incarnate God, it should not be allowed to the gross imaginations of vulgar painters to burlesque the idea of the Holy Persons of the Trinity, and to represent them by images on sign posts. In England we have some vestiges of a similar, though less offensive freedom, in emblematical representations of the divine person, as in that of the mystical Lamb.

About three years since, thirty-nine houses, which constituted almost the whole of this village, were burnt down. The flames spread rapidly in the wooden works, twenty-six of them are now re-built.

Next morning we took leave of the good woman of the inn, where we slept, and of her pretty daughters, and walked three leagues through Ursfield, to Wasen, where the valley

of Meyen opens, through which the Meyen pours its impetuous waters to join the Reufs. As we advanced through this beautiful and extraordinary valley, the mountains often advanced near each other : they were covered with remarkably strait and stately firs, which seemed to rise out of the bare rocks. Some of them were cut down and laid by the side of precipices as a security to the traveller, who would else reel with giddiness, as he passed along the narrow edge of the path. The Meyen abounds with chrystal, of which the poor children offer bits to passengers for sale.

After leaving Wäsen we began to ascend the barren valley of Schoellenen. The scenery became more rude and rocky ; the firs disappeared, and we saw only some scanty grass fringing the edges of the rocks. The valley was strewn with huge fragments of broken granite rock, which often dilapidates and falls, with a thundering noise, from the mountains. After ascending about a league and half we passed the devil's bridge, which overhangs a chasm that would appear tremendous, to those who had not seen that of Pfeffers, or Pantenbruck. Just above it rises  
a torrent

a torrent of foaming water : near this place, opposite to a little chapel and between two torrents, we saw men half way down the mountain, on a rock apparently perpendicular, on which they were turning some scanty grafs. We should have conceived it impossible for goats to stand on the steep slippery side. Though their feet were supported by cramp-irons, we could not but think, even allowing for the deception of the distance, that Shakespear's samphire men were cowards in comparison of them. Every spot, which has an inch of soil on these mountains, is cultivated with laborious industry. Animated by freedom and independance, the people draw out fertility from the rock ; and happy in their well-earned competence, they would fight, as they have often fought, for their barren and scanty possessions, with as firm and invincible a courage as if they contended for the rich plains of Italy. After having crossed the Reufs, at the devil's bridge, we passed through Underloch, a passage 220 feet in length, cut through a granite rock, in 1707. This opens into the valley of Urseren, which spreads into wide pastures, in which Urseren appears chearfully with its back ground of firs. It is





watered by two streams. Urseren is a small commonwealth under the protection of Uri, and well secured by its enclosing mountains. We dined in this valley, at Hopital, which is about four leagues from Wassen. It was jour maigre, but we fared well on fish. The whole way, indeed, since we left Zurich, we have had great reason to be satisfied with the small inns, in which we experience better accommodations than these mountainous and sequestered villages might be expected to supply; and though we pay but as foot passengers, are treated with such attention and kindness, as a display of riches would not elsewhere procure. The manners of the people are simple and friendly, and their reception and treatment is that of liberal hospitality, not of mercenary contrivance.

In this interesting walk we found, that the stupendous works of nature, which excited our admiration at every step, impressed us with serious rather than lively thoughts; and probably the pensive shades of the Swiss character may, in some degree, be attributed to the nature of the country in which they live; accustomed to magnificent and solemn scenes, they acquire an elevated, and, often, a gloomy turn

turn of mind, which shews itself in lofty sentiments, in deep reflection, in strong national affections, and sometimes in very deliberate suicide. Their imagination is quick and ardent, and their passions are lively ; but they seldom exhibit broad traits of humour, or features of ludicrous description. Their love of their country, and the tenderness with which in other lands they cherish the remembrance of it, is well known by some striking accounts. This, however, is common to them with all people who inhabit countries of a very marked and peculiar character ; where strong local impressions are made at an early age, and attachments are firmly rooted in and grow up, as it were, with the constitution.

We were now within three leagues of St. Gothard, and feeling ourselves but little fatigued, we mounted, by no very violent ascent, through wild and desolate scenes of naked rock, by the side of the Reufs, till we reached its source in a lake, in the large crater at the summit, at which we arrived about eight o'clock, as the night, encompassed in a thick fog, was rolling towards us. We looked around this cheerless wilderness of rocks, encircled by mountains rising into spiral and

fantastic tops: the scene resembled Maundrell's strong description of the wilderness of Judea where our Saviour was tempted, " which consists of high rocky mountains, so torn and disfigured as if the earth had here suffered some great convulsion, in which its very bowels had been turned outward." We at length discovered the small convent by the side of a lake; there we were received hospitably by father Lorenzo, who gave us a fine trout for supper, and a good omelet, some tolerable wine, and a glass or two of rich cordial.

Father Lorenzo is about fifty years of age, and has spent twenty-five of those years in this solitude. A monk who formerly lived with him, withdrew himself about three years ago, and the good father has now no society but that of a male and female servant, a boy put under his tuition, and such travellers as curiosity or business leads into these cheerless regions, most of whom stop to experience his hospitality. He bakes his own bread, and kills his own meat; is furnished with fuel from Ariolo, the first town in Italy, and a few miles distant from his habitation. He is, by birth, a Milanese, speaks only Latin  
and

and Italian. His convent is, I believe, under the direction of the archbishop of Milan. The canton of Uri, however, allows the good man about 30*l.* per annum, for his sustentance, which, with the gratuities that he receives from strangers, enables him to support himself, and to provide for the entertainment of passengers, who pass the mountain almost the whole year, though sometimes on sledges, in the winter months, and under the drifted snow, through which workmen are employed to keep the road open. Cæsar is said first to have adventured with his army across this formidable barrier. The Tesin and the Reufs rise near each other in this mountain. Mr. de Bouffler following these rivers in their progress, said, that at the top of St. Gothard a man might spit into the Mediterranean. The Rhine and the Rhone rise within a day's journey of the mountain.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, in beds which were not bad though they had no curtains, and were in rooms of which the bare walls had no ornament but a few prints of the Virgin, we wrote our acknowledgements in the father's book, in which we found the names of several of our friends.

We descended, in about two hours, to Hopital, and in the evening continued our walk to Steig, over loose stones, which sorely battered our feet in the descent, but which could not prevent us from again admiring the shivered rocks with firs opening from the clefts; the torrents which freshened the air of an hot evening, and the paths which wind under noble rocks and firs. We crossed the river several times, as it afforded a narrow way, on either side, between its channel and the base of the mountains. As I lagged behind my companion in the winding paths, I could, sometimes, converse with him across deep chasms, all round which it was necessary to walk. I have not yet been able to observe any of that correspondence of parts between the opposite hills, which Mr. Coxe represents as common in Switzerland. It is surely a preposterous philosophy to suppose, that any of its valleys have been formed by a separation of the mountains from any violent convulsion; and if, with some writers, we imagine them to have been excavated by the gradual attrition of water, the opposite sides would not tally or correspond in any apparent adaptation of parts. Why, when we see a mountain, or  
a valley,

a valley, must we look to the operation of natural causes for its production, and not suppose that the face of nature originally presented such variety at its first creation? This, however, is unpopular philosophy, though we know that there were "high hills" before the deluge.

We slept again at Steig, and dined next lay at Altdorf, and afterwards took a boat at Fluellin, for Lucerne, admitting two women, who petitioned for a passage. After again admiring the hills that border on this beautiful lake, we turned a point opposite Brunnen, and entered into a part which we had not yet passed. The lake here has no very great breadth: the banks furnish very rich parkish scenes. The beach woods hang over the lake; and when we stopped for refreshment under the coves, the goats came down to our boats. One of our female companions, whom we had admitted, recited prayers and hymns during the whole passage, except when we checked her pious effusions by some excellent ham; or when her voice was overpowered by the louder strains of one of our watermen, who sung to us the feats of William Tell, in some traditional songs, which had a local pro-

propriety, as the borders of the lake were occasionally adorned with monuments erected in honour of his exploits. We landed at Lucerne about seven in the evening. The town is finely situated at the north-western end of the lake, and commands a delightful view.

We supped at the Table D'Hôte, at the Eagle, with Mr. Dohm; he was envoy from Prussia to Aix-la-Chapelle, and appears to be very intelligent upon general subjects. His lady, who was likewise present, is pretty. It is not unusual, in Switzerland, for ladies to eat at Tables D'Hôtes, where they are well-served, and where the company is generally good.

The hængewerk of the bridge at Lucerne, which is built over the Reufs, is painted with historical representations. The town has little but its situation to recommend it to the eye. We went to the Jesuit's college. The library was removed at the suppression of the Order: the building is large, and now inhabited by a few professors, with one of whom I conversed. He regretted, with much apparent concern and sincerity, the injury done to religion by the insidious industry of Voltaire  
and

and his party, who have poisoned the sources of information. The Swifs, who in general have some taste for literature, are more likely to suffer from the wretched philosophy, inserted in modern publications, since, where all drink, many must be intoxicated by shallow draughts. We called also on general Pfiffer, to whom we had a letter of introduction from his son-in-law, with whom we had accidentally formed an acquaintance on St. Gothard. The general received us politely, and shewed us his very accurate and elaborate model in wax and stone, of near a fourth part of Switzerland, in which he has observed the relative height of the mountains, by a geometrical proportion, traced out local circumstances, and minutely marked every particular deserving attention.

On leaving Lucerne we loitered, slowly, in a hot evening, till we were overtaken, before our arrival at Sins, the place of our destination, by a violent storm of the heaviest rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Every flash which threw its beautiful horrors across the dark night that soon encompassed the woods in which we strayed, reminded us of the inconsiderate delay with which we had lingered in our delightful walk.

The



The next day, the gloomy circumstances of the preceding night were forgotten, in the cheerfulness of a glorious sun, which, when we had proceeded four leagues farther, to Albis, appeared to spread its dazzling splendor over the lake of Zurich, and enlivened us with its rays, as we returned, in the evening, to that town.

LETTER

---

---

## LETTER XIV.

---

---

BERNE, Aug. 14.

WE arrived here yesterday; but before we set down at the Falcon, I must return and conduct you from Zurich. We staid only one day at that town, after our return from St. Gothard; and on that day went, in company with many persons, down the Limmat, to a convent about two leagues from the town, to be present at the ceremony of two girls taking the veil: one of them appeared to be about eighteen and had a pretty face, with an expression somewhat sullen: the other was about twenty-four, her countenance meek and expressive of gentle seriousness by a melancholy smile. The ceremony was extremely interesting: the solemnity of the scene, the presence of the parents, the grave and venerable appearance of the abbot, the prostration of the women, the tearing of the chaplets, the cutting

cutting off the hair, and the change of dress suggested many affecting considerations.

In a voluntary resignation of the world, and in a solemn dedication to God, there is somewhat grand and awful : but who is not grieved at the sight, when he reflects that religion was not designed for seclusion, but to qualify its disciples for active life ; that the number of consecrated women is too great for any purposes that they could fulfil in convents ; that parental authority, or insidious persuasion ; the flattery of artful caresses, the allurements of misrepresented piety, or the desire of distinction, often prompt to exertions, in which subsequent reflection will meditate with unavailing regret, and helpless sorrow ? Who can hear, without regret and indignation, the ministers of religion prescribing an oath, in which the ties of kindred are solemnly abjured, by persons who retreat to a seclusion from which the community will derive no benefit ? I was concerned to see the parents stand by and countenance the sacrifice with unmoved features ; that not a Swiss girl present shed a tear at the sight of two young and interesting persons throwing away all attachments and engagements till life should terminate in eternity :

nity : though, notwithstanding the fortitude of their behaviour, it might, perhaps, be suspected, that each, reluctantly,

“ —*Castâ incestu nubendi tempore in ipso*

“ *Hostia concideret mactatu macta parentis* \*.”

Might shroud, sad victim, in a cloister's tomb,  
Her marriageable charms and virgin bloom.

In this case, as in that of Iphigenia, be it remembered, however, that not religion, but superstition and mistaken views, enjoined the sacrifice. Religion clearly, however it might be supposed, in some circumstances, to approve of a voluntary relinquishment of every earthly obstacle to the practice of its precepts, can never be conceived to countenance a constrained and unwilling rejection of the social obligations, and innocent connections of life. They who would serve God should serve him with their unfettered will, not enchained to obedience by vows and a single effort, but by spontaneous and continued affection. Some tribute, however, I confess, is due to those

“ —That master so their blood

“ To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.

“ But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,

“ Than that, which withering on the winter thorn,

“ Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.”

\* Lucretius, B. 1.

I was

I was surpris'd, on enquiry, to hear that the spirit of retiring to celibacy is, at present, prevalent among females, in the Roman Catholic parts of Switzerland. Women can be but of little use in monasteries; their labours are restricted, and their sphere of exertion is, in general, confined to the cloister; but monks visit the sick, and mingle with society to administer the offices of religion.

We left Zurich on the 11th, and drove, about four leagues, to Baden. The baths of Baden, which were anciently celebrated under the name of *Thermæ Helveticæ*, are about a mile from the town, and, at this season, much resorted to. The town was crouded, on this day, by numbers who flocked from all parts, in consequence of a gentleman of Soleure, having declared an intention of ascending with a balloon. After dinner there was great bustle of preparation: the silk was filled with smoke from bladders: the gentleman displayed an eagerness to embark, in proportion to the sollicitations of the company to dissuade him; but at length consented to give up the voyage, and the balloon sailed away with the same advantage to philosophy as if he had mounted with it. To risk the enterprize

terprize without any determinate view, without design or apparatus for philosophical observations, is ridiculous; and the people, who wanted but a fight, were as well pleased at the balloon's rising without human appendages.

We proceeded the same evening three leagues, to Schintznach, admiring the Reufs, which runs through a fine valley, and of which the banks are adorned with some vineyards. In our course we crossed the Limmat: this neighbourhood abounds with rivers. After our arrival at Schintznach we strolled to the Aar, and walked up, through a steep beach wood, to the castle of Hapsburg, which was erected in the eleventh century, within the ancient boundaries of Vindonissa, and is famous, as the root of the family of Austria, for having furnished Germany with an Emperor Rhodolph, of Hapsburg, elected by the interest of the archbishop of Mayence; in 1273. The precincts of the castle were not large: from its proud eminence it commands a spacious view of a fine range of country, through which the Aar winds its course, between lofty mountains. The small remains of the building are now inhabited by

M                      a farmer,

a farmer, whose descendants may also, in the revolution of time, perhaps, rise to empire.

There is a great resort of persons to Schintznach for the use of its mineral waters, which flow warm from the rock. There is one large house, for the reception of the company, in which all are commodiously lodged together, and dine at the same table, as at Matlock or Harrowgate. Among them, at present, is lord Findlater.

Our next stage was to Arau, which is about three leagues from Schintznach; we drove through a country, which has but few of the bold features that usually characterize Switzerland. We stopped at Arau to call on Mr. Meyer, a ribbon-merchant, who has acquired a considerable fortune in trade. He shewed us his model of some part of Switzerland, which is well executed; as also some very capital pictures of Swiss peasantry in the costume of their respective cantons. They are painted by Joseph Reinhalt, whom Mr. Meyer has encouraged, and who merits every liberality of patronage. He has generally selected some person remarkable for his character or appearance; and when the work shall be completed, it will be very interesting.

The

The room, which Mr. Meyer is fitting up for the reception of these pictures, is situated at the top of a tower, constructed with the solid strength with which the rude architects of antiquity roughly piled up their coarse stones, and formed a durable mass for future ages. Mr. Meyer supposes it to have been a Roman building; but the Romans were more advanced in architecture, when they entered Switzerland, than were the builders of this tower, which indicates rather the style of some very early inhabitants of the country. The room commands a fine view of the river Aar, and of the surrounding country with gentle hills of pasture: of corn, we see but little in Switzerland.

The postillion who conducted us, wished to loiter, as he was paid by the day. In travelling with these conductors, we are compelled to listen to exaggerated accounts of bad roads and difficulties. A post was once established, but the inn-keepers and voituriers, petitioned against it, upon apprehensions, on the part of the former, that they might suffer by the expeditious travelling of strangers, and upon a kind of dislike, on the part of the latter, to give up the profits of their profession.



One cannot, however, wish to travel with the post through Switzerland where every hill is adorned, and every valley a landscape. The voituriers, it is true, proceed with the same regular pace without any regard to the lingerings of taste or the impatience of fatigue. Hence we interchanged frequent representations and remonstrances. In spite, however, of murmurs, we proceeded through *Ænsingen*, and the old town of *Wiedlisbach*, to *Soleure*. The country, through which we passed, was beautifully varied with hills well sprinkled with houses and trees : we remarked a castle, belonging to an advoyer of *Berne*, which was particularly to be admired. We saw, at some distance, the rude mountains of *Jura*, of which the snowy tops were brightened by the rays of a descending sun. We supped at the crown-inn with a Swiss gentleman, who was a great philosopher and a great admirer of the national assembly, and provoked, or rather wearied me with the new political principles which this enlightened age has generated.

The extravagant and mistaken spirit of republican equality, which originated in France, seems to have spread its influence farther

farther than will conduce to the happiness of society. Many of the Swifs have caught the contagion from the restless people of that distracted country, where, as in the time of Cæsar, “ not only in every city and in every district, but almost in every house there are factions \*.”

At the subversion of the arbitrary power and oppressive abuses that have prevailed under the old government of France, all benevolent minds would rejoice, if they did not disapprove of the preposterous mode of reform, and foresee, that when every check that can influence and keep the people in necessary obedience is removed, affairs must be soon left to the guidance of an uncontrolled and depraved mob. We hear of some rumours of recent disturbances at Birmingham. The spirit of discontent has not, I hope, reached England;

“ If there be any land

“ Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,

“ A happy land, where circulating power

“ \* In Galliâ non solum in omnibus pagis partibusque sed pene etiam in singulis domibus, factiones sunt,” says the admirable historian, not aware that he was describing features of a national character that should re-appear after so many centuries De Bell. Gall. l. 6. c. 11.

“ Flows through each member of th' embodied state,  
“ Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,  
“ Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue !  
“ Untainted with the lust of innovation ;  
“ Sure all unite to hold her league of rule  
“ Unbroken, as the sacred chain of nature  
“ That links the jarring elements in peace\*.”

The town of Soleure, or Solethurne, is very ancient, as may be collected from a stumpy inscription, under a dial plate in the chief street.

“ In Celtis nihil est Solodoro antiquius, unis  
“ Exceptis Trevis, quorum ego dicta Soror.”

\*Midst the Celts none so ancient as Soleure is fam'd,  
Treves only excepted, whose sister I'm named.

The translation has fidelity, at least, though not poetry, to recommend it.

The great church here is said to have cost 80,000*l.* besides an additional expence occasioned by an alteration in the plan after the foundations were laid. This was a liberal exertion for Switzerland. The design and style of architecture are superior to those of any building that we have yet seen in this country.

\* Johanson's Irene.

The

The French king has usually an ambassador here, who pays his subsidies to the Swiss states. The late minister retired in consequence of the revolution in France. The town of Soleure presents a proof of the endeavours which the French have ever exerted to conciliate the good will of the Swiss cantons; for the front of the Jesuits church was built, as a parade of inscription reminds the people, by Louis XIVth, and repaired by Louis XV.

The women in this town wear a straw hat, which is very simple and well adapted to the climate. The whole place has an appearance of neatness and comfort, which resembles the air of a protestant town. After leaving Soleure, I dined at Hindelbank, which is about four leagues from Soleure, and about a league out of the strait road to Berne. Here we looked at madame Langhan's famous tomb, of which, notwithstanding Mr. Coxe's opinion, and the reputation of the king of Prussia's sculptor, I must think the design much superior to the execution. Mr. Peters, in his beautiful picture representing the resurrection of a whole family, seems to have borrowed from and improved upon the plan. The

stone of the tomb is crumbling like the ashes which it contains, to decay. The design, ere many years shall have elapsed, will be preserved only in the prints engraved from it; and the simple and pathetic inscription of Haller will be remembered only in the description of those, who have had taste enough to copy it: it is well known, but is worth repeating. The mother, who is represented as rising through the bursting tomb, at the resurrection of the dead, holding the child in her arms, exclaims,

“ Hier her bin ich und das kind so du mir gegeben  
“ haft!”—

Here am I, Lord, and the child which thou hast given me.

The sumptuous monument erected to the memory of count d'Erlach, a name recorded in the annals of Swiss freedom, and distinguished for eminent virtues, attracts but little attention because placed in the same church.

From Hindelbank to Berne is a pleasant drive, of about two hours.

## LETTER

---

 LETTER XV.
 

---

VEVAY, Aug. 18.

BERNE appeared to me, what it is usually represented, a very handsome town. The streets are spacious: the piazzas, with their low-arched fronts, give it a peculiar character: the store-houses would appear to more advantage if the arcades were more lofty: the walk, likewise, would in that case be equally sheltered from sun or rain, and there would be a much freer circulation of air: the town is kept neat, but it is by felons, chained with a collar and hook over their heads: the terrasses, particularly that behind the cathedral which overlooks the Aar, afford very agreeable walks, where the Berne ladies, who are very pretty, exhibit their charms better displayed by dress than those of any Swiss women which we have yet seen. The refinement of a rich

aristocracy has introduced more of the French manners here than prevails in the other parts of Switzerland, which we have seen. The military men, who have enriched themselves in other countries, return with an importation of foreign customs, and extend a taste for luxury, with rapidity, among a people who retain a reverence for the nobility, which their ancestors possessed; where education has instilled a spirit of elegance, where little literature is cultivated, and an inconsiderable trade is carried on in a province so little fertile, so inland and badly situated for communication with other countries by water. As the men, however, are generally engaged in the offices of government, or in foreign service, there is not much of that pernicious dissipation which results from idleness. Gaming is effectually suppressed, for every member of the council takes an oath to inform against any whom he shall see engaged in high play. The "*lenes sub noctem susurri*" are heard in the public walks, but they are, in general, the whispers of honourable love, or the solicitations of allowed indulgence, seldom the insidious suggestions of seduction. It is vain, indeed, to attempt seduction, for  
the

the seducer is compelled to marry the woman whom he has vitiated—to take, as his companion through life, the woman whom he has degraded, Public brothels, under certain regulations, are allowed; and the traveller needs some of the discretion which Homer and Alcibiades recommended, lest “he fall into the lap of some wanton dallying damsel Calypso.”

We have met with many English here, of all ranks and characters. All are enraptured with Switzerland, where, in delightful scenes, they find enough of their countrymen to preclude the necessity of associating with foreigners, and where the perpetual allurements of new schemes gratifies their spirit of rambling and adventure. Among those who reside here, we were diverted by the extravagant conversation of a man, who fancied that he should be in danger of assassination from some patriotic gentleman in England, if he were to return there, because, in a very zealous activity for Wilkes, he had displayed some qualities and designs similar to those of Cromwell, though, as far as we could judge of his abilities, our constitution would be in no great danger from his exertions; and he, probably, will be buried



buried as guiltless of his country's blood as the village Cromwel, in Gray's Elegy. How various are the shades of insanity !

There is, at present, in the neighbourhood of Berne, a camp composed of 2,500 men, formed with design to check the increasing murmurs of the Pays de Vaud. The councils also are occupied with debates upon this subject. The symptoms of discontent are strong, but they need not occasion any great alarm, for the complaints alledged are chiefly on subjects of municipal privileges and claims of the higher ranks, who object to the aristocracy of Berne, that it has monopolized all official dignities and profits ; which privileges and claims, however they may affect the towns, do not interest the peasantry and people at large ; who know that their benefit is not the object, and that they will not profit by a more equal distribution of those advantages ; and who besides are very sensible of the attention which the government pays to the improvement of agriculture and to whatever affects their interests, and retain a lively recollection of the benevolent assistance which, in the severities and distresses of some recent winters, they have experienced.

The

The public buildings, at Berne, are handsome, though they do not shew any great departure from the simplicity of the country, which consults utility rather than ornament in its buildings, even where the dawnings of taste most appear. The Hotel de Ville, at which the counsel and senate assemble, is an old building: in it are some convenient rooms and some historical pictures, not so interesting as paintings, as that they relate to the foundation of Berne and the origin of the charter of the town.

The new room, for the library, shews but little advancement in skill of architecture: it is, I think, ill contrived, and fitted up with but little taste or respect to the convenience of readers: it is rich in manuscripts.

On the evening of the 15th we proceeded to Friburg, a town about sixteen miles distant from Berne, remarkably situated on the river Sane, amidst the scenery of craggy rude mountains: it is filled with Romish churches profusely loaded with ornaments, and with convents that contain large libraries, in which I observed not any book or manuscript that deserved notice for its rarity. The women struck us as wonderfully pretty: their complexions

plexions are delicate, and their countenances, which seem all moulded in similar forms, are very interesting. We did not think it worth while to see the hermitage in this neighbourhood. All hermitages are alike, and we need not deviate from any road in Switzerland for romantic scenery.

Leaving Friburg the next morning, we travelled about six leagues farther, through a charming circular valley, richly covered with groves, to Bull, a small town of one street, in which, the only things worth notice were, a Capuchin convent, and the sign of our inn, the design of which seemed to have been little calculated to promote the advantage of the house, as it represented Death with a wine glass in his hand.

On quitting Bull, we saw the village of Gruyeres, so famous for the cheese which is exported to all countries, and thence proceeding through a fine pasture country, we slept at Chatel St. Denys, where a bailiff resides in a castle, the construction of the thick walls of which reduced the ancient counts of Gruyeres to indigence.

The next morning a short ride by the lake of Geneva, which opened beautifully, conducted

ducted us to Vevay. Slight incidents often make deep impressions, and trifling occurrences may lead to very interesting reflections. As we continued our journey toward Vevay, a fox crossed our road; no bad omen, we hoped. The ancient Scots thought, that if fox, hare, or any game, were seen and not killed, it was inauspicious; and a similar prejudice prevailed among other nations, as to the hare, as we learn from the Neapolitan lawyer, Alexander ab Alexandro.

We arrived at Vevay just in time to see a septennial celebration of the Fête des Vignerons, which seems to have been a very early, and, perhaps, an heathen institution. A procession, composed of the representatives of Ceres, Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, with their respective attendants, and with appendages of corn, grapes, flowers and fruit, carried in profuse display, paraded merrily round the town. These jovial deities were personated by people selected for their figure or beauty; and if Ceres were formerly as charming as the girl who performed her part, Pluto would probably have taken the mother, instead of the daughter, to his dark abode. Silenus, rolling from side to side between his supporters, was not forgotten.

forgotten. The characters were dressed with suitable ornaments, and the procession was continued with singing and much gaiety, for four or five hours; after which the gods and goddesses repaired, under some fine trees that ran close to the lake in the town, to partake of the plenty which they assembled to celebrate; and where, as Bacchus and Ceres were present, there is no reason to suppose that Venus grew cold. A humorous fellow, who was employed to harangue them, in a burlesque discourse, amused the company much, by his coarse but sprightly sallies. There was much good-humour and no disturbance. Our prince Augustus, and many English, both ladies and gentlemen, partook of the amusements of the day.

The next day I walked to Clarence, which is towards the extremity of the lake, about a league and half from Vevay. We ascended to the castle of Chatillard, which is very beautifully situated on an eminence, and commands a glorious view of the lake, the mouth of the Rhine, and the distant rocks of Meillerie. It is surrounded by delightful vineyards planted in an artificial soil brought to those hills, and supported by some walls  
left

lest it should be carried away by the torrents that often rush from the summits of the mountains. Rousseau could not have chosen a more delightful spot to describe with his enchanting pen; but the castle no longer belongs to Wolmar, nor could I collect any anecdotes of Julia. I looked in vain for traces of the bower and the elysium.

There are many rooms half-furnished: it at present belongs to a bailif; and in an upper room, where criminals are examined, I observed some instruments of torture, which are still suffered by the government of Berne to be in the hands of individual magistrates. In the evening we had a ball, at which, the walse and country dances kept us up till three or four in the morning. I had the pleasure of dancing with a partner, who, though somewhat of a pensive cast, convinced me that St. Preux might have found a Julia at Vevay. Our prince was present. He has adopted the affable manners that prevail in Switzerland.

The costumes of Switzerland are very various: the women here sometimes wear long tails of braided hair. After marriage

these braids are twisted round the head, and fastened at the top with a small silver bodkin, which, as commentators represent Shakespear's "bare bodkin," is a sword.

**LETTER**

---

 LETTER XVI.
 

---

VEVAY, Aug. 24.

WE are returned to this beautiful place after an excursion to Chamouny, which we have taken out of order, in accommodation to some friends who have joined us, and who make but a short stay in Switzerland. It is a pleasant circumstance that travelling in Switzerland one every where meets parties, who are rambling amidst its beautiful scenes. We are often unexpectedly tempted to deviate from our plan, and to give up the route we had adopted, for the sake of seeing, in company, scenes that it is interesting to see together. You must not, therefore, take your route from me in general, as we often go out of Coxe's or Martyn's line, and return to see what we had before omitted.

We left Vevay on the 19th, and proceeded, by the side of the lake, to its extremity; and

N 2

through



through Aigle, a small gloomy town in a charming country, to Bex, which is about six leagues from Vevay. After dining there, at the Table D'Hôte, with some intelligent travellers, we rode about half a league to examine the famous salt-works at Bevioux. The water is conveyed to them, by pipes, from the source at Fondemont, which is about a league farther, whither we afterwards went; and having procured guides, lights, and dresses fit for the journey, we entered the fouterreins by a narrow passage cut through the rock, and walked about four hundred feet to the chief source, which issues in a very inconsiderable but perennial stream; this is received into a grand excavation, whether natural or artificial I know not, that serves as the reservoir for the water, and is about one hundred feet in length. The country about Bex and Fondemont is to be admired for its finely-wooded hills.

The next morning we drove about three leagues, to Martigny, having entered the Vallais at St. Maurice, by a romantic pass, over a Roman bridge; and having stopped to contemplate the beautiful cascade, called Pisse-Vache, which falls from a great height  
with

with much elegance. It first arches with a fine bold curve: it afterwards shoots into many spiral forms which have somewhat of a dark cloudy hue, and then terminates its fall in a graceful foamy spray.

Near Martigny we noticed the ruin of the old castle, where, formerly, the bishops lived: they now, however, reside at Sion. We were, at Martigny, obliged to leave our carriages; and having procured horses and mules, we rode about three leagues over stony roads and rude hills, to Trient, which is situated in the Vallais, in a bottom, surrounded by tremendous mountains covered with snow. Here we dined at a wretched inn, and afterwards having ridden about half a league farther, we began to ascend the Col de Balme. We toiled over stony paths by a very steep ascent, our mules labouring above us, for it was impossible to ride; and we trembled, as they hung over us in parallel roads, which they often did, from the winding of the path. We were three or four hours before we had surmounted our difficulties and reached the summit; when we began to descend in paths less precipitous, indeed, but down slippery hills, and covered with a thick brouillard.

We wondered to see the cattle descending from neighbouring mountains, down paths that appeared to us, at some distance, absolutely perpendicular; and from one of which, a rash Englishman, not long since, fell giddy. The descents are, indeed, so rapid, as to be dangerous to persons and cattle most accustomed to them; and accidents so often occur, that on the brows of the mountains are often erected wooden crosses, in honour of protecting saints, or to deprecate the wrath of the evil Genii, whom the superstition of the people imagines to be always contriving mischief against them. From the top of the hill we had a fine view of the vale of Chaumony and his snow-tipped mountains, particularly of Mont Blanc, which, according to St. George Shuckborough's account is, 15,662 feet above the level of the sea; and, according to that of Mr. De Luc, 15,304, and which is, therefore, the highest mountain in the old world, exceeding that of Caucasus, or any mountain in Asia or Africa.

We did not reach the bottom of the hill till darkness made us rejoice at our safe arrival; we had still, however, near three leagues to ride, by the side of the river Arve, and to pass

pass over "four-inch bridges," every now and then, which were thrown across beds of torrents; or to ford the Arve, where its windings in the valley required it. We arrived, however, soon after ten o'clock, at the inn called Balance, and found the refreshment which we much wanted.

The next morning, as soon as our guides had been to masts, we procured mules and ascended, for about an hour, over the steep and rugged paths of Montanvert, when we were obliged to dismount, and toiled, for about two hours more, along the road of the Chrystal hunters, stopping, indeed, frequently to repose and refresh ourselves with the wild strawberries and milk, which the peasants' children brought us, and to contemplate the rude scenery of the mountains and the vale of Champuny, through which the shoaly river Arve ripples along.

We at length arrived at the summit, and had a view of the magnificent glaciers which are encircled by vast and savage rocks rising in gigantic and fantastic forms, sometimes terminating in sharp needle points. The glaciers appeared to us like waves of ice topped with snow; they extend many miles in

length and one in breadth. The day was beautiful: many other parties had ascended, and we found ourselves surrounded by Englishmen and beautiful English ladies; among whom were the Honourable Miss C——'s. We descended to the glaciers, looked into the tremendous blue clefts in the ice, and heard stones roar for a considerable time after we threw them in. Mr. Bourrit, who was with us, pointed out the gigantic rocks over which he ascended for his perilous expedition, into Piedmont; and he talked to us of Avalanches, none of which we saw or heard; of masses of ice which fall from the mountains, and successively roll towards the valley, like generations of men succeeding each other. The whole mass sometimes gains upon the valley and sometimes recedes from it, as is evident from the destruction or increase of the fir-trees on it.

After re-ascending from the bottom, where we had examined the glaciers, we reposed ourselves, in straggling parties, on the summit, lying on the grass and refreshing ourselves and the guides with the provisions we had brought. We afterwards descended to Chamouny, by a steeper path over loose stones,  
where

where our poles, and sometimes our friendly and officious guides, supported us: we reached, in about an hour and half, and contemplated with great astonishment and pleasure the source of the Arveron, which issues from the glacier of Argentiere, called la Mer de Glace, rolling under a magnificent vaulted arch formed by projecting ice, undermined into a tremendous cavern; within this is a smaller circle, or arch, divided from the other by an immense fissure, which will probably fall, ere long, together with the piece of rock that rests upon it. The children mount, fearless, upon the upper arch, though we could hardly behold them without apprehension. Our mules met us here, and we returned to Chamouny, and in the evening rode to the glaciers of Bosson, to which the ascent is less difficult as we rode within a quarter of a mile of them. The ice here assumes a pyramidical form, appearing, if the comparison be not degrading, like sugar loaves, or inverted basket salt, in gigantic representation.

The next day we returned to Martigny by the Tête Noire. The road, which is composed of an irregular stair-case of pavement, winds

winds round fearful precipices. The barren rocks, the romantic entrance of the vallais, and the rich expanse of a woody valley and hills, decorated with cottages and pastures; the beautiful cascade of Argentiere, and other falls of water, together with the dark firs which crowned the summit of the Tête Noire, formed a succession of very striking and magnificent scenes, displayed with infinite variety of light and shade, and diversified with every combination of form. The eye, in mountainous countries, embraces more objects, and beholds them more distinctly than it can in looking over extensive plains. The hill exposes all the surface of its side, gradually detailed in perfect gradation of colour and with decreased appearance of distance: all the parts are shewn without interruption from intervening objects; and if the distance is bounded, it is often at an elevation above the clouds. The passes also, and openings between the mountains, draw on the mind to an idea of distance beyond that excited by the contemplation of unvaried plains.

As we arrived at Trient we saw the opposite hill covered with a long ascending train of people, preceded by priests and religious orders,

in

in their proper dresses, who had come here, from Martigny, to supplicate for rain, and were returning, slowly, in solemn procession.

At Martigny we again remarked the number of Cretins and goitered persons who suffer from the stagnant air of this enclosed valley, and the noxious vapours which arise from its marshy land. We slept this night at Bex, and returned the next day to Vevay, having only stopped to look at the fortress of Chillon, which projects into the lake. Here Rousseau, who has given a local interest to his *Nouvelle Heloise*, represents the Child of Julia to have fallen into the water. The history of the castle did not engage our attention so much as the recollection of the fictitious incident which occasioned the death of the lovely wife of Wolmar. The castle now contains about 150 men, who are placed here in consequence of discontents in the Pays de Vaud.

LETTER



---

 LETTER XVII.
 

---

NEUCHÂTEL; Sept. 4.

WE left Vevay on the 24th, and dined at Moudon, which is about six leagues from Vevay, one of the most ancient towns in Switzerland: it was formerly called Minnodunum; and in later times was the capital of the part of the Pays de Vaud which belonged to the duke of Savoy. There is an inscription over the gate of the Hotel de Ville, which makes mention of a present of 75,000 sesterces given by Quintus Ælius, a priest of Augustus, for the foundation of a gymnasium, or school, for martial exercises, with a direction, that if the money were not employed at Maudon, it should be given to Avanches. It is interesting to see, still extant, characters of liberality inscribed near eighteen centuries ago.

At Payerne, four leagues farther, we saw the camp now removed from Berne. The

country, through which we this day passed, is parkish: its gentle well-wooded slopes of pasture, and occasional corn fields, are very pleasing.

We slept at Avenche, which is situated near the lake of Morat, and which Tacitus described under the name of Aventicum, as the principal town of Helvetia, in his time. We looked here at some remains of mosaic pavement near the castle, of which the design representing Bacchanals, was, as far as we could judge from what is left, very handsome. It appears to have been considerably injured and deprived of many of its parts. The count de Caylus was allowed to take away one compartment of it, containing two satyrs admirably executed. It was broken, however, in the carriage. From a glory which encircles the head of Bacchus, the work is supposed to have been executed after the time of Vespasian. Lord C——n has ordered part of the work, which remains, to be enclosed, with a view to preserve a specimen of it. There are some vestiges of an Arena behind the castle, and a column of marble, a Roman monument, near the town; as also the ruins of a small aqueduct. Lord C——n is often at Avenche

on

" Qui non palazzi, non teatro, O loggia  
 " M'an lor vece, un abete, un faggio, un pino  
 " Tra l'erba verde e'l vel monte vicino  
 " Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto."

No theatre, or palace, here appears;  
 No high-wrought temple its proud columns rears:  
 But, 'midst the beauteous hills, and verdant meads,  
 Raising, in tow'ring pomp, their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 Th' aspiring pine, or fir, or beach,  
 Exalts our thoughts from earth, the skies to reach.

We were disappointed on sight of the fall of Staubbach. The water precipitates itself from an immense height, above 900 feet, but its volume, though now reduced, had none of the feathery elegance which we admired at the Pisse-Vache. It sometimes is increased to a prodigious swell; and on the 7th of this month, when filled by rain or melted snow, it descended in such a tremendous torrent, that the marks of its devastation will be long seen. The ground over which it passed is black and waste; and the water of another torrent rolling at the same time with irresistible violence, carried away some houses of the village, the inhabitants of which narrowly escaped. As the small inn had been washed away at the same time, we procured some refreshment at the minister's house. Here we determined,

as

as we had seen the Glace de Mer, to give up the glaciers of Grindenwald, Meyringen, &c. and we therefore returned towards the lake.

Many, doubtless, will condemn us for omitting, when so near, to see these interesting places; and we expect to hear from our friends, that they are better worth notice than any thing in Switzerland; but we must put some bounds to curiosity: and why should we be always seeking pleasure at the expence of thwarting inclination? We took up our abode in a small village, at an inn once honoured by the slumbers of the prince de Condè. The next morning we were rowed back to Thun by three persons, the usual number, one of whom was a woman. On our arrival we called on Mr. Huber, a painter of Geneva, who is here to take views. He shewed me one or two landscapes; his manner is somewhat hard. His figures and cattle are well done. He studied in Italy. He has attempted to introduce the glaciers with better success than might be expected. The castle of Thun commands a fine view of the lake. We slept at Berne.

The next day we dined at Arbourg, in company with a Swiss who has the rank of

colonel in the Swiss service. He gave one of our party a letter of introduction to Neuchâtel, which, suspicious of his artful manners, my friend opened and found to be a recommendation to a lady, who would find him a proper subject to be fleeced.

The country about Arbourg is adorned with great variety of oak and beech : its dark hills are finely clothed. We reached Bienne in the evening, time enough to walk to a cascade situated amidst " low browed rocks" and romantic hills.

Bienne, situated at the bottom of Jura mountains, has no distinguishing buildings to characterize it. There is a remarkable spring which supplies above eighty fountains in the town : the water is pernicious to the teeth, as appears to be the case of many other springs in Switzerland. Its bad qualities are said to be derived from the rock through which it flows. Fountains are the chief ornaments of the Swiss towns : there is generally one in each, surrounded by a broad basin, at which the women assemble, with tubs, to wash their vegetables. Bienne is under the sovereignty of the bishop of Basle, whose reduced power is, however, chiefly nominal and ceremonious.

As

As the day was unfavourable for the water, we drove about three leagues on the road to Basle, along the edge of a steep valley beautifully shaded with beech, oak, and fir, which intermingle their various hues. After stopping at a small house for dinner, we walked about a league, to Pierre Pertruis, a singular rock, which appears to have been perforated for a road, as it should seem from an inscription, which, however, is of disputable interpretation by the Romans. It separates Val St. Irmier from the district of the old Rauraci, and is part of the chain of rocks branching from mount Jura. Julius Cæsar, the monopolizer of great works, is sometimes represented as the author of this.

On our return to Bienne we called on Hartman, and saw some beautiful views taken by him in body colours, particularly one of the island of St. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne. We supped at the public table with a democrat philosopher, who had all the ignorance and conceit of this enlightened age. He defended the national assembly, wished seriously to emasculate the clergy in order to secure their continence, and professed himself a deist that believed in Christ.

After complying with the request of our host, to signify, on paper, that we were satisfied with the treatment at his house, a request which he makes to all his guests, ostentatiously to display the testimonies, we engaged a boat to convey us to the isle de St. Pierre, the beautiful spot to which Rousseau retired, and from which he was driven, by a silly spirit of persecution, from the government of Basle, originating in narrow policy.

He celebrates it with much enthusiasm. The island is about two miles in circumference. The small spot is enlivened with a charming variety of woods, vineyards, orchards, and meadows, terminated on one side by a noble terrace which looks over the neighbouring land that borders on the lake, of which the banks are rich and pleasing. We dined here in the farm house in which Rousseau resided, and reflected on his memory with much pleasing regret. We lamented that his genius was not allied to a purer judgment and better principles. If the imagination be not confined within stricter bounds than its own fancy may prescribe, it will often riot into coarse and licentious indulgence. Rousseau, in all his works, gave the reins to  
an

an intemperate spirit ; but in his Confessions he displayed a wild phrenzy which tore off the skirts that should cover human nakedness, and wantonly exhibited every deformity.

In the evening having crossed over to our carriages at Neuville, we drove about four leagues to Neuchatel, which is sweetly situated on the lake of that name. We were much pleased with this agreeable town and its neat appearance. The Maison de Ville was built at the expence of Mr. David Parry, who was a native of Neuchatel, and bestowed part of a large fortune, that he acquired at Lisbon, in the construction of this building, and of an hospital, which is supported at the expence of the town, but of which, by an illiberal restriction, only the bourgeois can partake.

The Prussian governor seldom resides at Neuchatel, though he has the disposal of the civil and military appointments, with a limitation to the burghers, or subjects of Neuchatel. No laws can be enacted but by the council of state, the magistrates of the town, and the people of Vallengin. Their municipal immunities, and independent privileges, are secured by very important regulations, accepted by the house of Brandenburg before it was



invested with the sovereignty of Neuchatel. The people enjoy a considerable share of liberty, and are but slightly taxed. Trade, unfettered by partial restrictions, flourishes to a considerable extent: proofs of which we saw in the magazines of printed calicoes, muslins, &c. that belong to Mr. Pourtales, who has acquired a large fortune,

Many English chuse Neuchatel as an agreeable place of residence: here is a good and well regulated society: the people are chearful and affable; the women and girls converse with great frankness and good humour: they are not taught to be apprehensive of men, for the laws protect them from the insidious designs of seduction. If a man corrupt a girl he must marry her, or give up his country or possessions for ever; or if he be previously married, he is compelled to make very large pecuniary reparations. The magistrates exert themselves with great activity, and prevent all public prostitutes. The people are chearful and polite: among them resides Mr. Du Perou, the editor of the posthumous continuation of Rousseau's Confessions.

Since our arrival here we have made a little excursion to Locle, where the watch trade

trade goes on briskly. The mechanism of the work may be good, but its external ornaments are not elegant, though there are some ingenious inventions to facilitate the execution of the engraver's designs. The country about Locle, which rises into gentle eminences, formerly covered with forests, is now adorned with neat white houses, which indicate a diffusion of wealth and the dawning of taste. The founder of this colony died in 1741. The success of his projects has encouraged other manufacturers, as those of cutlery, mathematical instruments, stockings, &c. to try their fortune on these hills of liberty; and we understand that they have had no reason to repent. We slept at la Chaux de Fond, which is on the edge of Franche Comté. After having seen some new modes of life in this expedition, we returned to Neuchatel, through chearful villages, by a different road,

---

---

## LETTER XVIII.

---

---

GENEVA, Sept. 12.

WE left Neuchatel September the 3d, and arrived, in the evening, at Yverdun, eight leagues from Neuchatel, having skirted the lake, and driven through a country where rude and elegant scenery were beautifully contrasted, and well-cultivated hills, vineyards, and meadows, with distant mountains and glaciers, furnished fresh objects of admiration every instant.

Yverdun lies in rather a flat situation, at the south-east end of the lake. It is mostly to be admired for its walk, which is enclosed by two branches of the river Thiele. The printing-house is famous: we did not hear of its being well employed at present.

As we were not acquainted with any persons at Yverdun, we were not disposed to stay long there,

Our

Our first stage, next morning, was to Orbe, which is proudly seated on an eminence, and is distinguished for its antiquity. The castle and the tower, which are not among the most ancient buildings of the town, add to its strength. We called on Mr. De Venel, and saw the very interesting and affecting institution made by his brother, for the restoration of distorted limbs. There are now eleven children here, some of which are fourteen years of age, and some even more, in a state of recovery from dreadful distortions. Young persons are more certain of recovery; but adults have been often treated with great success, and obtained at least an alleviation of their misfortunes: and the waxen representations, and plates of the cures that have been effected, must furnish subject of hope to those most disordered.

Mr. Venel is assisted by Mr. Facard, his nephew. The patients board with a woman who resides in the house, and pay about 1l. 11s. 6d. per month. Mr. Venel's charge to the poor is 4l. 4s. for the first month, 2l. 2s. for the second, and 1l. 1s. for every subsequent month. The patients seem all remarkably fond of Mr. Venel, and accost him

him with great appearance of gratitude and affection. His treatment is very gentle, and his cures effected very gradually; and we are assured, that the mechanical mode adopted can by no means injure the general health or spirits of the patient. The house is finely situated on a rock; and the romantic garden descends to the river Orbe, over which a fine arch is thrown.

On leaving Orbe we deviated from our road to see the castle of Barthelemi, which commands a magnificent view, and arrived at Lausanne in the evening.

Lausanne is an irregular town, with few buildings that deserve notice. The cathedral is a light gothic edifice; near it there is a walk which commands a glorious view of the lake and the projecting mountains, the coast of Chablais, &c. All the houses that are in continuation from that of Mr. Gibbon border on the lake, and have a view that no other country can equal. The college is a large building, which contains a library of many thousand volumes, of which the English are allowed the use, in consideration of many donations by Englishmen. The bailif's castle is well situated. The land scenery near Lausanne is picturesque: the town is divided

vided by a kind of valley ; its parts would be better connected by a bridge, like that at Edinburgh, than by steps, as it is now. Many English reside here, and something of English manners prevails. The best company is to be seen at Mr. Sarjent's, to whom strangers easily procure introduction. At Mr. Gibbon's we were pleased with seeing the features of English genius, in the prints of Mr. Fox, Lord Thurlow, and Lord North. Mr. Gibbon professes to have loved this country from his early youth, and to enjoy here, under a mild government, amidst a beautiful landscape, a life of leisure and independence, and the varied pleasures of retirement and society, among a people of easy and elegant manners. His friend Lord S—— is now with him.

To stay only one day at Lausanne was disgraceful to our taste ; we quitted it, however, and passed through Merges and Rollo, and many other pleasing towns, to the ancient town of Nyon, situated on the lake along which we again travelled in the evening, when it sparkled with the tremulous rays of the sun reflected from a rippled surface, though the edge of the lake was calm and silvery.

We

We drove through Coppat, a barony in the bailliage of Nyon, where Mr. Necker resides, in the house of the Seigneurie, which he purchased not long ago, and to which appertain some of the vineyards from which the Vin de la Cote, so famous in Switzerland, is made. We passed through the paltry French town of Verfoy, or Verfoi, which is called Choiseul's Folly, because built by that minister in fruitless opposition to Geneva. Large sums of money were expended on the pier and harbour, which were to give effect to the rivalry. The national guard there, being informed that we were English, suffered us to pass unmolested.

The first evening of our arrival at Geneva we experienced the inconvenience which results from the early closing of the gates; for having taken up our abode within the town, and strolled out for a walk towards the lake, we found the gates shut, by inexorable sentinels, before our return, and in vain petitioned for admission. We could have no communication with our servants, and were obliged to sleep at Secheron's.

The city of Geneva is remarkably situated at the west end of the lake, where the beauti-

ful Rhone issues from it in two rapid currents of a transparent green colour. The streets are not broad, and derive no embellishment from the lofty wooden arcades which shelter them from the sun. They are chearful, however, and thronged with a busy active people. The houses which face the lake, and those which overlook the parks, are very handsome: the inns are good, the walks pleasant, and much resorted to.

Geneva is the chief seat of Calvinism: we wished to see it in its strongest representation; and the day after our arrival, being one of the four great fêtes, we went to some of the churches, which were much crouded. We beheld in them some strong traits of the calvinistical coarseness, in the seeming indifference of the people to the place of worship, and in their inattention to the minister. The fellow-labourer with Calvin, in the work of reformation at Geneva, was Farel, a native of Dauphinè; and, indeed, he first preached here, with great intrepidity, against the corruptions of popery, and was seconded with such success that Geneva became the nursery (plantarium, as Camden calls it) of the reformation.

Not



Not long since we were present at a review of about a thousand of the Geneva militia : they made a very respectable appearance, and performed their evolutions with great military effect, before the syndics and a croud of spectators, most of whom were their relations and friends ; and afterwards they publickly dined together, on tables prepared in the parks, and spent the day with great harmony, and noise, and joy. These spirited troops would be sufficient, I doubt not, to defend the fortifications of the town, against a sudden attack of an enemy, till their allies could interfere ; and their courage must be necessary, to give security to a city so close to the borders of France. The environs of Geneva are very beautiful : the walks of the lake, with the view of the saleve, the mole, the glaciers, and mount Blanc, always afford pleasure.

We went a few evenings ago, about a mile and half from Geneva, to see the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, the latter of which refuses to join its transparent stream with the dirty waters of the former ; and they flow together, to a considerable distance, without mingling, till at length they insensibly coalesce.

Geneva

Geneva is very populous; the Lutheran religion is tolerated here, and strangers may be admitted to the rights of burghers. The English are here in great numbers; many have houses. The young men travel upon a disinterested plan, of shewing the manners of their own country, while they study those of other nations. They drive, drink, and game in as gentlemanly and spirited a way as in England: sometimes, indeed, they have an altercation with the magistrates of a government, which, though it respects and values the English nation, makes but little allowance for the disorderly and eccentric vivacity of our men of fashion; and has been known to punish, very sternly, slight offences against the regulations of the town. The usual plan adopted by the young Englishmen in Switzerland is, nominally, to board en pension, as it is called, with some professor, for which, large sums are paid by the parent, or guardian, while the young men themselves spend much larger, and in a much better style, at Secheron's hotel, near Geneva; or in visiting, in expensive schemes, the different parts of the country. The professors are, certainly, many of them, men of enlarged minds; but too frequently it happens,

happens, that their understandings are narrow : and as the œconomy of a Swiss house is not liberal, and the manners of the Swiss, in domestic life, must appear coarse and inelegant, we cannot be surpris'd that young men, accustomed to the politeness and luxuries of genteel families in England, should, at an age which begins to reject control, rather ramble with their countrymen in expensive excursions, than confine themselves for superficial lectures on the Swiss governments, to domestic society so little refined. I must repeat, that I would be understood to except, from my remarks, a few enlightened men, whose judgment enables them to select, and whose liberal manners qualify them to associate with the best circles, at Geneva, Lausanne, and, perhaps, other principal towns of Switzerland. Some such there are whose reputation is spread beyond the boundaries of their country. The advantage of these mens' houses may be considerable, and furnish the occasion for an introduction to families where some polish has been brought on without corrupting the simplicity of the Swiss manners. It must be observed only, that it cannot be obtained without great expence and the risk  
of

of forming attachments with women who, whatever may be their merit, have foreign connections and different principles; and, lastly, that it is still difficult for young men to resist the attraction of a dissipated English society, always within reach. Such is the hazard of being on pension, even with the best professors; and as for the general cast of houses, in which the English are placed, from all that I could see and hear, there is considerable risk, and very little benefit to be obtained, by exporting young men here for foreign education; while every advantage of seeing Switzerland, and of studying the constitution and manners of the people, may be better gained by travelling leisurely through the country, under the direction of a tutor of known character and conduct: as a discreet tutor or an experienced friend. The second rate description of men, as far as I could judge, appear to have, very generally, adopted the Ephemeral philosophy, which is now brooding over such a breed of venomous insects for future mischief to the world: they are shallow and self-sufficient: in religion Calvinists; in politics republicans; a specimen of one sufficiently disgusted me. Speaking of the infamous Mr. —, who has resided

resided much in Switzerland, he said of him, “ Je le connoissois bien, O! c’étoit un joli homme, il a dépensé beaucoup dans notre pays, les Suisses l’aimoient beaucoup, il faut avouer que les Anglois pensoient différemment, on parloit d’une petite affaire, mais vraiment ce n’étoit qu’une bagatelle, peut être l’Erreur du Moment, mais Messieurs les Anglois sont toujours si exacts, assurément il y a dans leurs sentimens un peu trop de délicatesse.” A good teacher, thought I, of morality to young men, who can thus gloss over the most detestable of crimes, as l’Erreur du Moment, and be biassed to admiration of a worthless character, by the splendor which surrounded him and the expence which he entered into.

We are furnished here with phaetons and open carriages of every kind, as well as in England. We drove one day to Fernay, which now belongs to a gentleman of Geneva. Voltaire did not, I think, display any taste in the choice of his situation, or in the mode of laying out his parterres. The house contains nothing very interesting. We were shewn, indeed, a monument which formerly enclosed his heart, till some of his friends chose to remove it to Paris, though I never heard  
much

much good of it, except at Fernay; where his memory is greatly respected for his private charities; *O si sic omnia fecisset.* We were told, likewise, to admire a wretched picture of what is called his apotheosis, and has been painted by some of his flatterers. It represents him as introduced to Apollo holding in his hand the *Henriade*; for which title to his acquaintance, the god of Poetry must, I trow, have entertained no great respect.

The inhabitants of Geneva have a general kind of information, which excites surprize in strangers; though, on farther acquaintance, it is often discovered to be superficial enough. They are almost all educated at a public academy, which is well regulated and supported at the public expence. Here they imbibe a taste for literature, which every citizen is enabled to keep up, by a permission to borrow books at the public library opened to them for that purpose once a week. Literary societies, though controlled by government, still assemble. The theatre, which always contributes, in some degree, to the cultivation of letters and the polite arts, is tolerably supported. It was erected on the return of the ari-

stocratic party in 1782. How far Rousseau's ideas, as to its promoting the corruption of the people, have been verified, I cannot determine; his speculations were certainly erroneous, when he imagined that the town was not sufficiently populous and wealthy to maintain a company of actors. The serious character of the people of Geneva, and the spirit of the ancient constitution, were, indeed, such as fully justified those who objected to the establishment of theatrical amusements; and the strict discipline of a small republic might restrain citizens from every relaxation of a pernicious tendency. In large communities, however, such restriction is impossible: in them the legislature can only regulate the nature, and moderate the effects of public diversions, always, perhaps, injurious, and more or less so according to the genius and civilization of the people, who, as their taste refines, only gradually reject ludicrous extravagance and gross ribaldry, for concealed depravity and polished mischief.

The higher women at Geneva have much improved in the elegance of their manners by associating with foreigners. They detest, however, the French, and will, I hope, escape  
the

the corruption, of which the women of that nation are accused. The constitution of Geneva is still unsettled, and the liberties of the people undefined. The endeavours of the republican spirit to gain advantage over the aristocratic influence, excite discontent, and contests that may again endanger the general security. There were some little murmurs here this morning, in consequence of the appearance of a vessel filled with Bernois soldiers, who came to receive a commis, whom their excellencies had requested the council of Geneva to give up, as the suspected author of some seditious pamphlet. The man was sent out in the night; and the chain, that secures the town from approach by the lake, was lifted up for him; but from want of light, or proper management, the commis was not put on board till broad day bore witness to the surrender. The people complained with some impatience, and a representation on the subject has been just made by a Mons. Jurieu, an intelligent surgeon of the town. It is thought improper and unconstitutional, that a person should be apprehended at Geneva, for writings against the government of Berne. As the Swiss cantons, Geneva, and other con-



federate states are so small and close to each other, it is necessary, for general security, that criminals, and perpetrators of great offences, should be reciprocally resigned; and, perhaps, upon similar reasoning, all, who commit actions tending to subvert or injure the order of government, should be given up between states, where confederate alliances subsist, to stand the trial and receive their merited punishment. The poor pamphleteer will, however, have but a bad chance, for the magistrates of Berne are somewhat severe in their punishment of offenders against the state.

I have been introduced to Mr. De Saussure and his son, who enjoy the high reputation here, which their abilities and character merit. His philosophical work of *le Voyage dans les Alpes*, contains many very interesting and original remarks, conveyed with great spirit. His cabinet of mountain treasures, minerals, fossils, vegetables, and animals, is extremely well worth notice.

LETTER

---

 LETTER XIX.
 

---

LANNEBOURG, Sept. 20.

I WRITE to you, as I promised, from the foot of the Alps. We left Geneva on the 15th, and proceeded, by Carrouge and Luifelles, through a country, of which the thin soil seemed withered, by the sun, to dust, to Frangy, a small village, where we slept. The next day we continued our journey, by Douer and Remilly, to Aix-les-Bains, where we stopped to look at the handsome baths, in which the gnawing pains of the rheumatic are soothed, and the relaxed nerves of the paralytic are braced. The remains of a Roman arch are here to be seen. From thence we had a pleasant ride to Chambery, a town which seems hewn out of the quarry of surrounding mountains. Its narrow streets are crowded with an industrious people. Having procured a bulletin here, we determined to

deviate from our road, on a visit to the Grande Chartreuse; and, after dinner, travelled amidst hills, of which the forests gradually disappeared, till we reached the rude and naked rocks of Echelles, and descended to the town by the wonderful road called la Grotte, which was cut through the solid stone by Charles Emanuel, in 1670: a work stupendous indeed, and, as the inscription in the side informs us, “unattempted by the Romans and despaired of by others\*.” We were shewn the old road, to which was formerly an ascent from the town, by ladders: it winded through a narrow crevice of the rock.

Echelles, the ruins of its castle, and the adjacent plain, are seen to great advantage from the hill by which we descended. On entering the town its importance vanished; and the river, which separates Savoy from Dauphiny, allots to each country a few houses that neither side can envy or despise. The next morning, having procured some saddle horses and a guide, we passed the bridge and applied to the mayor of the French district for a passport, without which, we understood,

\* Romanis intentatum cæteris desperatum.

that

that the advocates for freedom would not suffer us to return. The magistrate was a good grocer, and granted our request without any insolence of office.

Having ridden about three leagues, through a country which appears to have been somewhat neglected since the revolution in France, we entered the first enclosure of the territory of the Chartreuse, and passed through a deep cold valley, hidden by steep hills from all but the meridian sun. We mounted to the convent by a gradual ascent. The narrow road is conducted by the edge of a deep chasm, down which it is fearful to look ; while from above it is overhung by well-wooded mountains that tower to a tremendous height. We sometimes rolled large stones down the precipitous descent, which, by the force that they acquired, broke branches from the trees, and sometimes almost carried away the firs with a hollow echoing sound, till they reached the bottom. The thick woods, which arise almost perpendicularly to the summit of the mountain and cast their " night of shade " over the valley, abound in bears, and wolves, and stags, roebucks, and goats, which are often seen, with animated and picturesque effect,

effect, in the meadows that open between the woods. We arrived at the convent about ten o'clock : it is situated towards the end of the valley near the foot of a spiral rock, on which is placed the cross of St. Bruno.

The external architecture is simple : we were not struck with the magnificence of its extent till we entered. The convent has been despoiled of a great part of its revenues and territory. There is now a small party of soldiers lodged there to preserve it from popular injuries, whose appearance accords but ill with the religious quiet of the place. We gave our passport to the serjeant, and were well received by the coadjutor, who conducted us to the room appointed for the reception of the English ; for in this extensive range there is a distinct apartment appropriate to each of the principal nations of Europe. After the first attention we were left to amuse ourselves with the album till dinner was got ready. There are now three or four volumes filled with various productions, in all languages, of prose and poetry : the effusions of gratitude, and the offerings of genius. We wished to see the manuscript ode of our celebrated countrymen, but for the first time it was  
missing;

missings and it has, probably, been lately stolen, for the coadjutor assured me, that he had not long since shewn it to some English gentlemen. Surely, if any of our countrymen have taken it, they will not presume to exhibit the proof of their silly and unjustifiable breach of honesty. We were served with fish and eggs. The display of hospitality is necessarily or cautiously diminished. After dinner we were shewn some of the apartments and cells of the monks, each of which had his little garden and library: we saw also the small cabinet of natural history, the cellars, the medicine-shop, and other conveniences of this little town, and were afterwards introduced to the grand Prieur, with whom we conversed. It is difficult for injured persons to be silent: he and his friends spoke with much animation on French politics, and, perhaps, with more warmth than might have been expected from persons who profess indifference to secular concerns, and who have no families: on this idea I wrote in the album the two following lines, allusive to the rules of taciturnity observed by the order.

“ Prosper

" *Prospera religio vocem laudesque dedisset,*

" *Oppressa at pietas et spoliata filet.*"

Religion, when she triumph'd, well might raise

The voice of gratitude in endless praise :

Oppress'd and spoil'd she silent should remain,

Tutor'd her sorrows meekly to sustain.

My friend inserted the following lines :

" *Hos inter saltus æterna silentia regnant*

" *Natura at loquitur, religioque loci.*"

Amidst these shades eternal silence reigns,

But nature speaks in loud religious strains.

We added that we were happy to attest, that in a place consecrated to religion we had experienced its effects in benevolence and hospitality.

The Chartreuse, especially in its present state, would be a fine subject for a poem. Every one must be affected by the change which it has sustained. If the stores of plenty were accumulated in its spacious vaults, they were produced with liberal welcome to the stranger : no one entered the hospitable gates but to experience kindness, and to witness the expression of humility, temperance, and content. Those who approached the sequestered spot, must have been affected by the awful sublimity of the surrounding

rounding scenes, and prepared to receive the impressions of piety, and to catch the fervor of devotion from the striking spectacle of a body of men, removed, as it were, from the world, and professing dedication to God. Let not modern philosophy, with indiscriminate declamation, ridicule the whole design and effects of these institutions. The excess, doubtless, was preposterous, and the vows of perpetual celibacy, perhaps, perilous and extravagant; but a few of these establishments might be suffered with advantage to society. They cannot be, at least, abolished, without some injury and some inconvenience that considerate reflection may be allowed to regret. Of their utility in ancient times no man of enquiry and reflection now entertains a doubt. They promoted a spirit of industry by the cultivation of barren and unfrequented spots; they mitigated the ferocity of manners that prevailed in martial times; and they alone kept up the interests of literature, by preserving and transcribing, with exquisite neatness and beauty, the records of antiquity\*; by cultivating literature, and by

\* In every great abbey there was an apartment called the Scriptorium, where writers were constantly employed to transcribe. See Du Fresne.

imitating



imitating often, with great success, the models which they studied\*. It must occur also to every man's reflections, that they supplied the want of eleemosynary institutions; and that unless we take into consideration the defective and spotted character of the Romish religion, it might be urged that societies, established for the practice of spiritual services, and with a view to alienate the mind from worldly passions, must have been useful and exemplary to the community, especially in boisterous and agitated periods. That a change in manners and circumstances might have justified an alteration in the system, and a gradual suppression of the greatest part of these institutions it is not meant to dispute; but, certainly, the hand which seized the revenues of convents should have provided for

\* Dr. Warton has informed us, that the monks of Cassino were distinguished before A. D. 1000, not only for a knowledge of the sciences but for their attention to polite learning and an acquaintance with the classics, as well as for original compositions in music, logic, and astronomy; and he observes, that the most eminent scholars which England produced, both in philosophy and humanity, before, and even below, the 12th century, were educated in our religious houses. See Hist. of English Poetry, Diss. 2.

every good purpose effected by them. The present proprietors, those who have sacrificed their own views in life and been educated in expensive regard to these possessions; those, indeed, who in many instances purchased an admission to them, could not, without flagrant injustice, be deprived of lucrative situations, and with habits of retirement and seclusion, be turned out on society.

The emperor Joseph, who began these suppressions, promised, with very plausible profession, a multiplication of the parochial clergy, which is, certainly, the most useful order of the state; and a judicious appropriation of the revenues of these communities to many important purposes; but when the odium of the measure was passed away, the good and palliative projects that were promised were forgotten also; the treasures were sunk in the insatiable vortex of ambition, or wasted in the chicanery of official embezzlement; and the inhabitants of the reformed district had only to regret, that they had lost advantages for which they had received no indemnification; and to lament, that if it were beneficial to suppress monastic vows and devotions of celibacy, yet that the aged and penitent

penitent were also thereby deprived of retreats, and the unfortunate and necessitous of consolation and succour.

The dependants of the Chartreuse were very happily circumstanced. The tenants of ecclesiastical bodies, in general, are mildly treated: they are not oppressed on the suggestions of private avarice, or on the pressure of temporary distress which extravagance often generates. Interests, well understood, suggest true maxims of policy; and though calumny aggravates every offence in those characters which are held up to observation, and in which every blemish is particularly offensive, few have reflected on the conduct of the Carthusians. It was the only ancient order, says Voltaire, which never wanted reform, and knew no sovereigns but by the prayers in which they inserted their names. The sovereign Majesty of the people has taught them to know and feel an arbitrary power far beyond that of any former tyranny.

Most of the members are now dispersed, and the rest will soon fall away. The building itself, with many other religious edifices, will soon collapse into ruins; and, in a few years, the traveller will look up to these venerable

venerable monuments with some regret, with some reflection on the striking characters of religion not quite obscured by superstition. The admirer of picturesque scenes, who will soon lose the vestiges of the feudal times, and have no towers or castles to contemplate, may stroll through cloisters and amuse himself in speculations on the transitory nature of all sublunary concerns in decayed convents and crumbling monasteries.

As we returned to Echelles, the children, who mistook us for emigrating Frenchmen, cried, “ a la lanterne.” We arrived, however, without difficulty, at Echelles, and returned the same night to Chamberry.

We left Chamberry the next morning: our first stage was to Montmelian, a small town on the banks of the river Isère, with a castle that stood a siege, of fifteen months, against Lewis XIII. of France, and at last foiled his endeavours: adjacent to which is an eminence, on which the marquis de Bellegarde has a castle, called le Chateau des Marches. As you have often admired the agreeable manners of this nobleman at General Oglethorpe’s, I need not delineate his character, or tell you that we heard, with regret, that he

Q

was

was absent from home. From thence we proceeded by Mal-Taverne to Aiguebelle, through a country very picturesque; the vineyards mantling up the hills between barren rocks, and the castles and towers, which were scattered on the summits of the mountains, gave a peculiar character to the scenery.

Our next stage was to Erpiere. In our route we passed a mountain in which there are iron-mines and a foundery; and we thence continued by the side of the river Arche, now a scanty stream flowing sluggishly over oozy banks, but which, sometimes, rushes with violence, when swelled by melted snow or accumulated torrents. The country began to assume a more rude appearance, and the projecting roofs of Chanon or Chambre, where we again changed horses, reminded us of the winter snow. The valleys here are pent up and enclosed with mountains: the snow falls in great abundance, and the confined air is rendered very unwholesome by the vapours which hover over the muddy bed and banks of this river.

“ Quod piger immundo perfundit littora cæno.”  
Which sluggish spreads the shores with filthy mud.

We

We were not, therefore, surprized at seeing many Crétins and goitered persons, since all the reputed causes of the disorder, under which they labour, here combine to produce it. Knowledge advances but slowly in this poor country; and proper experiments for remedy are not tried.

We changed horses at St. Jean de Maurienne, which is the largest town in Savoy after Chamberry, and we slept at St. Michel. We rose early the next morning and travelled five posts, through St. André, Villarrodin, and Bramant, to Lannebourg, through rude and stupendous scenes: through a chaos of rocks, at the foot of mountains, and on the edge of precipices, winding and ascending by narrow roads; and, spite of Horace, admiring the wonderful works of nature, which here frowns, as it were, amidst the fragments of a broken world. If, as Burnet theoretically imagines, the face of the earth was before the deluge smooth, regular, and uniform, without mountains and without a sea, what convulsions must it here have suffered! Amidst the naked rocks we occasionally saw a few scraps of earth industriously cultivated; and which being in different elevations, and

sometimes in sheltered nooks, afford, at all times, a scanty crop.

I write to you, as we are about to take a hasty dinner, while our carriage is dismounted and the mules are preparing for our passage over mount Cenis; but adieu, for the daughter of mine host, who has been much admired, and consoled many a traveller during his stay in these dreary regions, is just entered with a dish of greves.

LETTER

---

 LETTER XX.
 

---

TURIN, Sept. 24.

I LEFT you at the foot of mount Cenis. After taking leave of our pretty waiting-maid at Lannebourg, we mounted post horses, which they, who come by the post, are obliged to take, and ascended mount Cenis by a very stony and precipitous path, in which we met with many mules laden with rice and silk. We got to the top, in about an hour, without much fatigue to the horses, and galloped over the plain, which extends two leagues.

We stopped to change horses at the post-house, called Santa Croce, which separates Piedmont from Savoy. Opposite to this house is a fine lake famous for its trout. The lake freezes in the winter, but the fish subsist by air, which is supplied from springs, or enters at the place from whence the river



Doria issues, that forms the cascade, and flows, in conjunction with the Po, to Turin.

We enquired at the hospital, but did not see the two priests who reside there to administer consolation to persons who meet with accidents in their Alpine expeditions. The day was beautiful; a glorious sun rendered us insensible of cold. No snow had yet fallen; a few vapoury clouds only floated and clung round the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Several cottages are scattered about, the possessors of which make cheese and butter, and have their cattle and sheep feeding around them. The people are disfigured by the rudeness of a climate, in which they often experience the effects of the four seasons in the same day. The scene was interesting. How different, how cheerless must it be in the winter! The hovels are then forsaken; the whole mountain covered with snow; few travellers pass; and nothing but bears or prowling wolves is to be seen, who approach the post-house, or follow the mules that occasionally pass, to feed on their dung. They hunt also, in packs, the hares, which in winter are white. The mountain produces, in great abundance, a berry which resembles  
the

the juniper. Elevated as we were, on mount Cenis, we saw the top of Notre Dame de la Neige still higher, and understood that, from the summit of a mountain not far distant from our passage, there is an extensive prospect of the plains of Lombardy almost to Milan; if, therefore, with many writers, we suppose Hannibal to have entered Italy by mount Cenis, it is possible that he strayed to this mountain, and there animated his troops by pointing out the fertile land which they fought. In later times Constantine, when preparing to erect the cross of christianity at Rome, passed the Cottian alps at mount Cenis; and since his days many other armies have traversed these barriers. Few indeed have returned; they have rushed down, like Avalanches, to dissolve and perish in the valley.

Having reached the southern side of the mountain, we began to descend towards Italy by steep winding stairs of rock, where the horses went very carefully and safely; but the path was sometimes so narrow, the precipices so tremendous, and the stones so loose and uneven that we chose to walk, and could, on foot, more confidently admire the falling torrent, the steep stony declivities of the hill,

the scattered houses, and the rich opening valley. The mules bear a prodigious weight; one, singly, carried the imperial of our chaise, two very large trunks, and a hat-case. As we descended we saw one, of two mules, which supported the bulky grandeur of the duke D'Arenberg's coach, sink under the burden. After about five hours expedition from Lannebourg, we arrived, with great satisfaction, at Novalezza, a wretched lane of dirty miserable houses, and now thronged with carriages. I felt great pleasure at being in Italy, bad as was the first specimen of Italian towns.

We were awakened early by the noise and squabbles of our conductors over mount Cenis, who, notwithstanding the price of every horse and mule is settled by a tariff, were disputing vociferously with our courier. We got off, however, about nine o'clock, and travelled between mountains well cultivated to the summit, and by the side of vineyards, through which flowed a pretty rill. We passed the fort of Brunette, which commands the whole passage through the valley, being finely situated on a rock levelled with great labour and expence of powder,

At

At Susa the ancient Segesium, a small town, but one of the gates of Italy, is a strong castle, built in a very commanding situation, on a rock. The town consists of one broad street. In the garden adjoining to the ruins of a castle, erected in the time of Augustus, is a triumphal arch, which, though much defaced and dilapidated, deserves to be seen by a traveller eager for antiquities, on his entrance to Italy. The French distinguished themselves here once by destroying the fortifications of the duke of Savoy, and by a successful engagement, known by the name of le Pas de Suze.

From Susa we proceeded to Zaconiero, passing by the fine castle of St. George, which had the character of, what we conceived to be, Italian grandeur; and soon afterwards we admired the proud convent of St. Michel, placed on the summit of a stupendous rock. Dismantled castles were often to be seen, of which the fine ruins gave effect to the country, that, in other respects, resembled Savoy. As we proceeded, the valley widened, but was still shut in by mountains; and as the banks of the swift flowing Doria are, in many places, muddy and stagnant, Cretins abound  
in

in the neighbouring villages. Their hideous squat figures, and distorted broad countenance, are shocking to behold. The towns, through which we passed, are narrow, poor, and dirty. We drove through St. Ambroise, a large town and Rivoli, where is a castle belonging to the king, of which the exterior is not handsome, but the situation fine. As we approached Turin the country flattened into an open plain: we travelled through fine rows of elm. The town was concealed till we advanced to its gates; but the hills behind and round it are covered beautifully with white palaces and buildings of different kinds.

We have performed our journey more expeditiously by the post, but at double the expence for which we might have travelled with a voiturier, which, for those who have not a good and honest courier, is not only much the cheapest, but the pleasantest way, for it is better to rise early, and be long on the road, than to have endless disputes with postillions and the conductors over mount Cenis. They who travel with the post are also grievously fleeced by the keepers of the inns. At my arrival at the Hotel D'Angleterre, at Turin, I was told that I must pay a guinea, each day,  
for

for my rooms; but upon disputing the charge, I was allowed to have some, nearly as good, for eight livres. We are, besides, to pay four livres each for our dinner, two for supper, and 1 livre 10 sous for breakfast. A livre of Turin is about equivalent to an English shilling. Those who arrive with a voiturier might make a much better bargain.

Turin is a small but very regular and handsome city. The chief places, and some of the streets, are spacious, with arcades and piazza shops. The opera house is large and commodiously arranged, though somewhat dark: its decorations display but little taste. At the first performance, at which we were present, we saw the Comtesse D'Artois. The music of signior Guiseppe, to which was set the comic opera of *li Finti Eredi*, was good. The vocal performers, however, were inferior to the dancers. The king's opera house is very handsome; it is only opened for a serious opera in Lent.

Mr. Trevor, our minister, is now at Lausanne; Mr. Jackson, his chargé d'affaires, has shewed us a polite attention; Dr. Bellardi, who has distinguished himself by a botanical work on the plants of Piedmont, and by  
estab-

establiſhing a botanical garden here, accompanies us to ſuch objects as are worthy attention. He has ſhewn us the academy of ſciences, an inſtitution yet in its infancy. The ſociety has publiſhed four volumes of intereſting papers, under the title of *Miſcellanea Philoſophica Mathematica*,

The obſervatory is not yet completed ; we aſcended it, however, for the ſake of the view, which it commands, of the town and of the adjacent country. Science begins to be cultivated at Turin, though the court is occupied entirely by military affairs and devotion. The nobility live with the exterior of ſplendor, which they diſplay in their palaces and equipages. They ſeldom collect libraries or pictures, though the Cameos, Intaglios and pictures of the Commandante Geloſo deſerve to be mentioned, and the fine library of Monſ. Durando, Comte de Villa, rich in editions of the claſſics, would produce a large ſum in England, whither his heirs will do well to ſend it, if they are apprized of the produce of the Pinelli collection.

The muſeum, among other objects of curioſity, contains a remarkable Egyptian table inlaid with the figure of Apis, and ſome  
fine

fine statues, particularly a graceful Cupid. The churches are handsome. The cathedral, where superstition reverences the supposed tomb of our Saviour, is especially to be noticed, for a very singular roof to its circular dome.

Among the religious institutions is an establishment for noble widows, founded by Madame Felicita, the king's sister, with design, probably, to provide a retreat for herself.

The Sardinian clergy are not highly spoken of; but, at present, prejudice runs against ecclesiastics.

The troops of the king of Sardinia, on the peace establishment, amount to between 25,000 and 30,000 men, besides a militia of about 15,000, who are called out during one month in the year, and receive a third of the pay of the regulars; and four Swiss regiments, one of which is a Protestant corps, and has a minister, paid 100 louis per ann. partly by the king and partly by the regiment. No other Protestants are tolerated in the Sardinian territories, except at Carrouge on the frontiers of Savoy, where they have a chapel; and among the industrious Vaudois, or Valdenses, who, now relieved from persecution, profess the doctrines of the Reformed faith, with  
the



the discipline of the church of Geneva. Their minister is paid by the English, for whom and the Dutch, they entertain a grateful respect, in remembrance of the intercession by which they obtained a relaxation of the duke of Savoy's severity, and to whom they are bound to furnish subsidies, when not inconsistent with their fidelity to the Sardinian government.

The whole court here is military. The citadel and arsenal are well supplied; the latter contains arms for 150,000 men. The discipline is strict: desertion is punished by death; petty offences by the bastinado; higher misdemeanors by the gauntlet, the galleys, or imprisonment.

The present king, Victor Amadeus, is much and universally beloved even in Savoy: poor as are its inhabitants, when they complain and talk of refusing to pay accustomed tribute to their lords, they except the king's dues. He appears to have profited by the excellent instructions which the late king, his father, gave concerning him, in a letter to his preceptor, a part of which was as follows.

“ Nel corso de' suoi studi abbiate in mira piu il giusto ed il solido che il brillante. Gli studi debbono servire per formargli il cuore ed il  
1
discer-

discernimento, onde gli si faccia noto il pregio delle scienze e delle arti, ed il vantaggio che la società ne può trarre. Sopra tutte le cose mio figlio non si dimentichi mai che se il comando di Dio affoggetta i popoli all' autorità de' loro sovrani, Dio fa pure ai sovrani una legge inviolabile di vegliare incessantemente al loro riposo ed al loro prosperità\* ;” sentiments which should be engraven in the hearts of kings.

The royal palace contains a very fine collection of pictures: it was partly purchased from prince Eugene's cabinet by the late king. We were not surprised to see the three children of Charles the First by Vandyke, Sir Thomas More's daughter, and other subjects interesting to an Englishman.

\* In the course of his studies respect rather what is just and solid than what is brilliant. His studies should serve to form his heart and his judgment, that he may learn the true value of sciences and arts, and the advantage which society may derive from them.—Above all things take care that my son never forget, that if the ordinances of God have subjected the people to the authority of their sovereigns, God has also established an inviolable law to sovereigns incessantly to watch over the repose and prosperity of their people.—See Istruz. Christ. dell' Abate Giam-battista Conte Roberti.

There

There is a tapestry manufacture at Turin, of which the execution is better than the design or colouring.

Some works of tolerable sculpture are produced here. A fine marble is procured about twenty miles from Turin, near a seat of the prince de Carignano. The king of Sardinia is rich in subterranean property. A Scotchman, not long since, discovered a coal-mine near the Genoese territories; but not being able to explain his plans for working it, the discovery has been productive of no advantage.

The French, who were lately here in the suite of the Comte D'Artois, gave offence to the court by the freedom of their conversation on political subjects; and when the comte departed, it was gently intimated to him, that it would be more agreeable to the king, if, when he returned, it could be without his attendants.

LETTER

---

 LETTER XXI.
 

---

TURIN, Sept. 28.

SINCE I last wrote to you, we have seen the king's palace at Montcarlia, which is about five miles from Turin, and his principal residence in the country. We drove to it along the base of some fine hills covered with houses, between rows of mulberry trees of a small bastard sort, of which the leaves supply food for the silk-worm in the summer, and for cattle in the winter; and of which, the fruit may afford a desert, that Horace approved as conducive to health in the hot months. The road runs here near the Po, which flows of a respectable breadth between rows of willows, where, as Claudian tells us,

“ — Rami caput umbravero virentes  
 “ Heliadum.”

————— O'er its head  
 The verdant branches of the poplars spread:

Of the amber tears, however, I saw nothing. The chief vegetation of this country is, that of vineyards and Turkey corn.

The palace of Montcarlia is situated in a small ugly town, from which it is not separated by any fastidious walls or barriers of secluded state : it was begun by a Frenchman. The exterior is large, but not beautiful. It commands a view of rich country, through which the Po winds. It is furnished with great taste and elegance, particularly the apartments of the princefs de Piedmont. The gardens are composed of stiff hedge-rows and bosquets, disposed over a spot of sandy and gravelly soil. We saw the king dine with his family, which is as respectable for virtue as for rank.

About four miles from Montcarlia is the palace of Stupini, a small irregular building. The grounds are laid out with no design to rival the works of nature. We were present at a stag hunt, of which the king and his court partook. The ladies enjoyed the sport in carriages. The huntsmen, in rich liveries, with the large French horns suspended over their shoulders, exhibited the pomp and circumstance of a royal hunt. At sight of their  
their

their enormous jack-boots, however, large cocked hats, and *couteaux de chasse*, the English present seemed inclined to smile, and to think, that for the active and expeditious enterprize of a stag-hunt, round hats and light boots would have been better things.

We have visited also the Valentine, a small royal house with a botanical garden, on the banks of the Po, near Turin ; and la Venerie, another place not far distant, which is spacious without much ornament. The building most curious is la Superge, a magnificent mausoleum on a very lofty hill, about a league and a half from Turin. This superb edifice was erected for Victor Amadeus, by Collini, a living architect now in Prussia. There is a chapter here of twelve canons, who enjoy a considerable revenue. The church is very grand, and the subterranean depository, which contains the “*monumenta regum*,” is well contrived and awful. The last king’s tomb is always placed in the centre of the apartment, and removed for that of his successor at his death. This must be a striking sight to the monarch who enters. The monuments are handsome ; the inscriptions, which

are in Latin, did not appear to have any peculiar merit.

The canons have a fine library here ; the building commands a magnificent view of hills cloathed with woods, and of the rich plains of Lombardy bounded by stupendous mountains, and watered by the winding Po, the Isere, and the Doria, which unite in the bottom.

LETTER

---

## LETTER XXII.

---

GENOA, Oct. 7.

WE left Turin on the 29th of last month, and proceeded through an insipid country, five posts, to Asti, the Pompeia of antiquity, a deserted town which retains but little of its ancient population and importance. Its chief trade is in wine and cattle. In a chapel of the cathedral, which is richly decorated, I saw the following blasphemous inscription :

“ *Sacro-Sanctæ et individuæ Trinitati, ac S. Francisco Salesio, D.D.D.*”

Devoted and dedicated to the most holy and indivisible Trinity, and to S. Franciscus Salesius.

Thus has antichrist consecrated his temples or strong holds jointly to God and his saints, as Daniel foretold. So easy also is it for high authorities to find defenders of what is wrong, that Maldonatus does not scruple



to affirm it to be an impious and silly error of the Protestants, to think that no religious worship is due to any but God. Such have been, and such still are, the sentiments of many in the Romish church; and so hath Christianity flourished in a country where every hundredth house is a religious edifice.

There are fifteen convents at Afti. The whole country seems covered with ecclesiastics, and we need not wonder if poverty murmur and complain: let us not, however, be unjust; the mischief arises from the number. I apprehend their crimes to be as frequent, as I judged, from the outcry and scandal, which the discovery of a monk in close conference with a female, had lately occasioned.

After dining at Afti, we drove, in the evening, three posts and a half, to Alexandria, a town full of soldiers and monks, with an handsome theatre, where operas are now rehearsing. We were scarce permitted to look into the spacious citadel, and, like travellers, found ourselves disposed to condemn the rigid and suspicious discipline and regulations of this military town. They are preparing, at Alexandria, for the fair; and a  
com-

commodious range of covered buildings, with shops and streets, is already erected. We left the place without regret, and without going to see the convent Del Bosco in the neighbourhood.

We slept the next night at Novi, which is two posts from Alexandria. On the road we met lady L—— returning to England. She has been absent five years; with what pleasant sensations must she travel northwards!

On the gates of Novi, Libertas is inscribed. It is a small free town under the direction of a governor, appointed every two years by Genoa. There is an appearance of industry in the town. Its district is small, a few miles only in circumference; but it is not precisely defined, and the people have occasional disputes with the inhabitants of Tortona. These are settled with the greater difficulty, in consequence of the loss of the Archives of Novi, which are at Turin, where they were carried on the capture of Novi, by the Piedmontese, in 1745; and though they might have been re-purchased once, for one hundred sequins, they have been never regained. Narrow policy, or dishonesty, which delights to confound claims and to render possessions

doubt.

doubtful, might suggest that it would be impolitic generosity in Sardinia, to restore them; but why should not a great king despise the little squabbings for parcels of disputed possession, and oblige a town by the present of its records? Novi stands in a flat plain, encircled in the horizon by the Alps and Apennines. St. Bernard and mount Cenis stand high above the rest. There are no buildings worth noticing in the town.

I had some conversation with a physician who resides here, Dr. Caposo, I believe, who appears to possess much information. He regretted the slow advancement made by the Genoese and their dependencies, in useful knowledge. The people who die here are buried the next day, in common cases, and deposited in churches. This I heard, upon making some enquiries concerning a corpse which had been taken up, on suspicion of the death being occasioned by ill treatment. An old man, who was ordered to move the corpse, superstitiously refused and shrunk from it. How general is this fear! I wished that the light, diffused by the Humane Society, had reached Novi. Dr. Caposo, by the intelligence which he draws from reading, and  
a com-

munication with other countries, derives an information that makes him regret the ignorance that furrounds him, but which he finds himself unable to disperse.

Leaving Novi the next morning, we passed the proud fortress of Garvy, which stands on a fine eminence, in an immense excavation, amidst a sea of hills, some of which are beautifully covered with chestnut trees.

After passing through Voltaggio, and ascending the Bochetta, we obtained a grand view of the Mediterranean, and descended by a fine winding road through Campo Marrone, to Genoa.

Our first view of Genoa encircling the bay, and extending its walls for twelve miles round the ridgy and sun-scorched brow of the mountains, was very grand. We arrived through the valley of Polcevera, by a fine road finished after three years labour, by the Cambiasi family, in 1776, from Campo Marrone; in lieu of the former bad road which was in the bed of a torrent. The hills, as we approached, were covered with palaces which hung over the stony channel. Those at the foot of which Genoa is placed, have a barren dusty appearance. The first impression

impression derived from the Strada Balbi is considerable: it is distinguished by many large and beautiful marble palaces, not indeed built with the chaste simplicity of the Grecian architecture, or with any peculiar elegance of design, but with fronts richly loaded with ornaments. The pavement of the town is smooth and flat, and the horses pass over it without slipping. Excepting the two or three chief streets and an open space or two, the city is composed of narrow courts and passages, like Bath; and even the best streets are narrow, for the sake of the shade. Sumptuous buildings, churches, hospitals, palaces, and magazines, are dispersed all over the town. When such attention is paid to gratify selfish pride, we are not sorry to see a liberal expenditure employed in the construction of works of piety and benevolence.

On the first day of our arrival we saw the Doge walk in procession to the church of St. Dominic. His halberdiers, pages, ushers, serjeants, attendant officers, and nobility, were dressed in the Spanish style, with ancient liveries and uniforms. The Doge himself, who was immediately preceded by the general of the army, and who walked between the  
 5 dean

dean and the sub-dean of the senate, was dressed in a long robe of velvet, carrying a square kind of bonnet in his hand; two pages accompanied him, one with a parasol, the other holding up his train. He was followed by the senators in pairs, and by the procurators in their official dresses of black robes. The parade was closed with the magistrates of the civil and criminal Rota, dressed in doctor's robes. The procession was lined by two rows of halberdiers, and the doge received military honours from the troops, through which he passed. In bad weather the nobility do not walk upon public exits of the doge, who is then carried in a chair, or palanquin, of red velvet, gilt and sculptured, and supported by porters dressed in red velvet. The secretaries also, the master of the ceremonial, and the judges of the Rota, are then carried in chairs of public state, and the senators in their own chairs, with attendants in ordinary liveries. So much for the state of this great officer; but the Doge is fettered in golden chains. He cannot go out, we know, into public, except on certain days, without an express decree obtained from the colleges; but must "close confined to his own palace sleep,"  
and

and without his wife ; a restriction necessary, say some, if the former regulation is to be respected.

The number of splendid palaces, at Genoa, is prodigious. Every book will tell you of the fine situation and magnitude of the Doria palace; of the magnificence and pictures of the palaces of Durazzo and Balbi; of that of the Sun with its splendid golden faloon; of the Brignole palace, which was assigned, by the council, for the residence of the king of the two Sicilies, during his stay here about four years ago. In the splendid apartments of these palaces, which are at the upper part of the house, the possessors do not reside: and some of the nobility have four or five, and even more, palaces, kept chiefly for ostentation. They are filled with costly furniture. Parts of these palaces are often let. The lower apartments of the Balbi palace were rented last year, by the Rochefoucault family, which payed 3000 livres for six months. The ancestors of the Balbi family employed Vandyke four years in this palace. The lower apartments of the Brignole palace are now let for 15,000 livres for the year.

The

The croud of poor objects, at Genoa, is dreadful. At every mansion of a noble is a Lazarus: he is, however, often fed from the great man's table. The poor, at Genoa, constitute a part of the appendage of the wealthy. The nobility court popularity by supporting them. They are fed not only by private charities but by public support.

We have seen, at the incurables, hundreds laid upon beds from which they know that they shall never rise, some with faces aghast, some endeavouring to divert their thoughts by reading. We have visited also the vast marble pillared hospital, and walked between rows of patients, of which, Death daily marks out five or six. Is it consolation to these wretched objects, stretched out in pain, to see so many others in the same circumstances? We were shewn one room here filled with persons who had been struck with the stiletto. If "pomp would take physic," it should visit the hospitals at Genoa.

From the hospitals we went, as happens not seldom in the fluctuating scenes of life, to the Balbi palace, and witnessed the contrasts of prosperity and affliction, which are no where more strongly shewn by different shades



shades than at Genoa. How wretched a spectacle did we see, soon after, at the Galères! felons, smugglers, deserters, Turks, chained together, different characters contributing to each other's corruption, and exposed to whatever cruelties hardened severity or caprice may inflict. If Du Paty has painted their sufferings too strongly, humanity may be allowed to exaggerate its descriptions. I believe wanton cruelties are not inflicted; humane regulations have been made. Three Turks are released in exchange for one Christian. Those who are now released can profit but little, if I may credit the representation of a man, with whom I have just conversed, who is lately returned from Constantinople, and who told me, in strong language, that war, the plague, rebellion, and famine, all contribute to harass the wretched subjects of the Porte, and that the people seem to be under the malediction of God. The Turks have a small room in which they perform religious services; Du Paty calls it a mosque.

The Albergo is a vast building, erected, at an enormous expence, above a century ago. It is an institution for the support of those judged incapable

incapable of labour, and for the correction of disorderly persons. It is abused, however, by the reception of the indolent, and is, on that very account, useful, in such a city as Genoa, where temporary expedients are necessary, to prevent the ill effects of discontent, and to silence turbulent murmurs. We saw some hundreds whom true policy would have appointed to labour for their own support. In a building, however, erected to charity, let us not be cold or severe. Some tribute is due to the benevolence of the senate, which first established a foundation capable of receiving so many hundreds of disabled persons; and we can only lament, that circumstances have since authorised its abuse.

The franc port, at Genoa, deserves to be noticed, as a commodious depositary and well-regulated office for the customs. Ten per cent. is paid for all imported goods for home consumption; the export duties are low. The chief articles sent out are silks, velvets, damasks, orfèverie sculpture, artificial flowers, oil, oranges, and citrons. The port is large: it is enclosed by two moles; on each of which is a pharos to direct vessels to the spacious mouth of the harbour, where they  
are

are safe from injury, except when harassed by the south-east wind, called Libeccio, which rolls on a great swell of sea.

Genoa may vie with Rome itself, we are told, in the number and splendor of its churches. I saw few that struck me as beautiful in point of architecture. They contain fine pictures, and statues by Puget. Be it, however, recorded, in praise of individual piety, that the church of Annunciata, which, from its simple exterior and rich inside, is entitled to be ranked among the most magnificent at Genoa, derives its splendor from the Lomellini family, formerly sovereigns of the island of Tabarca, in the Mediterranean, which they possessed from 1544, till it was taken by the Tunisiens, in 1741. The merchants of Genoa, as were those of Tyre, are princes. The republic concedes its highest honors to those who have acquired wealth in commerce. The cathedral of St. Laurence is a Gothic building: one of its chapels is reported to contain the ashes of the Baptist; and a fine emerald is preserved there, which is said to have been brought from Cæsarea, and which is represented to have been the queen of Sheba's present to Solomon,

and to have supported the Paschal Lamb which our Saviour eat with his disciples; in spite of venerable Bede's account, who represents the dish to have been of silver. St. Maria de Carignano is a noble church; it was built by Galcas Aleffi, in the form of the Greek cross; it contains several pictures, and a remarkably fine statue, by Puget. I feel, sometimes, ashamed of visiting churches only to admire pictures and statues, and to contemplate the works of a painter instead of adoring the perfections of God. Strangers stroll about them during the service, with an indecent indifference, and which it is to the credit of the people's patience that they do not resent roughly.

Much has been said of the *Paneteria publica* at Genoa; I cannot, from hasty attention, judge of its policy, and would not condemn what I have not considered. The poor's bread appeared to me to be good: be it good or bad, however, they have no choice. The rich may bake for themselves, but the poor must repair to the public bake-house. It is the policy of Genoa, however, to check murmurs; and it is probable, that the monopoly is regulated on principles favourable to  
s
the

the people, who are secure, at least, from private extortion.

We made, a day or two since, an excursion to Poggi, which is about six miles from Genoa: the suburbs, through which we drove, are decorated with gay buildings and marble palaces, with terraced gardens, with orangeries, fountains, colonades, painted walls, statues, and ornamental works. At Poggi we saw the large palace of the prince Doria: the orangeries there are very fine; and the terrasses command a beautiful sea view; notwithstanding which, they are sprinkled with tricheries of water-works and jets d'eau. The groves and woods are natural and pleasing; and the pines, with their umbrella tops, are singular. - In the garden, there is a rural theatre artificially formed by trees. On our return we visited the fine and well-disposed grounds of Mr. Lomellini, which are laid out in a taste so natural and parkish, that they would have done honour to Brown, but the water, which flows from the hill, is employed to spit its jetted eaux here also, in the face of the Mediterranean, which expands its unbounded waves before the grounds.

The

The celebrated Lomellini, who was Doge and displayed his taste in these grounds, died, about two months ago, at the age of eighty. His son is the present possessor of the place. We looked at the large grotto of festre as we returned; but being fatiated with fights, we omitted to examine the museum at the Durazzo palace.

We purpose staying too short a time at Genoa to avail ourselves of the introductions with which we are furnished, though the women, whom we daily see, make us rather desirous of their acquaintance, dangerous as it is represented to be; they have pretty features, but are extremely pale; a kind of sickly languor gives a soft expression to their countenance and fine blue eyes. The painted linen veil which they wear, called mezzaro, is not unbecoming, though it resembles a flowered gown thrown over the head and hooded. Of their manners and conversation I can tell you but little. The Italian women, in general, are very uninformed. The society of Genoa is not among the best of Italy. The court is without women, and the nobility have not the elegance of high birth. The rich nobles are æconomists in general,

though they sometimes entertain a stranger with sumptuous ostentation. They intermix chiefly at the theatres, which are tolerably supported, and at one of which we yawn, almost every evening, at Goldoni's plays. A stranger may associate here, to much advantage, with the merchants of the factory. Their manners seem to be like those of our London citizens, improved by more extensive observation. Our consul, Mr. Udny, is now at Leghorn.

One evening we went to a serious opera at the theatre Della Crofa, in Saint Pier D'Arena, in one of the Fauxbourgs, in which we heard music, that would have been tolerable, if it were not that mediocrity in music, like mediocrity in poetry, is necessarily intolerable. We afterwards drove to a kind of Cassino, where were assembled a number of pretty women, who danced in a rotunda room, and played cards, as women do in all countries. The women were dressed, as fashionable people are every where; and we learnt nothing remarkable to characterize this assembly, but that this was the first night in which the unmarried girls were introduced into public society at Genoa,

Genoa, it having been the custom here, as in other parts of Italy, to shut up the girls till they are married ; but tempora mutantur, the girls deem it a barbarism, and parents become more indulgent. They danced with great gaiety. We could not return to town as the gates are not opened, but by particular order, after the close of evening.

No state in Europe seems, in some respects, to be so ill-governed as Genoa : the laws are defective ; and, such as they are, are seldom put in force. The magistrates of the criminal rota are foreigners ; they accept their office from mercenary motives, and are notoriously corrupt. When they have amassed riches enough to prefer security to farther gains, they retire from public detestation to their private reflections. The nobility purchase popularity, and the continuance of their privileges, by protecting and by obtaining pardon for turbulent men, and those whose uncontrolled passions lead them to crimes. Redress, for injuries, cannot be had against power ; and individuals execute their own vengeance. Hence assassinations are frequent ; and a ruffian, who can make interest with a noble, or command 150 or 200 livres to bribe the



officers of justice, is sure to escape. Not less than one hundred and fifty assassinations are committed, upon an average, every year, at Genoa, chiefly among the lower ranks, at the suggestions of jealousy or the sudden impulse of revenge, notwithstanding a patrol parades the streets and some *sbirri*, who are not distinguished by their dress.

The nobles of Genoa seem to have no other sense than that of private good, which lord Shaftesbury justly considers as a bad principle of association; the public advantage is a remote object.

**LETTER**

---

 LETTER XXIII.
 

---

MILAN, Oct. 15.

WE left Genoa on the 8th of October and returned to Novi, whence, taking the Milan road, we passed through a flat uninteresting country, in which the eye ranged in vain for trees or fertile fields, to Tortona, once Dertona, and in the decline of the empire Attilia, now a small town, two posts from Novi, which bears some inferior resemblance to Alexandria. It has a fortress with about forty favoyards.

From Tortona to Voghera, which is a post and half, we passed through rows of willows that bound pasture-land. We slept at Voghera, the Tria of antiquity, situated near the river Stafera, called also, formerly, the Tria, a town full of soldiers and ecclesiastics, and doomed to support, at present, three troops of cavalry, about 400 infantry, and

eleven or twelve monasteries. It is well that it derives some wealth from its fustian manufactories.

We left Voghera the next morning, and drove, two posts and a half, through a flat burnt-up country, thinly sprinkled with mulberry-trees, by Casse Tisma, to Pavia, having crossed the Po by a bridge of boats, where it has a respectable breadth, and also the Gravalola.

Pavia, once the seat of the kings of Lombardy, has the appearance of a deserted town. It contains many open places like fields; not a third of what is enclosed by the walls, is now inhabited. How mournful is it to see a town in decline, a town once so flourishing! It retains no vestiges of former importance. It appears now, more than usually, deserted, on account of the absence of the students, who are said to amount to a considerable number; concerning which, however, I heard, as all travellers must, very different accounts: one man told me 1500; mine host magnified the number to 8000: the former account is, I believe, nearest the truth. There are eight colleges. The one under the protection of the pope, and the Borromeian college, are large hand-

handsome buildings in a quadrangular form; from a room in this, we had a view of the slow and somniferous Tesin, a river celebrated under the name of Ticinum, by Silius Italicus, for its cærulean waters.

The botanical garden here is large. Spallanzani is still professor of experimental philosophy; and the university, which can boast of him, and Scarpi, need not hold down its dejected head. Scopoli died, suddenly, about four years ago. Astronomy is much studied at Pavia: it is, indeed, the fashionable science all over Italy. Divinity is not so much attended to as it used to be: little spirit of enquiry, however, can be indulged in the Romish church. Boethius, who, for his noble remonstrances, was unjustly condemned to exile from his country, wrote here, in his banishment, his work, entitled, *The Consolation of Philosophy*, and was buried in the church of St. Augustin, where a tomb was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, in verse. With Boethius, says an admired philologist and critic, the Latin tongue, and the last remains of the Roman dignity, may be said to have sunk in the western world. He was the chief luminary of  
of

of many dark ages, and has a claim to the admiration of the most enlightened times, though his writings are tinged and discoloured by the false philosophy of his age.

Magic, for which a taste was introduced into Europe, with the Arabian literature, was formerly cultivated at Pavia with great eagerness. Among the most eminent doctors who excelled here in that occult science, was Cornelius Agrippa, secretary to Maximilian, who is celebrated, by Butler, in his *Hudibras*, as

“ ———— for profound  
“ And solid lying, much renown'd.”

When the famous and romantic earl of Surry, of Henry the VIIIth's time, was ramb-ling abroad and proclaiming the charms of Geraldine, Agrippa deceived the delighted lover at the emperor's court, by a pretended image of his mistress, in a mirror, reclining, in sorrowful attitude, and reading, by the light of a taper, one of those tender sonnets, in which he rivalled Petrarch, and thereby inflamed him to maintain, by arms, the superiority of her peerless charms at Florence, from which place her family derived its origin.

The

The custom of the procession of the host under a canopy, originated here in the fourteenth century, about A. D. 1360.

The famous statue of Marcus Antoninus did not please me. The emperor and his horse are both too small for personages of so much dignity. The emperor is represented as holding out his hand as the defender of the empire, to prohibit incursions.

“ *Dextra vetat pugnare* \*.”

The cathedral here is not beautiful: the Augustin convent is suppressed, and its monuments are removed. We saw the church of St. Maria in portice, in which the bones of the Frenchmen, slaughtered in the fatal day of Pavia, are heaped up, with impious profanation of the place. It is almost difficult to believe, that any superstition could have imagined it decent to display the dreadful effects of human passions in the consecrated sanctuary of God. They are the sad memorials of a battle, in which 10,000 French were slain, and in which Francis the first saw his prospects defeated, and was taken prisoner

\* Statius Domitian, l. 37. The right hand prohibits battles.

by

by his rival, Charles V. A.D. 1525, together with Henry D'Albret, the unfortunate king of Navarre. The battle was lost partly from a diminution of the French army by a detachment being sent to Naples, and partly by a desertion of the Swiss troops from their post. The king was immediately conducted into the church of the Carthusian convent, and, with loud and animated piety, awakened to a sense of human weakness and demerit, joined the monks in chanting, from the Psalms, "Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me ut discam justificationes tuas." It is good for me that thou hast humbled me, that I may learn thy righteousness. He afterwards dined in the monastery and was served by three of the Spanish generals, but indignantly rejected the offices of Bourbon, whom the brave chevalier Bayard had also upbraided for disloyalty and treason, as he expired in the field. The events of the day were very interesting, and Francis long lamented its effects in the confinement in which his ungenerous rival detained him at Madrid. The armour in which Francis was taken prisoner, is now in the possession of Mr. Walpole, at Strawberry Hill.

In

In going from Pavia to Milan, we visited the Carthusian convent, which is one of the most magnificent in Italy. Its fifty ecclesiastics have been reduced, by the regulations of Joseph II. to twelve. The church is eminently beautiful and richly adorned with variegated marbles. The chapels, which are curiously checkered and inlaid with marbles, exhibit, at every altar, fine pictures. The library has been transported to Padua.

Milan is not a handsome town, and it has few prominent beauties. Among the buildings most distinguished for architecture, is the cathedral, of which the exterior is still nearly as unfinished as in the time of Addison: it is a vast edifice; and religion took here no vulgar flight. The nave and long drawn aisles are very fine; the outside is crowded with sculptured figures, which I really did not count, though such different reports have been made of their numbers. The tower commands a magnificent view of the Alps and Appenines, of the city of Milan, and of the extensive plains of Lombardy. In the treasury is said to be preserved, a small part of Aaron's rod; the keeper must explain how it came there. The body of Carlo Borromeo is deposited



posited in the subterraneous chapel; and the history of his life is curiously represented in silver work round the sides of the chapel.

Among the remarkable churches at Milan, strangers are usually shewn that of St. Sebastian, from a design of Pelegrini; that of St. Maria Pedone, that of St. Francisco, and especially that of St. Ambrose, built on the spot where the father is said to have discovered the bodies of the martyrs, St. Gervasius and St. Protasius. It bears great marks of antiquity; contains the brazen serpent, or one very like it, erected by Moses in the Wilderness. Beneath a cupola in it, with relief figures of the 9th century, supported by four porphyry pillars, is a table, of which the pallium is of solid gold inlaid with precious stones, under which were deposited the ashes of St. Ambrose. We noticed here also a Sarcophagus, supposed to be a work of the 4th century. The iron crown was formerly given in this church to the emperors. All these valuables are inclosed by the gates, which St. Ambrose is represented to have closed with christian zeal, in the face of the emperor Theodosius, on account of the massacre which he had committed at Thessalonica.

The

The church of St. Laurence here is built on the foundation of some Roman baths, or, as some say, on the ruins of the temple of Hercules. It retains the form of the heathen temple, but is constructed with such evident marks of the dark ages, that the old columns are inverted, the capital being where the base should be. The church of Thiele, which is supposed to be erected on the ruins of the pantheon of Minerva, is in the same neighbourhood; and not very far distant is the fine Doric colonade, which is usually represented as the work of Maximilian.

On mount Olivet is a convent, beautifully adorned with marble. The altar is very handsome. In this convent private mass is performed, according to the common ritual of the Romish church; but public mass is celebrated, as in other churches, according to the ceremonial of St. Ambrose. The Ambrosian rite, as it is called, is peculiar to the church of Milan. It is supposed to have been instituted by St. Ambrose, in the 4th century. It was retained, by the church of Milan, under the sanction of so great a name, after all the other western churches gave up their respective offices in obedience to the pope,  
and

and generally accepted that of the Romish church. It is more simple than the Romish.

The cæmety, in the neighbourhood of Milan, deserves particular notice: it is a building formerly erected for the reception of the bodies of persons who died in the hospital, and, possibly, for the general use of the city: it consists of a circular colonade which contains no indication of a sepulchre, no epitaph, no moral hint, but here and there a suspended tablet with injunctions to pray for the soul of the defunct. It is, however, an affecting consideration that this place is now so full, that people are buried in an open field at some distance, near the Porta Romana, to which I walked, and saw a thick vapour ascend as the evening began to close, which could not but be prejudicial, if inhaled by the inhabitants of the town.

Addison says, that in his time there were sixty convents of women, and eighty of men, at Milan. Many of these are now suppressed, and the money derived from them has, in a few instances, been appropriated to the increase of the parochial clergy, and to the establishment of charitable institutions; but  
the

the chief part has been diverted from its course.

The Foppone, at Milan, which was formerly a lazaretto for persons afflicted with pestilential disorders, is now converted into a lazaretto for cattle. Epidemic disorders are less frequent than they formerly were. The use of linen, and the attention to cleanliness, which generally prevail, contribute to check their progress. There are no buildings so interesting as those erected for the relief of human calamities. We are happy to see, that after these are attended to, some regard is paid to the brute creation. What pain and agony are still felt within these walls! Its present tenants are, happily, free from the misery of mental sufferings; and when the pangs of disorder cease, the patients are restored to peace, undisturbed by the apprehensions of the return of pain.

Antiquarians have amused themselves in etymological enquiries concerning the name of this town. Schott, an industrious collector of the aniles fabulæ, or old women's tales, relates that Bellovesus Gallus, who, above 583 years before Christ, enlarged it from a small scattered collection of houses, to a great city,

chose to have it so called, from the appearance of a fow, which came out of some ruined houses while the city was building, the one half covered with natural bristles, the other with a soft and white wool, and hence it was called Mediolanum; a monumental representation of which remarkable particulars, he says, was to be seen on the town-hall of his time, and, for ought I know, still remains. This derivation, absurd as it is, is not more so than that suggested by Richard Lassels, a traveller, who published the account of his journey in the last century, and who says, with as great a respect for the English language as ever Swift, in his *Etymologies*, professed; that it is called Milan, quasi midland, being a pure Mediterranean town, and having no river.

In the time of Cicero, as we learn from his *Philippics*, this city was esteemed the Flower of Italy, “ its safeguard in war, and its ornament in peace.” It is said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Barnabas, A.D. 40. when St. Peter was at Antioch, being the first town of Insubria, if not of all Italy, which was converted. St. Ambrose, who was bishop, and the favourite Saint of the place,

place, farther promoted the influence of that religion which principally conspired in effecting an alteration in the manners of a people, who, from a severe and ferocious character, were gradually softened into kindness and benevolence. In consequence of their being frequently engaged in contest with invaders, they had formerly acquired a very savage temper, so that in time of the Romans, it was said,

“ Qui miseram citius cupiunt effundere vitam  
 “ Mediolanum adeant, gens ea dura nimis.”

Let those who are troubl'd, and weary of life,  
 To Milan repair, there the people love strife.

The latter Roman emperors settled here to be at hand to defend Italy from transalpine incursions. The inhabitants decreased, after their time. In the year 1250 the city is said to have contained 150,000 citizens, of which 30,000 were capable of bearing arms. It is now reckoned to contain 120,000.

The government, at present, is almost absolute; the minister plenipotentiary, and the supreme council, are appointed by the emperor, and govern the state. The senate, which pretended to and might have obtained some weight, was suppressed by Joseph the

second. Trials are conducted in secret ; and the laws are not very judiciously enforced. We saw twenty criminals brought into the town, a day or two since, for robbing, in a body, at Lodi. The emperor is paid, by the city, a large sum, for maintaining 10,000 troops here, but he does not keep above 3000. The people sometimes murmur ; but as they are not oppressed, are of mild tempers, and much attached to the House of Austria ; they are not disposed to tumultuary remonstrance. Not long since, at the command of the arch-duke, they ceased hissing a manager with whom they were dissatisfied. Few people will suffer themselves to be dictated to in their amusement. The arch-duke gratified them, the ensuing evening, by compelling the manager to appear, on the stage, between two soldiers, and apologize for his misconduct. The opera-house here is magnificent ; we were much struck at our first entrance : *la Donna di Spirito* is very pleasantly performed every night, for the Italians change their opera but two or three times in a season. The emperor has taken away the best singers and dancers, to Vienna, which is rather hard, as the opera is the only public amusement the people have,

except

except that of bowing to each other in the corfo. The taste for private theatricals is introduced among the middling and lower ranks. We were present, soon after our arrival, at a comedy, performed by a private company; among the performers was a hair-dresser's wife, and her cavaliere Servente.

Literature is but little cultivated at Milan, though it boasts of having produced Valerius Maximus, Cardan, and other great men, and though the Ambrosian library, founded by cardinal Frederic Borromeo, affords fine field for research. The manuscripts are said to amount to 14 or 15,000, but few have enquiring eyes to examine them. There is, I believe, no printed catalogue of them. Few books are written here, and few even translated. The Abate Bianconi, with some assistants, is now preparing a Biographical and Historical Account of Engravers, and of the Art of Engraving, which I doubt not will, from his extended researches, be well executed. Adjoining to the library is a room filled with copies of antique statues, and another of paintings; among which are some pleasing and highly-finished pictures, by Breughel, who lost his sight by his attention to them.



The Brera, which was a convent of the jesuits, contains a very capital library, part of which formerly belonged to that society. Among the books, of which we took a cursory view, were a fine copy of the Vulgate, printed at Mayence in 1562 ; a Catholicon, published in 1560 ; and a beautiful edition of Dante, which appeared in 1477.

A sequestrated fund of the jesuits, of 5000 livres per annum, defrays the charges of this establishment ; among which is that of a pension to Abate Bianconi, as secretary ; and another to the professor of astronomy, an intelligent jesuit, and not unworthy successor to Boscovich, whose observatory is well furnished with mathematical instruments, of every kind, most of which are brought from England, and are considered as incomparably superior to those of all other countries. The brass-work of some of the instruments has, indeed, been made at Milan ; but the glass is always supplied by England, as it cannot be made so good here even if the materials be exported. I talked concerning Herschel, to whom the professor gave deserved praise.

The Italians do not admit our sovereign's claim to give a name to the new-discovered planet.

planet. It is called Ouranos in Italy. The professor had heard of the discovery of its two satellites and of the two additional satellites of Saturn.

The arch-duke lives in a palace that contains nothing worth notice; his garde du corps consists of about sixty men, each of whom is paid 20 livres per day. Strangers are well received by him, and by many families at Milan, particularly by the Litta family, whose noble palace contains a magnificent collection of pictures; among which is a very curious and elaborate representation of the History of Paris; from his judgment, between the Rival Goddesses to the taking of Troy, which, with many parts well-conceived and executed, exhibits many absurdities.

---



---

 LETTER XXIV.
 

---



---

MILAN, Oct. 23.

SINCE our arrival here we have made an excursion to the Lago Maggiore, Como, &c. We drove about seventeen miles from Milan, through a flat country, to a village called la Corde, and, after dinner, about fourteen miles farther, to Sesto, a small village, where we slept at an indifferent inn; and the next morning hiring a boat and four men, and ascending the river Tesino, entered on the Lago Maggiore, which opened most beautifully upon us in a broad expanse, of which the banks, particularly that of the Sardinian territory, were adorned with some palaces, as those of Casa Visconti and Casa Otolino, and the castle of Angiera. The lake was uncommonly full, in consequence of great rains. We landed at Arona, a small place of great trade, and walked up to the enormous bronze statue

statue of cardinal Borromeo, adjoining to which is an academy for catechumen ecclesiastics; the number of students now amounts to about seventy-two. Having reembarked, as we continued our voyage, we admired the hills which rose gentle, and prettily adorned from the water, and the distant mountains, particularly, cloud-capped St. Barnard; the woods of chefnuts, the olives, and the vines hanging gracefully over poles and wooden roofs erected for them. We dined in our boat, in sight of Isola Bella, where the lake expands nobly near seven miles in breadth.

Isola Bella, which is about fifteen miles from Sesto, is a small clump of terrasses, lined with orangeries, that rise, one above the other, with a formality little correspondent to the bold scope which the surrounding scenes display, and which Mr. Pennant treats very fastidiously, while Mrs. Piozzi finds it very whimsical and pretty. So differently do travellers describe according to their different tastes! Such freaks, at least, direct the opulence of the wealthy to the encouragement of the industrious. The house is fitted up in a bad taste; it contains a few indifferent pictures, and commands a delightful

ful view of the neighbouring hills: of villages in part concealed among the woods, and sometimes discovered only by the churches. Isola Madre, which is not far distant, is a beautiful little spot rudely disposed. The house is neglected and promises to add the embellishment of a ruin to the island. We rowed from thence about six miles, to Laveno, our oars striking with a regularity that musical sounds might imitate. Here we found our carriage, and drove about fourteen miles, to Varese, where the duke has a palace, which formerly belonged to the dukes of Modena, and which gives some little consequence to the place; and the inhabitants are wealthy enough to have an opera-house tolerably well supported.

On leaving Varese next morning, we drove through a very pleasant country diversified by hills richly covered with oak and chestnut trees, to Como, charmingly situated at the southern end of the lake.

The lake of Como, which was anciently called the Larius, appears from the town to be a small body of water, as the opposite hills, through which are openings towards its great expanse, seem to approach so near as to enclose a small part of it. The banks, as seen from  
Como,

Como, are beautifully studded with villas, among which the new erected palace of count Odiskalki is remarkable. The scenery of the lake, and its environs, is enchanting. The houses are near enough for the cheerfulness of neighbourhood without the inconvenience of proximity..

Pliny was born at Como. I enquired here, in vain, for the letters in which he, with such warmth of affection, speaks to his friend Caninius Rufus of his pleasant villa, of the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree, and the chrySTALLATED canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks.

After dwelling with minute recollection on every object and ornament of his friend's house, he enquires if he is still enjoying his retreat, or if the affairs of the world call him into public life. "If the scene of your enjoyment," says he, "lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind." Pliny, who in the active employments in which he was engaged, retained a fond regard for literary pursuits, must have often sighed for retirement, and must have looked with inexpressible pleasure towards the delicious scenes of Como, endeared

deared by the recollection of the pleasure which they afforded to him from his earliest years.

We wished to have visited Pliniana, and to have examined the spring which Pliny describes to have ebbed and flowed three times a day; but the evening began to lower with storms, and the lake, "*albescere vento*," to whiten with the wind, which furrowed up its agitated surface. We understood that his description is faithful, and that the circumstances continue still the same. The spring near Henly sometimes flows for two years together, and then fails for perhaps an equal period with reciprocating succession.

The town of Como is surrounded by a wall, and contains a garrison of about sixty men. The cathedral is large; its circular window and fretted Gothic work are very beautiful: the interior is large, but darkened rather by a gloomy superstitious, than by a dim religious light. Pliny's statue, with a Latin inscription, dated 1499, is the only monument of this great man which the town retains.

In the suppressed convent of the Augustines here, we saw silk-mills erected. The Carmelites

melites are forbidden to receive any more members into their society. If this had been adopted as the only mode of suppression, we should have had fewer murmurs, and Joseph the Second might have, perhaps, still lived and reigned.

Since our return to Milan we have visited the Casa Simonetta, and heard the remarkable echo, of which so much has been said. It is formed by a repercussion of the air, from two parallel and exactly perpendicular walls which run out from the back of the palace. The Abate Bianconi assured me, that he heard above fifty distinct repercussions of the report of a pistol. The number may vary according to the state of the air and the quantity of powder ; and it is besides difficult to count the sounds which follow each other in such rapid succession : hence we have different accounts.

This palace was imperfectly built in the middle of the 16th century, by Don Ferrante Gonzaga, a governor under Charles V. and it constituted part of a charge, for which he was tried, that he had employed some of the money, granted for the fortifications of the town, in building this house.

As much rice grows in the neighbourhood of Milan, the low wet parts in which it is produced,



produced, and which, even in dry seasons, are kept flooded, are reputed to occasion the dropfy and contagious disorders. The people of the town take care of themselves by good living. It is proverbially said, that “ Solo in Milano si Mangia \*;” and it may be remarked, that if what they have to eat is plentiful and well-dressed, they dispose of it with appetite. Our hotel affords us a good specimen.

\* There is no good eating but in Milan.

LETTER

---



---

 LETTER XXV.
 

---



---

BOLOGNA, Oct. 31.

WE left Milan on the 24th, and drove by Magnano, over a level plain to Lodi, about two posts and three quarters. The rich meadows about Lodi are well watered by fluices; and some of them are mowed four times in the year. The Lodi cheese is the best of the Parmesan; a great quantity of it is sent to England. The town appears neat and indicates the prosperity of increasing wealth. From Lodi we went by Zorliscana, three posts, to Placentia, having crossed the Po, before our arrival, on a moving bridge of boats. The country in the neighbourhood of the Po, which is part of what was anciently the most flourishing side of Italy\*, and which still retains its reputation for fertility, appears

\* Tacitus calls the country between the Po and the Alps, "florentissimum Italiæ latus," Hist. Lib. 2. §. 17.

now

now squalid and miserable in consequence of the late overflowing of that river, which spread devastation wherever it went, and,

“ With a sudden and impetuous wave,

“ Like profuse kings, resumed the wealth it gave.”

Placentia boasts of an higher antiquity than that of Rome itself. In the time of Hannibal's invasion, it was taken possession of by a Roman colony of 6000 men; and having recovered from the destruction brought on it by the Carthaginians, it flourished during the continuance of the Roman empire, though sometimes, as Silius Italicus describes it,

“ Quassata Placentia bello.”

Placentia shook by war.

In the war between Vitellius and Otho, it was besieged, without success, by Cæcina the general of the former; and, during the siege, a very beautiful amphitheatre, built without the walls, was burnt. It was the most capacious building in Italy. The inhabitants of the town suspected that the people of the neighbouring states enviously conspired to its destruction; and, after the immediate danger of the siege was passed, lamented the loss as the heaviest calamity.

Pliny represents Placentia as a very healthy place; and states, that when an account of its population was taken, there was found one man of 120 years of age in the town, and in the neighbourhood six of 110 years, four of 120, and one of 140. It is a very handsome town, though its present appearance reminds us of its decay: it swarms with beggars, the cause and appendage of idleness and poverty. The cathedral is worth visiting, for the view of the adjacent country and the Po, from the tower.

We visited the Augustins of which the church is large, without grandeur: 14,000 sequins have been lately expended upon it, by a society rich amidst general poverty. The façade is handsome. In the sacristie of this church is a very beautiful representation, finely carved in wood, of the scene at Calvary. The author of it is unknown. The palace, at Placentia, is still unfinished. At la Madona de Campana are some fine pictures. It was too late to see, to advantage, Corregio's sleeping night.

At Placentia we wished to have proceeded by a voiturier, as we could have travelled at  
u much

much less expence; but were told, that we must go off by the post as we arrived by it, unless we chose to stay three days at Placentia; such, it seems, is the regulation.

The next morning we continued our journey through well-planted enclosures, by Furenzole, Borgo S. Domingo, and Castel Guelpho, to Parma, five posts. The vines entwined, and hanging in luxuriant festoons from tree to tree, from elms, alders and maples, were extremely beautiful. We regretted being so late in the year, as the vegetation of summer, less embrowned by autumnal tints and enriched with clusters of grapes, must be very beautiful. We crossed the Taro, which has been lately very impetuous: the fragments of a bridge still remain, that many years since was destroyed by its violence.

Parma does not impress the stranger at its entrance: there is neither magnificence, nor much appearance of trade. It contains between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants. The duke's revenues are said to amount to 20,000,000 of livres, of Parma; but, from bad management, he feels the inconveniences of scarcity of money. The expenditure of all the princes in Europe, like that of all the  
indivi-

individuals in England, appears to exceed their revenues.

The duke has reduced his army from three regiments to one, which consists of something between 1200 or 1600 men. The officers of the reduced regiments still retain their pay. He probably confides in his alliances.

The present duke of Parma, Ferdinand Marie-Louis, lives in a state of separation from the arch-duchess, with his son, who is designed to marry his relation, a daughter of Spain. The daughters, one of whom is represented as handsome, reside with the arch-duchess, who is sister to the emperor.

Our first object of attention was, the celebrated theatre, so admirably constructed, which has the classical appearance of a Roman work: it was built, in 1618, of wood; is capable of containing 12,000 or 14,000 persons: it is so well contrived, that sound is equally distributed over every part; the cause of which, Vigarani, who was sent by Louis XIV. could not discover, when the king wanted to build one at the Thuilleries. Upon some occasions it has been converted into a naumachia: and water was, formerly, admitted

mitted from the river Parma, for the display of naval engagements. This theatre is now almost falling to ruin ; the duke, however, has taste enough to intend to repair it.

Notwithstanding the people of Parma have so beautiful a model for a theatre, the modern building, where theatrical representations are made, is an hideous house, built like the hulk of a great ship : the pit sunk into a subterraneous hole, and the higher boxes projecting over the lower as if they were about to tumble down.

We saw a tragedy performed there, founded on some of the Spanish proceedings in America, entitled, Gonzalez, in which, without ceremony, a Spaniard was represented in a most detestable point of view. The characters were not badly imagined ; but the monotony of Italian declamation is worse to the ear than the rant of French tragedy. The next evening we saw a continuation of the same piece, though the Spanish ambassador was present. Spain and France are the only countries which compliment the court with an embassy, and they only in consequence of their alliance. The present king of Spain married, I believe, the duke of Parma's sister ;

sister; and the duke's mother was, I think, sister to Madame Victoire, aunt to the king of France. When the emperor Joseph was here he did not stay at the palace, but took up his abode, as an inscription tells us, at the post house. I slept in the bed in which he has tossed with Imperial cares.

The duke extends some patronage to science: he gives medals, one of 50 the other of 25 sequins to successful candidates from all countries. The academy contains a few valuable works in sculpture; and among the pictures the famous production of Corregio, in which St. Jerom is introduced together with the Virgin and Child and Mary Magdalen. The Saint is much indebted to that noble contempt of chronology, which the Italian painters have sometimes displayed when they would shew respect to a favourite,

“ By making former times shake hands with later.”

for being placed in such society; the work is better executed than designed.

In a small palace in the garden, built on the site of the Farnese residence, we saw the remains of a gallery, and a room painted with the last efforts (*Extremos Tactus*) of



Augustin Caracci's pencil. This admirable painter employed his last efforts in the service of the Farnese family, by whose patronage he and his brother had been encouraged : he died prematurely at the age of forty-five. The gardens of this palace are spacious, but not disposed with any graceful display of taste.

The duke of Parma has the credit of being the patron of Bondoni, whose beautiful printing you must have often admired, and of which Edwards (who, with a man at Toulouse, purchases from him almost every thing) has several specimens. His Horace and Virgil are well known. The copies on vellum are much too dazzling to look at. His types are, certainly, unequalled. He is about to print a Homer, a Pindar, and the Pindaric Odes of Gray. I saw here some sheets of a Latin Descriptive Poem of England, of which one hundred copies are printing for Mr. Trevor, by whose father the poem was written. If the work be all equal to the lines which I read, it is to be lamented that the public cannot be gratified by a sight of it ; —and why print but an hundred ? Mr. Trevor's friends, I am sure, amount to a much greater number.

The

The cathedral of Parma is large and gloomy; it contains some good pictures. The church of S. Baptiste has the appearance of very great antiquity: its statues and hieroglyphical figures deserve much attention. The Baptistery is so large, that it seems to have been constructed for plenary immersion.

We left Parma on the 28th, and travelled through a country of well-cultivated meadows and fields adorned with elms and other trees, to which the countrymen have learnt, as Virgil taught, *adjungere vites*\*. The trees serve but as stems for vines to cluster round: if they draw away somewhat of the nourishment of the soil, they still serve for fire-wood and save the expence of poles. The vines sometimes entwine "their marriageable arms" even with the willow.

We passed through Reggio, two posts from Parma, where, notwithstanding the prince, like the emperor, has suppressed some religious establishments, are some churches and a cathedral, which a traveller should stop to admire. Two posts more conveyed us through Rubbiera, formerly a well fortified and important town, to Modena. We passed

\* To join the vines.

the Secchia in a boat, though a bridge is almost finished and ready to be opened : this bridge, and another, have been lately built, at the expence of the duke, who, in this respect, has behaved better than his ancestors, whom Addison censures for want of public spirit. It is free to the Modenese ; but strangers are required to pay a toll. He has made also a new road, the old Æmilian way, which ran between Parma and Modena, being destroyed.

As I have travelled lately, I have frequently remarked the existence of that strength of colouring which painters have taught us to expect from an Italian sky. The distant blue hills have all the depth of shade that I have often thought unnatural in pictures ; and I have seen the morning sun disperse the mists and scatter a tinge equal to any that Claude Lorraine has exhibited.

Modena is a very elegant town ; its streets are regular and remarkably neat : the winding arcades which are seen in some of them have a good effect : but the painted houses, which have the appearance of stage scenes, we did not admire. Some of the buildings are handsome. The town is not large ; it may contain about 20,000 men. The soil in the  
neigh-

neighbourhood of Modena presents remarkable vestiges of a deluge in the abundance of marine productions. Sea weeds, shells, branches and trunks of trees, are often dug up; and sometimes the remains of the devastations of probably later times, as the pavement of streets, &c. The dutchy, which is about fifty miles in length and twenty-six in breadth, will be the inheritance of the arch-duke, who married the daughter and heiress of the duke of Modena, as will also the riches which the duke has accumulated in a prudent and oeconomic government: the whole of the military establishment of which is one regiment.

The duke is now with his sisters and Mr. —, a favorite English gentleman, at Sossuola, a palace a few miles from Modena. He has two palaces at Modena; and in the new one is a cabinet, which, among many objects worthy of attention, contains the designs of Trajan's pillar, by Julio Romano.

It is a curious circumstance that Raphael, in admiration of the designs of this pillar, introduced without any propriety the armour of the Sarmatians into his picture of Attila driven back from Milan by the Pope, or, rather, by St. Paul. The library here contains a valuable collection of  
books,

books, among which our attendant, however, had nothing more curious to shew us, than the famous edition of Boccacio, published at Florence in 1527, a beautifully illuminated Bible, in two volumes, executed for the duke of Ferrara in the last century; and a Greek manuscript of part of the Evangelists, reputed to be of the 8th century.

The apartments of the palace still contain some pictures, among which I particularly admired a Magdalene. The famous Magdalene of Corregio, and a hundred of the best pictures of this collection, were sold to Augustus, king of Poland, and are now at Dresden. It is the interest of princes to obtain such collections, as they draw strangers to visit them.

Taffoni's Buchet is still exhibited, to the curious, in a tower of the church; and we were silly enough to pay for seeing it.

We arrived at Bologna, which is but three posts from Modena, on the 30th, having passed the Isola Triumvirata in the way. We were in time to hear Crescentini, in the opera of Semiramis. His engagement at Bologna is for thirty-six nights, for which he is to receive 200 sequins. The whole expence of the opera for that time, at the small house,

house, is estimated at 5000 crowns. The large house is only opened for a Buffo opera, during the Carnival. Bologna is a nursery for Soprano singers. Farinelli, who was a native of Naples, retired to its neighbourhood loaded with the wealth and honours which rival nations had extravagantly poured upon him. I was not Joel Collyer enough to enquire for his house. A person, with whom I was conversing at the opera concerning Bologna, contrived to illustrate some of its customs, by picking my pocket. From him and other intelligent men, I understood that the city contains about 90,000 inhabitants: it is governed by a senate, consisting, nominally, of forty, but by a politic addition of ten to facilitate the influence of the Pope, actually composed of fifty, under the direction of a Gonfaloniere as supreme magistrate, who is changed, by election, every two months. The Pope's vicegerent exercises, by intrigue, more authority than he is constitutionally invested with by the state. He is allowed, indeed, to preside at the judicature of criminal causes. The present legate has resided there five years, which is a longer time than the  
legates

legates usually continue. The Pope derives a great advantage from his government, restricted as it is by the privileges of the state.

The streets of Bologna are narrow, and darkened by arcades: they are washed by a branch of the Reni, which turns the mills employed in the manufacture of silks, damasks, sattins, velvets, and taffata's of this town. The people are, certainly, distinguished for their ingenuity and industry. They excel particularly in making walnut-tree work, and artificial flowers, as well as the articles above-mentioned.

The Bolognese are no niggards of the wealth which they procure from trade. Their public buildings and churches are numerous and grand; among the latter that of St. Petronius, which contains the meridian line of Casini; that from June to January marks the point of mid-day, is the largest. In the cathedral is the last work of the expiring genius of Ludovico Caracci.

La Madona di St. Luca, which is finely situated on an eminence without the town, is ascended to by a grand arcade of three miles in length, open by pillars to the south; here is exhibited the picture of the Virgin and Child attributed

buted to the Evangelist, whose skill in painting is first mentioned by Nicephorus. In an inscription in a vault near the church of St. Mary in the Via lata at Rome, where St. Paul's house is supposed to have stood, a picture of the blessed Virgin is enumerated among the works said to be painted by the Evangelist; whether this be the same, or not, I do not take upon me to determine: one at Rome contests with it the reputation of having being painted by so distinguished a master.

The estates of Bologna are equally divided between all the children; hence nobility has been sometimes impoverished, but trade, perhaps, promoted. The nobility, however, still maintain sufficient splendor. It were idle to trouble you with an account of individual houses, or of the beautiful productions of the Bologna school of painting which they contain: they require weeks to be properly seen. The Instituto must, however, be noticed: among many curious helps to science, which its numerous rooms contain, we saw the fine collection of astronomical instruments purchased from the effects of Lord Cowper, and the admirable wax representations of anatomical



mical subjects, particularly of the parts of the head. If the whole body were delineated with the same accuracy as were the parts which we saw, and were generally introduced, it might supersede the necessity of exhibiting dead bodies in anatomical schools, which are always obtained with difficulty, and viewed with horror or disgust. We were disposed to make some comparison in favour of the English ladies, when we observed with what sang-froid some Italian women, who accompanied us in the rooms of the istituto, examined the monsters and nudities exposed to view. How offensive is it to see the female character devoid of delicacy, that timid and engaging charm which shrinks with sensibility from every object that might excite a blush, which is the peculiar grace of English women, and the great and fascinating ornament which secures those lasting attachments that we form in our country!

The university of Bologna still retains some of its ancient reputation, as the chief school of civil jurisprudence cultivated in conjunction with the elegant parts of literature. The *nutricula juris* may, under proper restrictions, always be the *musarum domus*; and we are  
pleased

pleased that abstruse sciences should be rendered engaging, as the laws of Lycurgus were the more readily adopted because set to music. Public lectures are read at this university, by the professors, without any additional pay, so at least our conductor told us; but the customs and discipline of every university appear admirable in the eloquent descriptions of these gentry.

The immediate environs of Bologna are beautifully diversified and pleasant. They want only the spreading fulness of a river to wind between their hills. The streams that flow through the valley are shrunk to creeping rills, which, with difficulty, make their way over rough beds: such are most of the Italian rivers that we have seen: stony channels in the hot weather, and torrents in the cold: in the winter conferring no ornament, in the summer spreading devastation.—How unlike to our rivers which are

“ Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full;”  
and from which

“ No inundations spoil

“ The mower’s hopes, nor mock the plowman’s toil.”

## LETTER

---

 LETTER XXVI.
 

---

FLORENCE, Nov. 18.

WE left Bologna on the 3d of November, and though obliged to take six horses to our chaise, could not, in this hilly country, get farther than Feligare, four posts from Bologna. On quitting the fertile valley in which Bologna stands, we entered on the Appennines, and continued to ascend and descend hills but little adorned the whole way: from one of them we had a distant glimpse of the gulph of Ancona. Our inn at Feligare had an entrance like that of the cave into which Gil Blas was conducted, *à l'entrée d'une longue allée en pente et souterraine*; like that, it afforded much better entertainment than we at first expected, particularly some excellent Florence wine, much superior to what is to be obtained at great inns, where the object is  
to

to decry, le Vin du Pays, and to sell that of expensive importation.

On quitting Filicare next morning, we had a view of a little volcano in the neighbourhood of the Douane, where we distributed some bribes not to have our baggage disturbed on entering Tuscany. The volcano, as it is called, appeared to us, at some distance, to be composed only of a flame of small circumference, affording a kind of glow-worm light which required the contrast of darkness to produce any effect. The flame is a barometer to the neighbourhood: it encreases on the approach of bad weather; and when fiercest, portends a storm. Some years hence this volcano may be dangerous to the neighbourhood: it is now an object only of curiosity. Thus, even at the Apennines, begin the volcanic fires of Italy!

The next day we toiled again, for four posts, over Apennines and Alps, sometimes assisted by oxen. At Monte Carili we passed a small neglected house, which is called a chateau of the duke: it is not remarkable for beauty or position.

Having quitted the mountains, the last of which is adorned with some fine cypress trees,



we got, towards evening, a noble view of the vale of Arno: of Florence, spreading wide its white houses, suburbs, and villas, through a charming well-varied country, of which the hills and the valleys were covered with dusky-leaved olives and vineyards. As Meggot's was full we took up our abode at Vanini's.

Florence well deserves the praises which it has received. Trade and the fine arts seem to flourish there in union. The streets and quays that border on the Arno are delightful. The bridges, particularly the Ponte della Trinita, with the statues of the seasons, and that with the cycloidical arches by Ammannati, are very handsome. The houses have a noble appearance; and the ornaments of sculpture scattered about the town give it a classical air.

In every part of the city are works and buildings erected for its embellishment, by the Medici family; and I am not surprized that the people were so dazzled by the taste and magnificence of these favourite princes, as to forget the defects of their government. Yet how superior is the title which Leopold has on their gratitude! His designs were certainly  
good,

good, and he executed many noble plans. The offence which he gave to the higher ranks is a proof of the general propriety of his regulations ; and the prosperity of the inferior classes, excited to industry and rewarded by increasing trade, is a strong presumption of the wisdom of his measures. If he was inquisitive and strict in his examinations into private and domestic conduct, it was to counteract the prevalency of ruinous and destructive vices. He abolished the protection of sanctuaries, and with it the use of the stiletto, for private revenge will seldom venture on indulgence, when the gratification of it has no exemption from punishment. As the people appear to be less choleric here than in other parts of Italy, and as justice is more readily administered, assassination, it is hoped, will entirely cease in the Florentine dominions. The people are taught to respect the value of life, since the duke, with a spirit that merits universal attention, has entirely abolished the punishment of death, together with the absurd cruelties of torture without exception ; as also confiscation of property, and, as much as possible, all consequences of punishment operating to the injury of the relations of condemned persons, making confinement and

labour for life the highest punishment for crimes before deemed capital.

In agreement with what Beccaria has advanced upon this subject, it may be observed, that whatever natural or civil right man may be supposed to possess over the life of man, must result from the consideration of strict necessity—which necessity has been supposed not to exist in some cases where death is decreed even by the laws of our country; the severity of which hath, therefore, been mitigated in the execution of them. The divine laws invest government with the sword of justice, to be exercised with the most considerate moderation. In cases where the welfare and interests of society are not deeply and essentially affected, so severe and irremediable a punishment should not be inflicted. In inferior offences every advantage of justice, and greater benefits of policy, may be obtained by perpetual and solitary imprisonment, or by other modes of punishment, which operate to a deprivation of the power of injury and to the effect of permanent example. Laws which profess a reverence for Christianity, should be indulgent in affording every opportunity for the reformation of the guilty; and consent, with reluctance, to hurry wretches,  
loaded

loaded with unrepented crimes and recent stains, into the presence of their Creator. In the case of a thief, perhaps longer time might be allowed for repentance, after the perpetration of the crime, than is admitted in our country. Upon this subject, however, it is best to speak with diffidence, since the general regulations of our law are founded upon considerations of the most comprehensive knowledge and benevolence.

The grand duke, with the same wife and benevolent intentions, reformed the whole criminal law, proportioning punishments to crimes upon just principles, and correcting the severity of the maxims established in times of oppression and anarchy. He was well aware that good government depends not so much on the severity as on the due execution of the laws; and if the magistrates honestly act up to the spirit of Leopold's decrees, his people will be well governed and happy.

One law, perhaps, of Leopold's benevolent code might be objected to; that, I mean, by which he decrees, that whoever shall inculcate public maxims contrary to the Catholic (Roman Catholic) religion, shall be treated with the greatest and most exemplary rigour, and never receive a less punishment than hard



labour, either for a time or during life, according to the circumstances of the case. This, certainly, may open a door to persecution. It prohibits every publication that contains opinions unfavourable to the doctrines of the Romish church.

The character of Leopold, after all that has been said upon it, certainly deserves to be ranked high in the records of good princes. If he failed when removed to the Imperial throne, to a government involved in difficulties, by the precipitate measures and injudicious conduct of his predecessor, it should not lessen our admiration of his virtues, displayed in the smaller field of his Florentine dominions. The country certainly prospers under the operation of his measures; and relieved from unnecessary expences, it is recovered from the waste and depopulated state which former travellers represent it to have appeared in from the effect of its burdens. He abolished superfluous parade, civil and military: he gave encouragement to manufactures which now flourish, particularly those of wool and silk: and he suffered the poor Jews, the great agents of trade, every where else oppressed and driven to a selfish and vindictive hatred of  
others,

others, to enjoy some indulgence. The lower ranks, who felt his paternal care, all speak of Leopold with affection. The nobility still regret the departed splendor of the Medici, of that aspiring family, which, though boasting of an origin from Athens, appears to have risen to the government of Florence from a low station; which, though they filled the Papal chair four times, and formed alliances with the highest princes of Europe, are said to have derived their immediate descent from coal merchants at Mugello. The family was scarce heard of, at Florence, till the 14th century, when some of them, who professed physic and surgery, gave the name of their profession to their descendants, and left for their arms the insignia of a shop, with eight or nine cupping instruments, or, as some suppose, medicinal pills.

One must not be at Florence and omit to speak of the gallery. The first entrance to it opens the perspective of a corridore, lengthened to the sight by its narrowness, and lined on each side with pictures, statues, and busts. A walk through rows of emperors, and empresses, conducts one to its tribunes and de-

tached rooms, every one of which contains beautiful and interesting works of antiquity.

Here we may endeavour to ascertain the comparative effects of sculpture and painting. Of the works of the ancients we have only those, indeed, in the former department; but Titian's Venus must be equal to any pictures that were produced by the contemporaries of the Grecian sculptors. In sculpture we have the substantial representation of solid and palpable body: we admire the roundness of the limbs, the polished elegance and shades of the whole frame; we want, however, the tints of complexion, the natural colouring and mingled varieties of the flesh. The statue appears to tread with living and real existence, and especially when viewed in the dusk or by the deceptive light of the taper: it then almost deceives us. The picture invites the imagination, not to credit the real animation of its objects, but to range in the fictions of fancy and in the tombs of memory, though *Ælian* speaks of the painted representation of an armed warrior, by *Theon*, which, when exhibited with every contrivance for effect, appeared to rush forward to battle with the spirit

spirit of reality \*. Certain it is, with respect to my sensations, that while the Venus de Medicis absolutely shrinks from my embrace, the Venus of Titian only tamely excited my admiration. Smollet thought that there was no beauty in the features of this incomparable statue, and that the attitude was awkward. He chose also to assert, that the Madonna della Sedia, at the Pitti palace, is deficient in dignity of sentiment, and has the expression of a peasant. The Mother of Christ should be described, doubtless, with a countenance of diffident sweetness, ennobled by elevated sentiments of conscious dignity, from the sense of having given birth to the Saviour of mankind; and Raphael has not failed to inspire his work with such expression, though he has preserved the simplicity which belongs to the character of Mary. There is always, perhaps, somewhat of affectation or fancy in such criticism. When the world is agreed, the individual who differs may be suspected of caprice or want of knowledge. The generality of men, who do not study the true expression of nature, cannot judge of the fidelity with which the passions are represented. Hence such various opinions concerning

\* Ælian: Var. Hist. l. 2. c. 44.

the famous bust of Alexander in this gallery of Florence ; pretended connoisseurs having differed in their judgment, whether he be represented as fainting under excessive pain, or fighting for new worlds to conquer. Yet surely the expression of Death must have a distinct character from that of ambition, though pining under fruitless desires.

The best works that we possess in statuary are the figures of heathen personages, of heroes and Pagan deities : they exhibit the expression of strong passions, the display of which it is probably of little moral use to admire ; but the most sublime pictures which we possess, are the representatives of the higher characters of our religion — they exhibit the milder affections and the indication of Christian virtues. Statuary therefore may, perhaps, contribute less to the improvement of the mind than painting, which has often excited devotion and pious sentiments. The heathen sculpture was generally filthy and abominable ; for though it be allowed that the Venus de Medicis is but the display of female charms, and that she rather enchants us by the modest and retiring decency of her manner, than awakens any unchaste sentiments, yet the fawns and satyrs, and  
imper-

imperfected objects of lewdness, prejudice morality by suggesting ludicrous ideas to mingle with our disgust. The hermaphrodite is sculptured with such elegance as cannot but arrest attention to a subject little beneficial to delicacy; and I know of no moral effect to be derived from contemplating Zephyr's, Leda's and Cupid's; drunken gods, gladiators and heroes.

Modern statuary, like modern painting, has generally chosen better subjects. It is to be regretted, however, that the saints of modern Italy, especially the females, and even those exposed in the churches, are formed to produce any impressions rather than those of spiritual devotion. Like the goddesses of liberty mentioned by Cicero, they are copied from the mistresses of the painters, or more frequently from the unhappy females procured by public patronage; so fatally has the advancement of the fine arts been connected with the progress of corruption. It is certainly prejudicial, in every point of view, to give the sanction of high authority to what may contribute to deprave the mind; and it may be disputed whether any improvement, even of the arts themselves, be effected by the  
allowed

allowed indulgence. The Grecian laws permitted the exposure of female beauty, while the masculine form was sufficiently studied in the exhibition of gymnastic exercises; but by a Christian government such indecency should not be openly tolerated. The students at Florence are encouraged to animate their genius by the undisguised display of living charms. Yet, if we may judge from the works of the academy instituted by the grand duke, the arts have derived little advantage from the encouragement: sculptors and painters might, at least, be left to find out their own objects, and should not be suffered to receive them from a public pandar.

Among the portraits of the painters of the three last centuries, which are collected in the gallery, we did not find the number of the Florentines proportioned to the opportunities of study which they have enjoyed: and we discover but few natives of the place among the artists who frequent the gallery as copyists. The truth is, that the prosperity of the arts must be temporary and accidental. The advancement of one good artist, under public patronage, might awaken emulation and call forth the exertion of genius in others. Arts flourish in company,

company. Cosmo de Medici patronized at the same time Michael Angelo, Leonardi di Vinci, Donatello and Benvenuto Cellini, and others, with a liberality which merited the panegyricks that were daily produced, in all languages, in his praise; and which will excuse the occasional parsimony or neglect, of which Benvenuto complains, arising, probably in part from offence taken against that extraordinary man, heightened by the contrivances of rivals.

The Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini is still in the great piazza, near the window through which the duke looked with his favourite Sforza when it was first set up, and listened to the remarks and encomiums of the people, who shouted, in applause of the work which Sforza Cellini describes himself to have produced by a kind of miracle. It seems to have suffered by exposure to the air; but still excites our admiration though amongst works of Michael Angelo and Bandinelli.

Among the proofs of the genius of Michael Angelo, at Florence, we were particularly pleased with the anti-chamber and stair-case to the library of St. Lorenzo, from a design of that great artist: they are uncommonly elegant.



elegant. The library itself is well contrived, and contains, as appears from the catalogue made by the present librarian, a very valuable collection of books: we were shewn, by him, the Pandects of Justinian, in two large volumes, written very fairly on parchment, and in the same state as they were brought from Amalphi.

We saw there also a Latin Bible, printed by Faust in 1462, which is, probably, a copy of the third edition printed of the bible. We examined a manuscript of the Vulgate, said to be of the 7th century, which appears to want the two books of Esdras, and does not contain the controverted text of St. John. The library abounds in Greek manuscripts, collated, in great part, by Clement II. The librarian has collated some manuscripts of the Septuagint, for Mr. Holmes of Oxford, in order to assist him in his great work, of a collation of the Greek manuscripts, as Kennicott collated the Hebrew.

The fine copy of the Virgil in this country, which is supposed to be of the 5th century, does not contain the Culex, or the Ciris, or the four lines commonly prefixed to the *Æneid*,

“ Ille ego qui quondam, &c.”

It

It contains twenty-two additional verses in the 2d book of the *Æneid*, justly suspected.

We noticed a manuscript of Orosius, and a bull of the council of Florence, written in Greek and Latin, and issued in 1439.

We observed here a man painting in imitation of old illuminated manuscripts, an art which the duke wishes to revive. It will require, probably, many efforts before he will produce any specimen to rival the elaborate works of the middle ages, when secluded leisure and circumscribed genius renewed its daily labours in the monastery, and employed all its attention on an art, which, though little to be admired for taste or freedom of design, exhibits great richness of colouring and great neatness of execution.

The churches here, which amount to near 150, besides the chapels of 87 convents, contain some fine works by the best masters, and, in general, they are beautifully adorned with marble, drawn partly from some fine quarries which are found in the neighbourhood.

The duomo, or cathedral before-mentioned, of which you have, doubtless, seen many descriptions, has a magnificent exterior of variously-coloured marbles emblematically representative

sentative of the splendid outside of the Romish faith; while the coarse and neglected interior suggests the idea of correspondence not so favourable to the inside of the thing to which it is compared. The tower, as it often happens in Italy, is set apart from the rest of the building. The gates of the Baptistry which are of bronze, sculptured with parts of sacred history from the New Testament, are said to have been praised by Michael Angelo as fit to be the gates of heaven, a compliment which Francis the first had before applied to some gates that Benvenuto Cellini made for Fontainebleau.

In the cloister belonging to the beautiful church of the annunciation, is the celebrated fresco of la Madonna del Sacco, by Andrea del Sarti, who was buried in the church. It is to be lamented that the work will expire with a fate accelerated by its exposure to the air. The chapel of St. Lorenzo, beautifully decorated as it is with Sicilian jasper and curiously inlaid and variegated marbles, still remains an unfinished monument of the Medicean family. The family, as Addison apprehended, is extinct in its chief line; and the mausoleum is not completed; seven dukes  
have

have been buried in it. The schemes of the Medici were grand and imposing. Superfluous wealth may wisely be expended in the sumptuous adorning of cities; but the funds of ostentation should never be supplied from the hard labours of the poor, in thankless disregard of the rewards of industry. The revenues, under the last of the Medici family, amounted, by severe taxation, to 500,000*l.* with which was maintained an army of 40,000 infantry and 3000 horse; a navy of twelve galleys, two galleasses and twenty ships of war. What sums were expended by him and his predecessors in patronage I know not. The trade and prosperity of the country declined; but the arts and sciences no where flourished more than at Florence; witness, besides the names before-mentioned, those of Michael Angelo, Galilæo, Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Guicciardin, Machiavel, Magliabechi, Brunelleschi, Alberti, &c. all of whom were born or encouraged at Florence. The tombs of Galilæo and of Michael Angelo are to be seen in the church of Santa Croce, as is that of Brunelleschi in the duomo or church of S. Maria del Fiore, on which this architect boldly raised the first cupola, or dome, that appeared

in Europe; which suggested the idea of that at St. Peter's to Michael Angelo, who confessed that he could not excel\*, though his original genius would not deign to imitate the work.

Brunelleschi was, undoubtedly, a great architect: he did not live to see this chief work completed, and to triumph fully over the opposition which he had experienced in it. He assisted in the building of the church of St. Lorence, the Sacristie, the church of the Augustins, and other edifices, in which he displayed the proofs of that taste, of which he first formed the principles from the beautiful churches of St. John the Baptist and S. Apostolo, at Florence.

The present generation of Florentines is not distinguished by the number of its philosophers, poets, or artists. The people have the reputation of being friendly and benevolent; and, perhaps, they are less corrupt than in other parts of Italy. Dante thought it to be equal to any city in the world. He looked on it with affection as the place of his nativity. It is certainly, however, a delightful city, and

\* "Come te non voglio: meglio di te non posso," said Michael Angelo.

strangers who settle in Italy, will, perhaps, do well to prefer it to any place. Its situation in the vale of Arno, and on the banks of the river, is extremely beautiful. The surrounding hills are charming. It is impossible to live at Rome or Naples during the summer months, while the air of Florence is refreshed by temperate breezes from the mountains and the sea even in the hottest season. In the winter it is somewhat cold, being exposed to the Tramontane winds, particularly since the Appenines have been stripped of their firs. Provisions and fruit are abundant and cheap, and the contiguity of the sea affords opportunity of receiving from or sending to England whatever may be necessary, as also a facility of repairing to the coast for health or pleasure. Its being the residence of an ambassador facilitates introduction to society; and the Caffino is opened, without difficulty, to strangers, who may associate with the nobility of both sexes that assemble here for cards and conversation, and occasionally for dinner parties.

The style of visiting is not costly: very few entertainments are given at private houses, except those at which the whole expence may be lemonade and ice, and sometimes tea. The

chief intercourse is in morning visits, or at public places. The dinner is selfish and negligent all over Italy. At Florence the women appear every evening at the opera or the theatre, where they have annual boxes: two of them are seldom seen together. A lady, attended by a cavaliere servente, or sometimes by two, of this species of animal, (the second being a kind of inferior deputy ceciféto) is visited by other gentlemen, and sometimes by some of the chief performers in her box. He who aspires to the honour of being enlisted in the service of a lady, may undergo the pleasing duty of attending her every morning at her conversazione, and of escorting her, in a carriage, or on horseback, in the woods and walks that border on the Arno. Attended by these guardians of their virtue, the women visit every place or person to whom whim may lead them, and call on single men at lodgings or hotels without scruple. I have seen some of the handsomest visiting favoured Englishmen at Vanini's.—The subject is stale, but it may be worth while to remark, that these cavaliere serventes, of whom so much has been said, originate, in the first instance, from that overstrained ridicule which hath been thrown

thrown on jealousy, and were especially countenanced at Florence during the corruption of manners, which was produced by the plague there in the 14th century, of which, by the bye, Boccacio describes the moral and physical effects with almost as much animation as Thucydides did those of the plague at Athens. They were, probably, at first dependent relations, and the tie of connection is now as frequently interest as love. Be the object what it may, the custom which tolerates the public display of real or apparent infidelity is to be lamented as among the strongest features of depravity. Every woman almost in Italy is openly neglected by the man who has solemnly plighted his vows to her, and attended by those who are privileged to possess the opportunities of seduction.

It is little consolation to consider, that if no women can boast of an unfulfilled reputation at Florence, few are degraded by public censures, to open profligacy,—that the exterior of decency is preserved, and that though the vital chastity of women is destroyed, the veil of reserve is assumed in public. It is of little benefit to society that youth is not pillaged by artful courtizans, if the whole order



of domestic life is subverted, progeny confused, and conjugal affection disregarded.

The Florentine nobles live in magnificent houses, but they still sell wine by the bottle : some of them have a better education than the nobility of Italy in general receive ; and in their mansions we see the indications of literature and taste. At the Ranuncini palace we were shewn a very fine and spirited drawing, on a sacred subject, by Mengs, the Raphael of modern times, which was executed by that painter under the conviction of approaching death, when his expiring genius roused itself to execute a last monument to his fame. It was bespoken for the king of Spain, but the Ranuncini family withhold it as the repayment of a debt which it liberally suffered Mengs to incur. At the Riccardi palace also we had a fine library to admire, rich in manuscripts, and books printed in the 15th century, as well as a saloon with a ceiling painted by Luca Gordano ; and in other palaces many and beautiful pictures. Our ambassador is not at Florence at present ; he is at Pisa with the court : we were happy, however, to see our prince Augustus, who spent two days at Florence. He travels in the style of private English.

Englishmen. He dined at the pope's nuncio's, attended only by two servants. We have a good society among a few Englishmen and some few Florentines, from whom we receive much attention and kindness. We have Anfani at the opera, and were, a few evenings since, at his benefit; when, to heighten our entertainment, some pigeons were let fly about the house, and tinsel was poured down in a golden shower: Pioggi d'Oro with complimentary verses.

We have here also a species of amusement similar but inferior to that of our Sadler's Wells. A man descended a few evenings since, at one of the theatres, by a rope, on which he rested by a board fixed to his breast, from the ceiling to the stage, with great applause.

We have spent one evening at the celebrated Corilla's, where Nardini and others were present. She is now grown very old, and has lost, in some degree, those powers which obtained her a public crown of honour at Rome. As she is in great affliction for the loss of a friend, her mind, she told me, is naturally bent on sorrowful themes. At our desire she recited two sonnets with great spirit; one on the death of Mengs the painter,

the other to the memory of the empress Maria Theresa.

The Italians have not lost the art of uttering unpremeditated verses. We were waited on by one immediately on our arrival at Milan, who addressed us with much fluency on our arrival.

**LETTER**

---

 LETTER XXVII.
 

---

SIENNA, Nov. 27.

THE day on which, with regret, we left Florence, we travelled three posts, by Prato, through a flat country of vineyards to Pistoia, a dull deserted town, containing little to arrest the hasty traveller but some pictures, in an old style, in one of the churches. From thence we proceeded, three posts and an half, through a country well-planted with vineyards and separated into small enclosures, which suggested the idea of individual property, by Burgo Buggiano to Lucca.

Lucca is the metropolis of a small republic, containing about 120,000 people, in a district of, perhaps, thirty miles in circumference. The town has no very chearful appearance, for the houses are all lofty and shut up with grated windows, and the streets are somewhat narrow; it is enlivened, however, by the busy activity of the people, who are still as distinguished for industry as they were in the  
time

time of Strabo. The soil of the country is remarkably fertile and well repays the labour of the tenants. It formerly furnished supplies to the Roman armies. Its olives, and other productions, now afford a revenue of 400,000 crowns. The government is aristocratical; the people are amused with the name of liberty, and probably have as much of it as is necessary to their happiness. An administration of equal and impartial laws is more important to the welfare of communities than any very general circulation of power. Official departments open indiscriminately to every rank must ever excite intrigues and ambitious contests, subversive of order and general industry; and productive of factions and internal discord. The supreme power is vested in the senate, which consists of an hundred or an hundred and twenty of the higher order of the state, who have the whole legislative and executive power: this, however, they do not seem to have abused, though some of the Italian principles of government prevail. The people are contented and well-attached to their constitution, in defence of which they have often fought with a very animated spirit. They appear to have neither the desire nor the power

power to trouble other states, and are protected themselves in security under the wings of the emperor, who, it is to be hoped, has sufficient possessions to satisfy him without intermeddling with the affairs of a little state, which has maintained its independence through many ages.

Lucca lays claim, indeed, to an antiquity little short of that of Rome, though, according to some accounts, it was peopled by a Roman colony. It was esteemed the chief town in Cisalpine Gaul. Here Titus Sempronius retired after a three days engagement with Hannibal; and here Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus divided among themselves the territories of the Roman world. When they met for the division, Cæsar was attended by the magistrates and nobles of Rome, and two hundred degraded senators were often seen waiting before his doors at the same time\*. It suffered in the common devastation which ravaged Italy in later times; but having recovered its independance, it stood, in 564, a severe siege against Narsetes, the victorious general of Justinian, who practised an extraordinary contrivance to make its defenders

\* Alessi Guerra Civil Rom. L. 2.

yield,

yield. Having erected a lofty stage before the walls, he pretended, in a scenical representation, to cut off the heads of some noble youths of the city whom he had received as hostages. As the inhabitants were still not terrified into a capitulation, he offered, if they would surrender the town, to restore their fellow-citizens; they, conceiving it impossible that he could restore those whom they believed to be dead, agreed to the terms; but when the youths were produced, still refused to give up the city. The hostages were spared by the clemency of Narsetes, who, in about seven months, obliged the city to capitulate. It was allowed to retain many privileges; and in the dark ages which succeeded, it was governed by its own dukes, its counts, and its marquisses, who were sometimes called dukes of Tuscany; Lucca having been declared the metropolis of Tuscany by Alboino, king of the Lombards, who took possession of Italy in 570, and divided it into provinces.

After many vicissitudes during the disputes between the Guelphs and Gibelines, in which it had sided with the former, it was obliged to unite with the latter in 1263; but having  
 reco-

recovered its liberties, it received a garrison from Manfred, who being excommunicated and killed by Charles of Anjou, Lucca was received under the protection of the victor, with an acknowledgment of its rights and privileges; and, in 1288, it passed under the protection of the emperor Rodolph, of the house of Austria. In subsequent troubles it was much harassed by factions, and weakened by dissension, and suffered various revolutions in its struggles for freedom. It was so frequently exposed to attack, that it was fortified as strongly as possible with towers, thick as the trees of the forest\*, most of which are now destroyed, and the town is fortified by charters and treaties, the bulwarks of modern times; bulwarks which fail, indeed, unless supported by the courage of the people.

Some vestiges of the splendor of Lucca, in former ages, are still to be seen. An ossuarium and a cinerarium were discovered in 1692, by which it appeared, that the people were, formerly, buried and burnt within the walls of the town, contrary to a law of the

\* An old writer represents Lucca torreggiar a guisa d'un Boschetto.



twelve tables\*, which the independent spirit of the people disregarded, as well as to all salutary regulations. The remains of its magnificent amphitheatre, into which whole forests and oceans were occasionally introduced, and which was alternately filled with the beasts of Asia and Africa, and with the fleets and monsters of the deep, are now converted into the walls of a prison still to reverberate with the sounds of guilt and misery. The materials of this amphitheatre have been employed in the erection of churches, in honour of that religion which suppressed the barbarous spectacles therein exhibited.

Lucca is said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Paolino, a disciple of St. Peter, of whom many miraculous stories are related, and who is supposed to watch, with the affection of a patron, over the interests and security of the city, where he is revered as one of the seventy disciples, and the first martyr of Tuscany. The doctrines and principles of the Romish church took deep root at Lucca. The historians of the city are anxious to vindicate the pretensions of St. Antony, a priest of Lucca, to the honour of

\* In Urbe ne urito neve sepelito.

having

having first instituted the eremitic life in Italy, in the fourth century, by retiring himself to mount Pisano, now called San Pantaleone in the territory of Lucca. St. Antony was a native of Egypt, and is generally represented to have retired to seclusion in the deserts of Thebais. It is probable that an apprehension of suffering from the persecutions to which the primitive church was exposed, and a desire of raising the soul by abstract speculations in imitation of the disciples of Dionysius the Areopagite, seduced individuals to solitude before the time of St. Antony. He, however, perhaps both in Egypt and Italy, first established monastic life as a religious institution, and prescribed regulations for its direction; and his example and precepts produced very general imitation and effects. In the tenth century the city of Lucca alone contained fifty monasteries.

When the reformation, however, began to dawn, some of its rays gilded the spires of Lucca, where a greater freedom of opinion was permitted than in the arbitrary states of Italy: here, indeed, the famous Diodati was born in 1579. He was the first person in Italy who published an Italian translation of the

the scriptures, which appeared at Geneva in 1607, and afterwards in a better edition in 1641. It is a loose translation with notes. The liberty of discussion allowed in free towns is favourable to the advancement of the Reformed faith. Diodati published his translation with the proper distinction between the inspired and the apocryphal books, ascertaining those that were canonical, and placing those considered as apocryphal after the books of the New Testament, where, indeed, they should be placed; or, perhaps, they should be always published separately, as the sacred code ought to be preserved from any intermixture with human compositions however excellent. The Romish church has ever opposed the introduction of translations in the vulgar tongue; and when they shall be generally read, the corruptions of that church must be reformed.

It is impossible now, indeed, to prohibit entirely the use of translations. The priests, however, endeavour to recommend select portions, and qualify what they deal out with cautious restriction. Part of an authorized translation, has lately appeared from the French version of the Vulgate with that text annexed;  
and

and a Commentary with a literal and spiritual Explication, drawn from the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Historians, by D. Luigi Isaac le maître de Sacy: a large work so encumbered with directions and notes, to secure the doctrines of the Romish church, that it will be of little general use; for when completed it will consist of twenty-five volumes in quarto, which are to be sold at about 5s. 6d. per volume, so that the whole work will cost near seven pounds; and thus are the records of inspiration, the gospel and its doctrines opened to the poor! The people of Lucca are not roused from the dominion of the Romish church; they still credulously believe its doctrines and idolatrously worship its saints.

Among the images is that of the famous crucifixion known by the name of *il Volto Santo*, which is believed to be the sculpture of Nicodemus, the master of Israel, who acknowledged our Lord and honoured his body at his burial, and who, in the execution of this work was, it seems, assisted by a divine power. The reputation of so distinguished an origin, and the report of its transportation to Italy, with præternatural circumstances aboard a vessel divinely guided, established its credit so

2

much,

much, that altars and churches were erected to the Volto Santo beyond the boundaries of Italy, and William the II<sup>d</sup>, of England, ratified an oath “*per vultum de Lucca.*” It is stamped on the coin of the republic, which preserves it high in public estimation, and marvellous tales are still told of its history and powers.

Somewhat of the strict spirit of republican equality prevails at Lucca. No titles are born by the higher ranks, except in the case of a few individuals who have foreign distinctions. Sumptuary laws are observed even by the women, who wear black the whole year, except during the Carnival, when they change their colours every day.

A ride of two posts, from Lucca, brought us through a low wet country to Pisa, which is a remarkably fine stately city. The quays are broad and handsome, and the Arno dilating towards its mouth has a nobler expanse here than at Florence. The streets built on each side of the river have a grand appearance. Florence and Paris derive their ornament from buildings circumstanced in a similar manner. Wren designed that London should have taken the same advantage of its  
river,

river, and if his plan had been adopted we should have heard but little of the views from the pont-neuf, or of the perspective of the canals in the Dutch towns. The two sides of Pisa are connected by three bridges, one of which is very handsome. The Arno, however, is but shallow, and navigable even in the winter only by small vessels, which are towed by boys, who run along a wall which forms part of the embankment of the river. The town has lost much of its ancient population and importance; and instead of the 150,000 inhabitants of which it once boasted, among which were one hundred citizens, each of which fitted out a galley, at his own expence, and maintained it during a war, it does not now contain above 20,000. So do cities fluctuate and decline! The court, however, often resides here, particularly during the winter, as the air is milder than at Florence.

The Pisa guide, if you can procure it, will give you an ample account of the botanical garden and the observatory, of a cathedral with pillars from the temple of Ephesus, and gates, some from Jerusalem, some elaborated by John of Bologna; of a baptistery, remark-

able for its font and pulpit, and of a leaning tower, of which it is not yet determined, whether the inclined position be designed or accidental. It will tell you of curious customs, of sham battles on the bridge, of annual ceremonies, and many other things which I have as little inclination to copy as probably you would have to read. It may be worth while, however, to notice the campo santo, a cæmety of very peculiar description: it is built upon the reputed dimensions of the ark, being 550 palms in length and 160 in breadth. The earth in its enclosure is said to have been brought from Palestine, and to have the power of pulverising bodies, deposited in it, in the space of twenty-four hours. The walls are painted in fresco with fantastic and extravagant representations of Death, in different forms, and of angels employed in the pious office of taking souls out of the mouths of just persons, or of contesting with devils for friars and godly persons, with other such edifying conceits; but the most important objects of observation in it, are two old inscriptions which illustrate the customs of antiquity. They describe the honours voted by the Pisan colony to Lucius, and Caius

Caius Cæſar, the ſons of Auguſtus. To Lucius is decreed a black ox and a black ſheep, adorned with blue fillets : it is directed that the ſacrifices ſhould be burnt, and that urns of milk, honey and oil ſhould be poured upon them. Caius, who died of wounds ſuſtained for the republic, is to be lamented by a general mourning, with a ſuſpenſion of all buſineſs and amuſement ; and the 21ſt of February is noted as an inauſpicious day, in which no ſacrifices, ſupplications and eſpouſals can be made, and no games, but thoſe of funeral rites, can be celebrated. In this cæmetery is a monument, recently ſet up, in honour of Algarotti.

The country between Piſa and Leghorn, but two poſts diſtant from each other, is well wooded. The marſhes have been drained by the liberal exertions of the marquis Generi. We took up our abode at the hotel of Mr. Curry, a civil Iriſhman : it commands a fine view of the ſea, the port, and the iſland of Gorgona where the anchovies are taken.

Leghorn is a much ſmaller town than I expected to ſee. The appearance of trade is not great. Engliſh goods, uſeful and orna-



mental of every kind, are exposed in the shops, some of which are very handsome, in the style of those in London, and contain a great variety of articles. The streets and coffee-houses are crowded with people of all nations, with Jews and Turks, and all the throng of the mercantile tribe, whose daily buzz soon wearies the stranger that loiters but for observation and amusement.

It is curious, however, to mark the effects of commerce, which assimilates different tempers and unites opposite interests in the interchange of civilities. The regulations and arrangements of commercial towns also must always merit attention; it is interesting to see order established amidst apparent confusion, and regulations observed which people of different languages and various characters agree to respect. The post, the custom-houses, and particularly the lazaretto where quarantine is performed with security to the town and convenience to the individual, are well appointed and directed. It is a pleasing and no uncommon circumstance for persons, eager for the society of their relations, to enter the lazaretto and live in temporary seclusion, and at the risk of suffering, from infection, with the objects of their regard. The  
impa-

impatient affections and tenderness of the female sex are often conspicuously displayed in this manner; and strong as are the attachments, generous as are the exertions in general of women, they can on no occasion exhibit more endearing proofs of fondness.

Not very far from the lazaretto is a burial ground: disease and death are near neighbours. This spot is especially interesting to the English traveller, as appropriated to the reception of his countrymen. We noticed several handsome monuments, and names familiar to our ears, among others that of Margaret Rolle, countess of Orford, baroness Clinton, who died in 1781. You will recollect the singularity of her character, and particularly her unhandsome indifference towards the Houghton collection. The inscriptions are not often classical, and sometimes favour of mercantile spirit. It is recorded on the tomb of A—— L——, that he industriously collected statues, pictures, and coins, which was certainly very meritorious, and doubtless will recommend him at the seat of judgment, else why should it be mentioned in his epitaph? We saw other names and virtues recorded of other persons, who travelled into Italy in quest of health or of riches, and

who have all died, *τηλοθι παλρης*, far from their native soil.

In reading monumental inscriptions we cannot but regret that we become acquainted with many virtues only when it is too late to enjoy them, and are introduced to excellent parents, husbands, children and friends but to lament their departure, and to bewail their loss.

We have often complained to each other as we have been led to fights not worth notice, that the valets de place and Ciceroni of great towns are very troublesome animals, but this day we were convinced of their utility, and that many interesting circumstances might pass unobserved but for their instructions, for in shewing us the port, our judicious informer placed me in a spot, from which I could discern, at one point of view, the noses of the four slaves chained to the feet of Ferdinand the First, a circumstance that might have escaped my attention if unassisted.

The evening amusements at Leghorn are confined, at present, to the theatre. Marchesi lately warbled "his glib divisions" here to a large audience. We depend, for our amusement, on dramatic representations, exhibited

hibited by Neapolitan children, pygmean actors, whose premature powers, and artificial accomplishments surprise and disgust us.

Hitherto, since our arrival in Italy, we have had cold and rainy weather; we begin now to experience the warmth of an Italian climate.

When we left Leghorn we slept the first night, at Pisa, and the next day arrived at Sienna, having passed through a country which, by its vegetation and scenery, reminded us of England, till we came again to hills covered with olives. Our road lay through Farnachetti, Castel, del Bosco, Scala, Certaldo, Poggio Bonzi, and Castiglioncello, in all eight posts.

Sienna is somewhat of a solitary town, situated in a very beautiful country. The English often chuse it for a residence. In the time of Dante its polite inhabitants enjoyed the reputation of speaking the Italian language in great purity, and they have retained the reputation ever since. Hence it is resorted to as a school, in which are studied the graces of the Italian tongue. Society is obtained here with little difficulty. The ladies, however, are said to be dangerous, and to abuse the freedom

freedom which, as Smollet long ago remarked, they enjoy more, perhaps, than the women of any town in Italy; and no where, in good truth, are they over-much restrained. We judged, however, of their manners only from report, as we staid but to visit the town, in which the cathedral, elaborately enriched with marble sculptured pillars, and Mosaic pavement, by Dominico Bucafumi, and the curious pulpit of diaphanous alabaster, worked with sacred subjects by Giovanni di Pisa, are most remarkable.

It is surely creditable to the Romanists that they have exerted every nerve, and called forth every effort of genius, to decorate the temples of God. The expenditure has been, perhaps sometimes too much lavished; but it is a narrow oeconomy which would restrict its expences only in buildings erected for public worship. God should seem not to be displeased with sumptuous edifices raised to his honour, since he commanded Solomon to build him a temple so magnificent; and his prophet Haggai upbraided the people who dwelt in cieled houses, when the house of the Lord lay waste. If the Jewish Dispensation were a religion of external pomp, Christianity does not reject its im-

impressive ornaments, which, though they have no importance in deference to God's greatness, have a comparative value in our estimation and intentions. The superstitions of the church of Rome are unconnected with the splendor of its edifices, though, in some instances, they may have been heightened by the representation of corporeal objects.

After admiring, in this cathedral, Bernini's statues, we were shewn, in the Sacristie, twenty-nine volumes of illuminated vellum with the church service, executed together with twenty-nine more volumes now in Spain, by a Benedictine monk: a beautiful and elaborate work of the cloister. The ten fresco pictures in this sacristie, by Pinturricchio, are from the designs of Raphael.

The ornaments of the Piccolomini and Zoridadari palaces, and the Assumption of the Virgin, by Carlo Maratti, at the Augustin convent, deserve to be particularly noticed, as does also a very ancient picture, in wood, of the Virgin, at the church of the Franciscans, executed by Guido Senesi, which disputes the claim of antiquity with that at Florence, and is a curious specimen of painting, in its infancy, stiff and rude.

LETTER

---

---

## LETTER XXVIII.

---

---

ROME, Dec. 2.

WE left Sienna with impatience, and with joy that no other place would interfere to check our progress to Rome. We slept the first night at Radiocafani, in a solitary house, which, for aught I know, was the castle built by Desiderius, king of the Lombards; it stands in the centre of bleak hills not far from Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, the capital of Persenna; and what was more important to us, not far from Montepulciano, some proofs of which, in tolerable wine, consoled us for our bad fare. The next morning, having descended from our rocky unadorned hills, by or near the old Via Cassia, to a small wretched village called Ponte Centino, we entered the Pope's territories which were instantly characterized by the appearance of idleness and dirt. At San Lorenzo, our next stage, we had a fine view  
of

of the expanded lake of Bolsena, and soon arrived at the town of Bolsena, where the famous Papistical miracle, in confirmation of the real Presence, was displayed, which occasioned the observance of the feast of Corpus Christi, and which is celebrated by the pencil of Raphael.

Travelling from thence we entered the Bosco Helerno, the ancient Lucus Volturnensis, where some of the Pope's guards demanded money for protecting us against the unauthorized banditti who formerly pillaged travellers in this notorious wood. Our route, as we continued our journey under oaks scarce yet discoloured by the tints of autumn, conducted us through Montefiasconi to Viterbo, a large town, of which the inhabitants support twenty-four convents. The air of the neighbourhood is impregnated with sulphureous particles, which ascend from a small lake, formed at no great distance by the waters which issue from a boiling spring.

We set off, next morning, before "the rosy-fingered morn appeared," or, as it is better expressed in Hudibras, before the sun had,

"In



“ In the lap  
“ Of Thetis taken out his nap.”

We hurried through some now unrecorded towns, about six posts, to Rome. The postillions drove, the last miles, with a rapidity that accorded with our impatience, over the desolate plains of the Campania, where our eager eyes could discover scarce the vestige of a ruin, in plains on which Rome must formerly have lavished its ornaments; where we could discern no object between the fine mountains in the horizon but neglected slopes of land, a few scattered houses, a few trees, or bits of trees, an old tower but not of Roman antiquity, a monument of those ages of which these fertile lands have not yet recovered the devastation, a ruin since its ruins. Such is the sad neighbourhood of Rome!

“ Mors etiam faxis nominibusque venit.”

Death has destroy'd its ruins and its name.

St. Peter's was seen towering at fifteen or sixteen miles distant; but Rome itself displayed no magnificence as we approached. No striking character of antiquity, no pomp  
of

of modern grandeur appeared till we had passed the Tibur at Ponte Molle, the Pons Milvius of the ancient city, and driven by the Flaminian way through the Porta del Popoli, built from the famous design of Michael Angelo, and were struck with the appearance of the two modern churches, and the Egyptian obelisk brought from the Circus Maximus, where it had been placed by Augustus.

We had no sooner alighted at Pio's, in the Piazza di Spagna, than we procured a guide and hastened through some dirty streets, and over the bridge of St. Angelo, to St. Peter's.

In the spirit of classical enthusiasm which is kindled at the sight of Rome, many would, perhaps, enquire first for the capitol, the forum, the colissæum or the triumphal arches. But the monuments of antiquity we know to be almost dilapidated and half concealed amidst modern buildings, and half buried in their own ruins. We were, as yet, also unprovided with an antiquarian, and therefore contented ourselves with a hasty view of St. Peter's, of the corso crouded with ecclesiastics, of the large and encumbered palaces of the nephews of popes and cardinals, of the churches and public buildings of this distinguished city,  
and

and then returned to our lodgings, where our rooms were thronged with valets, tradesmen, and antiquarians, with recommendations from Mr. Jenkins or his servants.

As we only arrived here last night, and as we are pestered by a numerous levee this morning, I can send you no farther account of this interesting place at present. Lord M—— arrived here this morning, and we find that many of our countrymen are here; lord and lady C——d, and miss P——tt, with a long list besides.

**LETTER**

---

 LETTER XXIX.
 

---

ROME, Dec. 10.

BY what variety of features may Rome be characterized! We are confused with the unconnected diversity of objects which we have seen in a few days, under the direction of the abbé André, a Cicerone, who attends us upon reasonable terms; and is an œconomist in disbursements; who is an absolute walking map, and sufficiently intelligent in the history of the antiquities to which he conducts us. We have already visited many of the fallen monuments of the heathen empire—the shattered columns of temples in which idolatry triumphed—the broken remains of aqueducts which conveyed whole rivers to Rome—the crumbling walls of theatres, where gladiators were fed to bleed freely, and taught to die gracefully for the amusement of unfeeling spectators, females as well as males—the

funerary arches, through which captive sovereigns were led in chains and insulted dignity.

Intermixed with these, we have seen the proud dominion of Papal Rome—the palaces of its ambitious pontiffs—the museums, in which the works of ancient genius are collected together with the rival productions of modern times—the churches, in which the ornaments of heathen buildings are introduced with splendid, though often incongruous application.

It is vain to look for any features of Pagan or Christian Rome separately: they are strangely blended and incorporated together. It is sometimes difficult to ascertain the works of ancient and modern times, and almost impossible to discriminate between the characters of ancient and modern superstition. Houses of recent date exhibit the detached and sculptured fragments of Roman buildings. Christian churches are erected on the foundations, and constructed with the materials of heathen temples. The statues of the apostles are supported by the columns of the emperors; and the remains of the puteoli, designed for the reception of the vilest slaves, are lost in the

the labyrinth of the catacombs, now honoured as the sepulchre of the primitive martyrs. Could Rome, in its proud day, have foreseen that the professors of the despised religion of Jesus should, in future ages, thus have dominion over the ruins of its Pagan magnificence, how would its haughty crest have been lowered?

It is really interesting to consider, how Papal Rome has risen from the ashes, and invested itself with the pomp of the Gentile city! The church of St. Theodore stands on the ruins of a temple erected in honour of the infant founders of Rome, on the spot where they were fabulously reported to have been nursed. The church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian unfolds the gates of a temple, dedicated to the same reputed founders of the city. That of Santa Maria, sopra Minerva, bespeaks its own origin: and without going out of Rome to find the walls of the temple of Bacchus in the church of St. Urbino, we need only observe, that the Pantheon, dedicated by Agrippa to Jove and other deities, was consecrated by Pope Boniface the fourth, to the Virgin and holy martyrs, and by Gregory the fourth to all the saints. The Corinthian brass, despoiled from the portico of this temple, was converted into

the canopy, supported by its wreathed columns, at the Papal altar of St. Peter's; and the church of St. Paul is decorated with marble pillars, drawn from the mausoleum of Hadrian.

The supporters of the Romish faith were pleased with the idea of converting the sanctuaries of falsehood and impiety to the purposes of reputed holiness; and, upon similar principles, they erected the Carthusian convent over the baths of Dioclesian,—the church of St. Andrea della Valle, on the place where stood the theatre of Pompey,—that of St. Marcello, on the site of the temple of Isis, suppressed even by Tiberius for its infamy,—and that of St. Agnes over some public stews, from the stain of which the saint was miraculously preserved, as the elegant sculpture of Algardi testifies.

It would have been well for the integrity and reputation of the successors of St. Peter, if they had borrowed only the external materials of the heathen buildings, instead of adopting at the same time the Pagan rites, and incorporating prophane ceremonies with the purity of the Christian worship. But unhappily the temples, dedicated to Christian saints, became often as much the scenes of idolatry as those which had been devoted to fictitious deities.

The

The statues of heroes were converted into those of martyrs, still to receive adoration and to preside at consecrated altars. Those who entered the church, like those who entered the temple, sprinkled themselves with the lustral water, inhaled the perfumed incense, beheld the lighted taper, and hung up the votive tablet.

The continuance of heathen practices has sometimes been noticeable in other instances. The vestal virgins revived again in the persons of nuns—processions of the host but mimicked an ancient pattern—canonized saints succeeded to tutelary gods, and licentious ceremonies, in honour of indecent emblems, are still remembered\*. The circumstances and appendages of the heathen worship were sometimes adopted, and probably in consequence of the heathen reproaches, against the Christians, for wanting those things which mankind had been accustomed to reverence as most solemn and acceptable to the divinity. They should seem, at least by their exact conformity, to result from imitation on the

\* Witness the processions that existed, within a century, in Sicily; the finger of St. Cosmo, and the concha veneris worn by pilgrims.



part of the Romanists, and not, as the learned but fanciful Warburton imagined, from the general influence of superstition, producing the same effects under both systems.

Customs long established in religion must have retained some power over those who determined to relinquish their errors; and however primitive christianity might reprobate existing superstitions, some things were retained as harmless in accommodation to prejudice, and some were insensibly received by that spirit of imitation through which manners gradually coalesce, wherever long intercourse prevails, as it is easy, in civil matters also, to trace some lines of conformity between the character of ancient and modern Rome.

That the consequence of this adaptation in religious matters has been prejudicial to the reputation of Papacy, and that the doctrine of the Romish church is, in consequence, in a great degree anti-christian, has been shewn by many writers. The spirit of its correspondent institutions was often, perhaps, good, but that spirit is now evaporated, and its vital intention decayed, while the church is loaded with an accumulation of barren and destructive ceremonies.

One

One feature of purity, however, the Romish church has presented amidst all its corruptions; a spirit of christian benevolence to its members, carried often to excess; a spirit, demonstrated in every possible display of charity for the succour of every variety of distress; and hence a striking character of distinction may be discovered between heathen and papal Rome, in the numberless institutions which now exist for the relief of human misery of every kind, and attaching to every age, from the cradle to the grave, and in the provision for every want, mental or bodily, that can admit of assistance or remedy.

At all times there has been something of grandeur in the Roman character: in all ages it has displayed features imposing, at least, though dangerous. In the periods of the republic, we cannot but admire, amidst military passions and a rage for conquest, an uncommon generosity to the vanquished, an invincible fortitude, a disinterested patriotism, private temperance, and integrity of domestic manners. Amidst the corruption that accompanied the increase of empire, we are still dazzled by the display of genius and captivating literature; by a morality highly refined and splendid, though debased

with inherent errors and mixed with vicious principles; by a vivid animation of eloquence and enchanting graces of poetry. If the virtues of the Romans have been attractive, their vices have been also great and extraordinary; their corruption has been vast, their superstitions domineering and of extensive influence.

The temper of the Romans ever aspiring, still often exhibits its force in the degenerate race of the present day, in which we may notice a commanding presence, an expressive countenance, an imposing air, a genius and a vigour which need but encouragement and direction to break through the fetters which restrict their exertion. If we would advert to the magnificence of the ancient city, as discernible in monuments still extant, we must consider, with astonishment, the grand, though half-dilapidated fabric of Colissæum; the extent and accommodations of the Imperial baths, spread out like provinces with walks, porticos, and museums, enriched with every variety of decoration\*; the temples of the

\* "Lavacra in modum provinciarum extructa," says Ammianus Marcellinus, speaking of the Antonian baths  
erected

the city and its obelisks, its triumphal arches and well-compacted roads, carried over rivers and mountains to the extremities of the remotest provinces; its aqueducts, its catacombs, its tombs, and its palaces\*.

The remaining monuments, erected in the flourishing times of the republic, are inconsiderable when compared with those of its declining state. The Tiber still divides the city, though not with the καθαρον ποτον, "the clear stream" of which Dionysius speaks; but how have the artificial works of men perished!

"Disce hinc quid possit Fortuna, immota labascunt

"Et quæ perpetuo sunt fluitura manent,"

says the ingenious conceit of an Italian poet †.

Mark Fortune's power; fix'd monuments decay,

And things which ever fluctuate ever stay.

Of the Sublician or Æmilian bridge only some piers are now left; of the capitol, the

erected by Caracalla, which contained private baths for 23,000 persons, and were yet smaller than those of Dioclesian.

\* In the time of Cæsar there were fourteen aqueducts which supplied 150 spouting fountains and 118 public baths, besides water for the Naumachiæ.

† Janus Vitalis.

fitc

site alone is known: its immobile Saxum has disappeared; of the temple, where Numa Pompilius had his intercourse with *Ægeria*, and derived sanctions for his salutary laws, nothing remains but a dripping grotto with a broken statue; of the great work of the *Cloaca Maxima* but one arch of a sewer is to be seen.

When an acquaintance with the works of Greece and of other countries produced a taste for the arts, the emulation of the candidates for popular favour, and the rivalry and munificence of Imperial patronage, filled the city with buildings of useful or ostentatious character. The quarries of Egypt were imported, and the marbles of Asia were worked up to Grecian designs. Unfortunately it happened, that the temples erected in the earlier periods, and the edifices built near them in later times, were so crowded together, that they must have lost half their effect.

Rome was long bounded by its seven hills and raised up its works on a confined scale. When its dominion increased, a predilection for the seat of empire still remained; and the arts, though generally introduced, were cramped in their exertions. The necessity of fortifying a city, of which the inhabitants were engaged

engaged in continual wars with the neighbouring powers, required that the streets should be narrow, as more easy to be defended, and as occupying a less space. Established plans are not readily altered; and the central part of Rome, for many ages, must have been restricted to its original dimensions, which were extremely confined, as we may judge from the ancient plan of Rome discovered on a pavement in the church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian; from the dimensions of the ancient forum; and from the breadth of the *via sacra*, a principal street of Rome, in which its religious processions were displayed, and in which Horace and other speculative loiterers strolled, Rome did not dilate into its open spaces till established prosperity excited confidence in the security of the capital.

Enough, however, of Rome remains, to enable us to trace the progress of its architecture from its perfection, in the time of Augustus, to its decay in the time of Constantine. In viewing the remains of the marble city of the former emperor, we must join with St. Austin in the wish to have seen Rome in its splendor. In beholding the arch of the latter emperor loaded with the ornaments

ments of a happier period, we must regret the decay of the arts.

It is one thing, however, to contemplate Rome as an admirer of the fine arts, and another to view it as a philosopher. In the former character we must be gratified at every trace of excellence, in the latter we must lament that patronage of the arts which diverted the attention of the free-born subjects of Rome from schemes subversive of liberty, which gradually administered to the corruption of the people, and relaxed the stern virtues that had established their prosperity.

The pleasure received on beholding the ruins of ancient Rome, of whatever nature they may be, must be derived principally from the reflections which they suggest; generally speaking, the ruins have little beauty in their present appearance. An architect, indeed, may study the broken entablatures of the temple of Jupiter Stator as a grammar; a sculptor may spend weeks in studying the Torso; and a painter may contemplate, as picturesque objects, the vaulted arches of the temple of Peace; but the general traveller must derive his amusements from recalling the history, connected with the objects which  
he

he sees, and from following up the thoughts which they suggest; and the ruins of Rome must always prove interesting in proportion to our acquaintance with their history and our habits of reflection.

The common spectator, who glances over the vestiges of Rome merely as objects of sight, is soon wearied; but the intelligent traveller, who dwells with improving meditation on the changes which the city has sustained, and on the moral causes that have effected them, feels considerable satisfaction in this wonderful place, and finds every object pregnant with instruction. The Colissæum, striking as a beautiful ruin, does not sufficiently arrest our attention, unless we recollect not only the savage purposes to which it was generally applied, but that the altars, raised within its circumference, are consecrated to saints martyred there for a religion now triumphant. The temple of Peace becomes more interesting, if we recollect that in it were lodged the spoils brought from Jerusalem; that it was afterwards burnt, like the temple of which it received the treasures, and that its riches flowed in a molten stream through the streets of Rome. The arch of  
Titus



Titus will exhibit proofs of the accomplishment of the Hebrew prophecies, to him who considers the sculptured representations of the sacrificial vessels, the tables of the shew-bread and of the law, and of the candlestick with the seven branches\*. Our piety will be awakened to instructive reflections, on remembering that Titus entered through this arch to close the gates of the temple of Peace, in auspicious testimony of an established concord emblematical of that Peace which Christianity, abolishing the Jewish polity, should finally produce. The inscription on the arch of Constantine becomes really curious to the reader, who, in the expression of the emperor's having saved the republic "by an impulse of the divinity and the greatness of his own mind †," discovers an allusion to the dream which historians represent to have preceded the victory over Maxentius: and in traversing the vast tract which was covered by the palace of Nero, it is satisfactory to

\* It is well known that the Jews have always studiously avoided to pass under this arch, which reminded them of their departed polity and prosperity, forfeited agreeably to ancient prophecy.

† "—Instinctu divinitatis et mentis magnitudine."

recollect,

recollect, with Orosius, that a building, polluted by crimes, and from which Christianity was cruelly persecuted, was marked out as a monument of destruction by divine vengeance.

The edifices of the papal times, like the ambitious projects of the papal power, have been scarce inferior to those of pagan Rome ; and the considerations which they suggest are often as important and interesting as those which arise from reflection on the heathen works. The fountains, and palaces, the convents, and churches, compleated by the popes, have almost rivalled the labours of antiquity. The vatican is said to contain eleven thousand rooms, and with its gardens to occupy a space equal to that covered by the city of Turin. Twenty millions sterling had been expended on St. Peter's in the time of Fontana, and who that has seen it regrets the cost?

The painters and sculptors of Leo the Xth, were scarce inferior to those of the emperors, and they employed their talents on much higher subjects ; for, instead of imitating the fierce and turbulent passions which characterised the heroes of antiquity, the modern artists were animated to the highest emulation  
by

by the sublime emotions of religion. Sixtus the Vth embellished Rome, if not as much as Augustus, at least, according to Voltaire, as much as Henry the IVth did Paris, though the national historian informs us, with the vanity of a Frenchman, that this was the least boast of Henry though the greatest of Sixtus\*.

The church, it is true, has had its periods of taste in the arts, and its periods of decay. Its temples, where the graceful dome is suspended, where the breathing statue and the living picture are shewn, are too often encumbered with rich materials and elaborate ornaments; its virgins dressed out in trumpery, and its altars covered with tinsel, are exposed where we might admire the designs of Bramante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. With such trumpery, however, many are as well pleased: and strangers stare with astonishment, when they are told of the value of the false stones, and lack-lustre diamonds which have been presented by the Ananias's of former times.

\* Sixtus restored the fountain of Massa, of which the source was twenty miles from Rome, near the ancient Præneste, and conducted it by an aqueduct of 13,000 paces on arcades.

The present pontiff seems more disposed to collect the productions of former ages than to excite living genius. The vatican is enlarged, and its apartments are daily altered for the reception of the works of antiquity which are constantly dug up from the rubbish of successive devastations, to increase the collection. Scarce a picture of any value is allowed to be sent away from Rome, as it is well understood of what advantage the works of art are in drawing strangers to this capital. Mr. Durno with difficulty passed out a picture of Parmegiano under the name of another painter, though Sir W. Hamilton paid 1500 l. to him for it for Lord A——.

But little encouragement is given to modern artists either by the pope or the Roman nobility, who are content with exhibiting the treasures of hereditary possession; and they, whose ancestors rewarded the labours of Michael Angelo, now scarce afford to pay an artist to copy portraits; and when they do, they chiefly encourage foreigners. The French and English, indeed, are now the chief promoters and patrons of the fine arts. The French have hitherto constantly employed twelve students in architecture, sculpture, and painting,

supported through a noble institution established by the proud patronage of Louis XIV. in which they are liberally supplied with whatever may contribute to the progress of the arts. Many of them have displayed great excellence. I hope that the æconomical arrangements of the modern reformers, in France, will not cut off the supplies which the munificence of royalty has furnished. The English academy sends but one student every three years, who is alternately an architect, a sculptor, and a painter; and who is allowed 1000*l.* per ann. besides travelling expences, which is sufficient. The funds, one should have hoped, might have afforded to support one in each department. The present student is Mr. H——d, brother to Mrs. C——, who intends to expose a very elegant design for a mausoleum, in the next exhibition at Somerset-house: perhaps the choice would have been more attractive, in our country, if it had been a design for a senate-house. As his taste and execution are very good, one wishes his works to have every interest that may draw attention. Mr. H—— furnished the designs for some additions to Mr. P——n's house at S——.

Many

Many individuals study here at their private cost, and do great credit to our country, in painting and sculpture. Among those in the former department, deserve particularly to be mentioned Mr. Flaxman and Mr. Dear, both of whom have a bold and original genius; and among those of the latter, we were much pleased with the works of Mr. More, Mr. Head, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Gregnon, Mr. Fagan, and Mr. Durno, and of many others whom I hope it is not invidious to omit.

These artists, with Angelica Kauffman and many others, reside at Rome rather to gratify their own taste than in expectation of present patronage. The liberality of the pope, however, is not to be disputed: his taste only does not lead him to the encouragement of modern sculpture or painting. He expends large sums in promoting the improvement of mosaic works, which are well executed at Rome. The works of antiquity in this line have all nearly perished. Pavement is occasionally discovered; and the little piece of the four Doves, which Pliny admired at a villa of Trajan, still remains at Rome to rival the beautiful works in mosaic, which daily encrease the collection

at St. Peter's, and which at a distance, deceive us as paintings of first masters. The pope's general expences are not large; he has the power, therefore, to indulge his taste. His civil establishment exhibits few attendants at the vatican; and his military appointment consists of a few domestic troops, who appear, on great days, in a motley dress with antique helmets and breast-plates, that hang loosely upon them, and who garrison Civita Vecchia, Urbino, and Ferrara, with, perhaps, a few other places. His holiness has been commended for attending to more important concerns than the pursuits of taste; and we join in praising him for having drained the Pontine marshes, a work which baffled the consul Cethegus and the emperors of Rome; and which is now completely effected to the great convenience of the traveller.

His endeavours to encourage commerce have been more commendable than successful. If he had equally exerted himself in other things still more essential; if he had encouraged the peasantry to settle on the dreary wastes of the Campania, had given up the pre-emption of its produce which damps all spirit  
of

of industry, and by taxing the land instead of the produce, had induced his subjects to cultivate his once fertile territory; if he had set up a regular and strict policy, punished individual acts of revenge, and established a fair and speedy administration of justice; if he had roused the nobility to useful services, abolished monopolies, even that of corn now possessed by his own nephew \*, and reformed a vicious clergy to Christian virtues, he would then have conferred essential obligations on his country, and have supported the declining power of the papacy which now totters to destruction. We should have then seen his territories flourish; we should have seen his residence not a sad mixture of magnificence and dirt, a scene of ecclesiastical pomp and wretched poverty, a city of spiritual pride and hideous beggary †; where ignorance triumphs

\* Those who are inclined to consider the pope as anti-christ, will recollect that St. John foretold of the beast, "that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." Rev. xiii. 17.

† The miserable wretches exposed to excite compassion in the streets of Rome, are the most melancholy and disgusting objects that it is possible to contemplate: they



triumphs in the incredulity of the higher and in the superstition of the lower ranks; where vice and sin of every kind predominate; where prostitution holds out its lures at every window; where assassinations are daily committed in the face of day, and known murderers beg for charity under the porches of every church; and where a cardinal, now in exile at Genoa\*, was condemned for attempting to poison a brother of the conclave.

To such undertakings, however, under existing obstacles, the present pope is unequal. With good intentions and some exertions he aims not at such arduous labours, but is contented with publicly kissing the foot of St. Peter with the zeal of a pilgrim; with officiating gracefully on the great days; with improving his museum, and with cultivating sacred literature, the cause of which he has served, by publishing, in 1784, a fine edition of St.

are totally disfigured by the effects of vice and disease.—  
He who has seen them may fancy that

“ Laniatum corpore toto

“ Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,

“ Ora, manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis

“ Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.”

\* Cardinal C——i.

Maximus,

Maximus, with a well-written dedication to Victor Amadeus, and by extending some countenance to men of distinguished talents.

Many of his subjects, not satisfied with such pretensions to their favour, seem to feel little regret at a paralytic affection under which he now labours: unless, indeed, from apprehensions that he may not outlive the carnival. Many think that the papal power will expire in him; and observe, with apparent pleasure, that the niches in St. Paul's church are now filled up, except one destined for the reception of the portrait of Braschi. Severe epigrams are often affixed on the statues of Marphone and Pasquin, on which the libels of antiquity were hung. Discussions are common, in which the suppression of convents, in neighbouring territories of Florence, is pronounced to be deserving imitation; and the writings of the Reformed church, in spite of interdictions, make their way. Let us hope that when reformation begins, as begin it must, it may come gently, that it may facilitate a re-union with the Reformed churches, a consummation devoutly to be wished, to which the church of England is sincerely inclined, and bends with increas-

ing favour ; anxious only to see the causes of separation removed and palpable errors given up, which may be thought, indeed, the more practicable since many of the Romish writers have almost explained away the offensive part of many of their doctrines, indefensible as they are, and often refuted as they have been \*.

\* See a sensible Treatise on this subject by the ingenious Mr. Dutens sur L'Eglise du Pape.

**LETTER**

---

**LETTER XXX.**

---

ROME, Dec. 20.

ROME is very full of English, many of whom are lodged near each other in the Piazza di Spagna. They associate much together, preferring the company of their countrymen to the being carried in crouds, under Mr. Jenkins's protection, to concerts and converzationes, at the house of princefs Santa Croce, or the cardinal de Bernis.

The cardinal de Bernis is well known to have formerly entertained all strangers at his house with great hospitality; but as his revenues from France have been withheld he now receives company only of an evening. The two aunts of the French king are now with him. They were visited on their arrival by the pope, which is an unusual mark of attention from his holiness. They confine themselves to a small society. The English at  
these

these houses do not intermix much with the Romans. They are somewhat regardless of etiquette, and they do not often speak Italian with fluency; and the Romans dislike to speak French. The two parties, therefore, like the streams of the Rhine and the Arve, near Geneva, flow in the same current without mingling together. At the prince de Borghese's the parties are more select and pleasant; but it requires private introduction to be admitted to them. There are no public amusements at Rome except during the carnival, a time of necessary relaxation, when the ancient discipline of the church was observed. During the rest of the year there are concerts, indeed, in the churches: the vocal performers are Castratos, who should not be permitted to sing in sacred edifices, especially in a country where emasculation prevails to an extent that requires discouragement of every kind. The Roman nobility are chiefly the descendants of the relations of the pope's, and consequently often of foreign extraction. A few of them boast of being derived from the ancient Romans. The two branches of the Massimi family claim a descent from Fabius Maximus, who, in the flourishing period of the second

Punic

Punic war, was the disinterested possessor of nine acres of land. They certainly can trace their pedigree to the tenth century, when they were a powerful family. There are also three branches of the descendants of Valerius Publicola \*, whose ancestor, with Herfilia, effected the reconciliation between the Romans and Sabines, and who himself joined with Brutus in delivering his country from the tyranny of Tarquin, and reconciled Porfenna to Rome. The Urfini, the Colonna, and the Savelli families, with a few others, pretend also a descent from distinguished personages of the republic; but their pretensions are less satisfactorily supported.

Since I have last written to you, we have made an excursion to Tivoli, to which we drove, over eight miles dreary waste of the Campania, a country once described, by Varro, as an orchard, and excelling all lands in fertility. The parts of it which are now thinly inhabited, are laboured by persons who repair to it for a season from Viterbo, Perugia, and other parts of Italy: the Roman territories being depopulated by castration, celibacy, and bad government. The few tenants of the

\* The Publicolæ Messalæ et Valerii.

district prefer the pure air of the mountains to that of the plains, rendered unwholesome by the noxious vapours which ascend from stagnant waters and a volcanic soil\*. These, it is true, were experienced in ancient times, as we learn from Livy, but in a less degree, as the atmosphere was then corrected by vegetation, and the breath of herds and men.

The volcanic nature of the country about Rome tends to confirm the opinion of those who, from the language of St. John, recollect that Rome, like Sodom, shall "be utterly burnt with fire," that she shall "sink like a great mill-stone in the sea," and "her smoke rise up for ever and ever." Burnet, in his *Theory of the Earth*, a work of sublime fancy and extravagant reasoning, attempted to speculate upon the mode of this destruction; and it is curious to see how a theorist gets over difficulties that obstruct his scheme. The

\*Not many years ago some persons united themselves into a society, with design to instruct the poor persons who live in the worst parts of the Campania. They were entitled the *Passionisti*. Their charitable intentions were frustrated by the interference of government, which wished to save the lives of persons so worthy. The interference was here impolitic; it was benevolent in its intention, but not in its effects.

inge-

ingenious writer least, from the situation of Italy, the sea should be thought likely to extinguish the conflagration which he supposed to take place, imagines that the ocean and Black Sea, from which the Mediterranean is supplied, will sink in their channels so low as not to be capable of flowing into the Mediterranean at each end; and these supplies being cut off, it would soon empty itself so far, partly by evaporation and partly by subterraneous passages, as to shrink from all its shores and become a standing pool of water in the middle of the channel.

I shall not dilate in an account of the Ponte Lucano, by which we passed the Arno about twelve miles from Rome; of the Crater, of the extinguished volcano, and of the Solfaterra, with its floating islands of compacted reed and bulrush, not far from which the unfortunate and ungenerous Zenobia, the beautiful patroness and betrayer of Longinus, lived in an elegant villa, given her by her conqueror Aurelian; and from the elevation of a throne insensibly sunk, as Gibbon tells us, into a Roman Matron; her daughters being married into Roman families, and the race being continued to the fifth century. Baronius supposes



supposes Zenobius, bishop of Florence in the time of St. Ambrose, to have been descended from her.

The scenery of Tivoli; the fine ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, of which the arches still display a great range of front covered now with vineyards; the cascades, some of which rush headlong from the ruins to swell the Arno; the hills, covered with olives, among which the fancy may trace vestiges of the villas of Cæsar, Cassius, Lepidus, Horace, Quintilius Varus, Catullus, Propertius, Statius, and Vopiscus, and compare their descriptions with existing scenes; and the elegance and projecting swell of the Sybil's temple, hanging over the grotto of Neptune, led us on to a succession of the most interesting contemplations that could amuse and delight the mind. Our reflections were brought down to later times when we were conducted to the villa Estense, near the town where Hippolito of Este, cardinal of Ferrara, "the great offspring of the Herculean line," to whom Ariosto dedicated his Orlando Furioso, built up his tasteless and elaborate structure, and gardens, and terraces, and grottoes, and other artificial works in face of the bold and uncon-

uncontrolled beauties of the neighbouring country. At night, though I slept in a room close to the temple of the Sybil, or of Vesta as some think it, and heard the wind roar through its time-injured columns, my mind was sometimes engaged in modern events, suggested to memory by the name of lord P——e and of B—— written on the walls.

After seeing Tivoli we visited, with less pleasure, Frascati, where the modern Romans, as well as those of ancient times, pass a few of those weeks when it is most unhealthy to remain at Rome. The villas are stately, the gardens large and adorned with water-works, hydraulic organs, busts, statues, &c. The prince de Borghese, from the villa Taverna, may contemplate an estate of 60,000 crowns per annum, spread, as may be imagined, over a vast extent of country, since its lands are but little cultivated, and few flocks, or herds, or chearful villages, or farms, are to be seen. If I were to speak to you of the stupendous and interesting ruins of Hadrian's villa, of the endless succession of its buildings, of which the forms and even ornaments are still discernible, I must write a volume.

## POSTSCRIPT.

ROME, Dec. 25.

I DID not close up my letter that I might send you a short account of the ceremonies of this day, on which we were present, by ten o'clock, at St. Peter's, and saw the pope officiate between two rows of cardinals richly dressed. Their cloaks were covered with the finest lace. The Latin and Greek gospel and epistle were chaunted by the priests of the respective churches. The frequent change of the pope's dress, between which he was sometimes stripped to his flannels, unfortunately suggested ludicrous ideas, and disconcerted the muscles even of some attendant ecclesiastics. He received the communion in both kinds himself, sucking the drop of wine from the chalice through a golden quill or pipe, a custom introduced about the tenth century, and soon discontinued, except by the pope. His holiness afterwards administered the wafer to each of the cardinals. After he had performed the service, he was carried on men's shoulders, wearing the tiara. A large feather waved

waved on each side of his chair. We were shocked at the ostentatious display of grandeur in a weak mortal, in a church erected to the honour of God. It was something, however, amidst unmeaning parade and illdirected attention, to see an object almost idolized and lifted up to the highest pitch of human vanity, only to prostrate himself in voluntary abasement to the supposed body of Christ.

---



---

 LETTER XXXI.
 

---



---

NAPLES, Jan. 5, 1792.

ON leaving Rome we drove over other parts of the deserted Campania, rendered interesting by the extensive ruins of an aqueduct, and by the vestiges of a few buildings, and bounded on one side by the slopes of Fiescati prettily covered with houses. On the road was no busy throng, no loaded cars of merchandize. A little shrivelled descendant of some one of the pope's nephews riding effeminately on a managed horse, led by a page on foot, was the chief modern object, on a road which led us by the monuments of Ascanius and the Horatii.

As we approached Veletri the country improved in cultivation. There was the appearance of vineyards and of olive-trees, of wine that gladdens the heart of man, and of oil to make him of a chearful countenance.

Veletri is by some supposed to have been the birth-place of Augustus. It was, certainly, sometimes the seat of the residence of the emperors; and the ruins of Otho's palace are still to be seen in the neighbourhood. As it is not above twenty or twenty-five miles from Rome, it was near enough to partake of the vicissitudes of the capital. It now contains about 15,000 inhabitants. Its wine was celebrated in the time of Pliny; but, like other parts of Italy, it appears to have lost the art of making it well. It affords but indifferent accommodations, indeed, of any kind to travellers. We were informed that we might have slept at the Ginetti palace, of which the staircase is so much admired; but we disliked the idea of a deserted mansion, where we must have heard the wind howl, through vacant courts, on a night stormy enough for the machinations of the Witches in Macbeth, or for Lear to have sheltered his degraded head in the hovel of Mad Tom.

The next morning after having passed through a country slightly variegated with cultivation, we entered on the Pontine marshes, and proceeded rapidly over a fine road above fens, as extended and dreary as

those of Lincolnshire, about six posts and half to Terracina, of which the fine spiral rock, formerly called Reato, and a sea view opened beautifully. It is a small town with a church built on the lofty summit, where stood, in ancient days, on the white rocks of Anxur, a temple of Jupiter. The neighbourhood of Terracina exhibits a beautiful display of the productions of the Italian climate. As we skirted a bay of the sea we admired the fine hills, at the foot of which the road runs, and which are covered up their sides with myrtles, bay-trees, the acanthus, the lentiscus, and occasionally the palm-tree, among which the goats brouze.

Having entered the Neapolitan dominions, as we approached Fundi we were struck with the sight of an orchard of orange trees, the first that we had seen; for though these trees abound towards Nice, and in some sheltered and more mild spots of Italy, they are confined in the parts which we have hitherto visited to gardens, in which they are covered during some of the winter months: those which we saw near Fundi were about the size of a large apple tree; they are clumpy, but somewhat too round and regular to produce a picturesque effect, notwithstanding the beauty of the

the

the golden fruit contrasted with the green of its leaves.

We were much pleased with the fine cork trees which grow in the neighbourhood. They retain their beautiful fable green leaves, which resemble those of the ilex during the winter months. They are, probably, of somewhat modern introduction into Italy, since Pliny says, that there were none in his time\*; though the bark was formerly esteemed excellent to make bee-hives, and not to mention its other general uses, it was sometimes applied to medical purposes; cups composed of it being thought beneficial for the use of hectic persons, and the ashes being supposed, when drunk, to stop the bloody flux.

Fundi, which is the first Neapolitan town, reminded me of Cicero's account of its inhabitants, who still seem to preserve the irascibility of which he speaks. We saw one of the postillions draw a knife here, in a dispute with our courier†. This neighbourhood gave birth to the monster Tiberius, who, on

\* Nat. Hist. L. 16. c. 8.

† "Trati. Animi." L. 6. Epist. 13.



leaving Rome, first retired to his native seat in the adjacent territory of Fundi with a small attendance, with design, as Tacitus in part suspects, to conceal from an observant capital the display of that lust and cruelty of which it experienced the effects; and ashamed of the deformity of a stature emaciated and bent, of a head despoiled of hair, and of a face ulcerated and marked by medical applications. The reputed cave is still to be seen, some of the stones of which fell at an entertainment, of which the tyrant partook, and crushed some of his ministers to death, when Sejanus established his destructive influence over the emperor, by opposing his body to shelter him from the impending mischief which threatened the termination of his crimes\*.

The inhabitants of this country have had a bad character from the highest antiquity. The Lestrigones, or men-eaters of Homer, lived about two posts farther, at Mola di Gaeta. They were a savage race, who profited by the distresses of the unhappy sufferers driven on their coast. Cicero was killed in this neighbourhood. We, however, travelled

\* Tacit. Annal. L. 4. c. 58.

safely by the light of a beautiful moon, to Mola di Gaeta, through a country somewhat rude, though its hills formerly produced the Cæcuban wine, and are still covered with olives.

Mola di Gaeta is a small fishing town, beautifully situated at the head of a delightful bay.

The whole neighbourhood swarms with inhabitants, whom industry might cloath better, but who seem to prefer dirt and poverty with indolence, to wealth with labour. From Mola di Gaeta, we had a charming ride the next morning, along a fine terras covered with myrtles and olives, to Carigliano, where we passed the river Carigliano, the silent Liris of antiquity, and the boundary of ancient Latium, near which are the remains of an aqueduct that belonged to Minturnæ, and the plains where the Romans fought with the Tarentines, aided by Phyrus. The drive from thence, by St. Agade and Francolesi, to Capua, is less adorned by vegetation; it is, however, populous and fertile. We were contented with the sight of modern Capua, without turning aside to examine the remains

of the ancient city, where the troops of Hannibal were debauched, and where the ruins of an amphitheatre exhibit some proof of its ancient splendor.

From Capua we had two posts to Naples, where we arrived as the evening closed, and drove down the throng of the Strada di Toledo, lighted with candles at the stalls, placed on each side, as occasional shops of provisions, which, together with the lamps at the madonnas, and the flambeaus of a string of carriages, produced a gay effect of illumination. We admired the address of the good father, who, by thus inducing the people to set up candles at the images of saints, rendered superstition a source of light.

We took up our abode at the hotel de Venice. The next morning, though the 29th of December, we breakfasted upon the plat-form of some leads which hang over the border of this beautiful bay, admiring, under a summer's sun, Vesuvius, from the conical top of which issued a cloudy column of smoke; and around us the white and chearful buildings that encircle the bay, the island of Capri, and the shore of Portici. Finding  
our

our lodging, however, inconvenient, we moved to Labotte's, a situation equally beautiful as to some of its rooms; from one of which I can see the mountain from my bed.

LETTER

---



---

 LETTER XXXII.
 

---



---

NAPLES, Jan. 20.

NO place that I have seen has ever struck me so much as Naples. The beauties of the bay are numberless, and Europe cannot shew a walk more delightful than that in which we loitered the first morning contemplating the gay company, among which we found many of our countrymen; and admiring the striking and admirable piece of sculpture, the Tauro Farnese, in which, on a single block of white marble, are represented Amphion and Zethus in the act of tying their step-mother to the horns of a wild bull in order to throw her, with it, into the sea.

This magnificent work, it is to be feared, may suffer from its exposure to the weather. The sea-air, if I mistake not, is unfavourable to marble. The port and the pier at Naples, are, likewise, very beautiful; but the general distribu-

distribution of the city is not striking. The Neapolitan stile of architecture is bad ; some of the churches are handsome, and extremely rich in ornaments : the pictures which they contain do not engage attention after those at Rome.

It is the custom, on arrival at Naples, as it is also at Spa and other places, to send round cards to the principal strangers ; an attention which, though it does not establish an acquaintance, facilitates intercourse. Sir W. H——n has been absent with the king almost ever since we arrived ; we soon obtained, however, an introduction to his lady, and have been struck, as all are, by her person and accomplishments. During the absence of the ambassador she received company, for an hour or two every evening, before the opera. She has also occasional concerts, in which she herself joins, and very kindly assists the English in their introduction to the houses of other ambassadors. She is universally received with that respect which her situation and eminent qualities deserve, and is particularly noticed, with a very flattering attention, by the queen. With the little that we have seen of Sir W. we are much pleased : he is very intelligent  
and

and affable, and very attentive to those who have proper recommendations to him. The house of Sir J. D——s is, likewise, open to the English; and he has, generally, a public day, once a week, for cards and conversation, from which he endeavours to exclude the Italians, though with little success, since they sometimes do not wait for invitation.

At these houses, and at those of the bankers, as well as at their private lodgings, the English meet very sociably and with little form. They likewise intermix with persons of distinction from other countries. There is an assemblage of foreigners, from all parts, who meet at the houses of the different ambassadors; and also at the academy, for admission to which, it is necessary to be furnished with tickets by the ambassadors, and to be provided with a full dress. At this academy is a good concert, and cards, and principes and princepsas in crouds.

The Neapolitan nobles do not stand high in their general character. Extremely uneducated, and holding literature in contempt, the men have little but their good humour to recommend them. Their evenings are generally spent at cards or at an insipid opera; and  
they

they have not those common sources of information, which, in other countries, are opened in newspapers and dramatic entertainments. At a great distance from their sovereign they maintain reciprocally a proud superiority over their dependants, and are seldom taught the useful knowledge of their own deficiencies, by associating with any of the learned profession, except a few of the clergy.

The author of an old Description of Naples speaks of its most skilful theologians, its excellent doctors, its rare (I suppose scarce) philosophers, its accomplished physicians, its excellent orators, its acute counsellors, its distinguished poets—where are they vanished? Its theologians, doctors, and philosophers, seem to have retired, in disgust, from society; its accomplished physicians are marvellously reduced in number, and modestly yield the precedence, in practice, to a Scotchman; oratory is, alas! on the decline; law is degenerate, and poetry very feeble in its productions. A few individuals, occasionally, are to be found, who are sufficiently enlightened to bewail the general ignorance which prevails, and which they perceive, that it must require  
much



much time and many changes to remove. Even these, however, too frequently astonished at the magnitude of the errors which they discover, are inconsiderately led to suspect the reality of truths best established; and disgusted with the abuses of power and the follies of superstition, become wild in politics and sceptical in religion.

To speak of the female sex without commendation is always an unpleasing task: we cannot but wish, however, that the natural endowments of the women of Naples were more improved, by education, than they appear to be. Brought up in the superstitious ignorance of a convent, they are very deficient in acquired knowledge and accomplishments; and we are concerned to find, that some are not even instructed to read. A few of the higher ranks speak French, but they are disinclined to engage in conversation in that language; and their own Italian they speak very coarsely, though often from pretty mouths and with much good humour. Education, if it should not reform that vicious levity which is known to prevail in their conduct, would at least restrain and throw a veil of greater decency over that corruption  
which

which saps the principles of domestic life, and lessens the number of amiable wives and affectionate mothers.

In England, thanks to the existence of religion and a respect for the true happiness of life, the value of fidelity and virtue are still felt; and they who depart from them are compelled to affect their appearance or to retreat from society:—such, alas! is not the case at Naples; the very air of the place seems to be seductive; its effects have been displayed in many generations. Roger Ascham properly observed to Sir Richard Sackville, speaking indeed of Italy in general, “I take going thither, and living there, for a yonge gentleman that doth not goe under the kepe and garde of such a man as both by wisdom can, and authority dare, rewle him, to be marvelous dangerous\*.”

The public amusements at Naples are various and splendid. The opera-house, its decorations and performers are in a superior style. We have heard Banti with singular pleasure: she occasionally sings at our ambassador's. The inferior theatres are tolerably

\* See his School-master.

supported,

supported, but little frequented. We saw at one of them a translation of Richard Cœur de Lion. Our prince Augustus, who lives under the brow of Vésuvius at Portici, partakes of the amusements here as a private man, and receives visits from the English. He was lately entertained at a splendid dinner by the king, who is fond of obliging all persons, and particularly civil to the English. Our ambassador is distinguished from among the rest by every mark of kindness, and Mr. A—— is prime minister. Should we ever have occasion, therefore, for the assistance of the Neapolitans in the Mediterranean, it may be presumed that the counsels would be in our favour.

The English are often invited to be spectators of the hunting-matches, at which his majesty slaughters hundreds of boars, which being preserved in his woods, and fattened on the husks of grapes, on morelles, truffles and chesnuts, furnish admirable food, and of a flavour infinitely superior to that of any pork which I have elsewhere tasted. Some of these boars are preserved in the crater of the extinguished volcano at Astrume, which is six miles in circumference, and of which the lava is  
covered

covered with woods, as was that of Vesuvius before the eruption in 1631. It is no uncommon circumstance for his majesty's party to butcher many hundreds of these boars in a few days. Sir W. H. informs us that they have killed a thousand in less than three weeks since he has been out. Naples is filled with pork, and the stalls in every street are covered with its brawny rolls.

The king is a favourite with his people. The qualities of his heart are good; but he seldom puts his subjects to the blush by the display of superiority in acquired knowledge. He conciliates their affections by condescension. His dominions are badly governed: they abound with people insufficiently employed. Few exertions are made to counteract the national indolence of the natives, which might be done by the simple encouragement of allowing the exportation of corn. No measures are adopted to suppress their crimes by a rigorous administration of justice: and as poverty is very general notwithstanding the fertility of the country, it is unsafe to travel in Calabria, or, indeed, any where but in the public roads. At Naples the use of the

stiletto has been as common as in the other parts of Italy. Sir W. H——, though ambassador from the most respected court in Europe, was obliged, lately, to bribe higher than the culprit, in order to obtain the punishment of a person who was known, several times, to have stabbed his porter, though happily not with mortal wounds. The prisons are full of wretched murderers scarce sensible enough of the enormity of murder to feel the misery which they deserve.

The guide who occasionally conducts to the different places which are visited in the neighbourhood, and who acts under the direction of Mr. Clarke, the excellent and pleasant antiquarian here, is publicly understood, and acknowledges himself to have murdered two or three persons ; but he acts upon honour and with regard to his reputation, with the parties whom he escorts. Confession and payment for the performance of a stipulated number of masses may generally ease the wounded conscience of an Italian, every crime being excused by the indulgent contrivances of the Romish church. Her priests, instead of enlightening the minds of the people, keep up superstitious ignorance  
per-

perform their bungling tricks, draw expensive offerings from misguided devotion, amuse the imagination with splendid ceremonies, illuminations, and parade of ornament ; and teach their wealthy followers to display their idle vanity in costly presopios or representations of the circumstances of Christ's nativity.

The present chief civil magistrate of the city appears to have been roused by the extent of crimes, and has exerted himself in an unusual manner to suppress them. His jurisdiction is confined ; but the effects of his endeavours are sufficiently visible, and prove that authority, firmly and steadily employed, would do much to suppress the abuses which prevail.

The government here is supported by a strong military force ; its numbers have been lately reduced, but they have been much improved in their discipline by the exertions of general Salis, who was invited here for that purpose. The navy consists but of a few ships. The king wished to encrease it, but has been dissuaded.

Wretched as the government is, there are few murmurs ; the people being sensible that

they are better circumstanced than when under the despotism of their former viceroys, one of whom once introduced the plague to thin the number of revolting subjects. The poorer ranks are content to live in the streets, in numbers that excite great ideas of the population of the country; who are solicitous only for the food of the day and for the protection of St. Januarius, to whom they suppose God to have deputed the charge of Naples, as vicegerent of the department, especially against the destructive eruptions of Vesuvius.

Of the Lazaroni, who swarm in every street, you have heard much, but possibly are not informed for what reason they were so styled. The duke of Guise tells us, in his Memoirs, that they first assumed it in the revolution which he supported against the Spaniards, as descriptive, probably, of the wretchedness which they suffered under the oppression of their tyrannical governors, as former revolters in Flanders took the title of gueux, or beggars, and assumed the habit of mendicants; so others in Guienne were called croquants, a term of similar import; a third set in Normandy, piednuds or bare-feet; and a fourth

a fourth in Beausse and Soulange, sabotiers. The Calvinist's, in France, were styled par-pailots ; and the Protestants, in general, Huguenot's, from the circumstance of their assembling in conventicles, and in cellars under ground, at Tours, near Hugo's gate\* : titles sometimes affixed as stigmas, but more often designed to excite compassion, or to seduce to discontent †.

\* Davila, ch. 1.

† So the ever memorable and ever to be detested sans culotes : the ferocious wretches sans decency, sans humanity, sans common sense, sans religion, sans every thing, which can distinguish men from brutes.



---

 LETTER XXXIII.
 

---

NAPLES, Jan. 24.

NAPLES and its environs are not only superior to Rome and its vicinity in the beauties of nature, but almost rival them, in the opinion of the general traveller, in point of local interest, and in antiquities, at least as to their present appearance. On every side of this delightful city there is much to awaken the recollection of former times : if we proceed through the wonderful passage of Paufilipo, and skirt the shores of Baiæ, we trace the vestiges of Roman temples, the ruins of villa's of Pompey, Cæsar, Cicero, Lucullus, and Lentulus, and many other distinguished men, now covered in part by the transparent waves of the bay. In the neighbourhood are the still more ancient ruins of Cumæ; the cave, where the virgin Sybil uttered her oracles, and predicted, says St. Jerom, “ the birth

fragments of the temple by Dædalus; the arch of the portal of Cumæ, and part of the aqueduct. Near these are Virgil's Elysium with all its scenery and circumstances; the temple of Nero's temple, ventilated by the tyrant as if with design to prolong the sufferings of the wretched objects of his vengeance; the coliseum; and the piscina mirabilis, a reservoir which was constructed to hold supplies of water sufficient for the fleets at Misenum, or the luxuries of Baiæ. Not far from these we may see the Campi Plægrei, the Leucogaia enclosed by projecting brows of hills\*, which has continued to smoke from the time of Strabo, scalded to whiteness by the corroding vapour; and the mole, or the reputed remains of Caligula's mad attempt. The whole circumference to the horizon is marked with classical and distinguished objects; and we may contemplate at the same time, with different but interesting sensations, the town of Puzzuoli, decayed since the age of Cicero from a second Rome, in which St. Paul preached, on his arrival from

\* "Imminentibus Superciliis."

Rhegium, to a small fishing town, and the islands where Julia and the wife and sister of Commodus were banished, and where Tiberius rioted in beastly sensuality. On these objects, as I have nothing new to communicate, I shall not dilate; most of them have been pourtrayed with so much animation, that they must ever live in description at least, though the artificial parts of them rapidly decay by the waste of time, and by that remarkable neglect which we noticed here and at Rome as to objects so attractive to strangers, and consequently so lucrative to the inhabitants of the country.

A strong proof of this disregard to the legacies of antiquity may be seen at Virgil's tomb, which we visited with as much enthusiasm as did Silius Italicus, and were surprized to find that, notwithstanding it is well known, from many monuments of the same kind near Puzzuoli, that these circular tombs contain two principal depositaries for the urns, the lower room at Virgil's tomb has never been opened. It is by no means a picturesque object, though some "gentle evergreens wind round it," and has been well compared to the pigeon-house at Morceham, in Devonshire,

shire. Our poetical recollections were disconcerted by the following monkish lines, written close to the sepulchre,

“ Qui cineres tumulo hæc vestigia conditur olim  
 “ Ille hoc qui cecinit Pasqua, Rura, Boves.”

Can. Reg. 1554.

It is obvious to remark that they are utterly unintelligible, at least to me who am no *œdipus*.

The Italians are fond of inscriptions. There is one very near the tomb at the entrance of Pausilipo, addressed to the poor, who cannot read Latin, in order to point out certain springs by the virtues of which they are to profit. Sannizarius, as his flattering epitaph informs us, was buried near the tomb of Virgil. His genius was by no means contemptible, though we cannot subscribe to the idea of its affinity to that of the author of the *Georgics*.

If the places or ruins yet alluded to are not to be put in competition with the vestiges of antiquity on the Roman territory, let us drive in a different direction to Pompeii, over plains laid desolate by Lava, to the site of a town more than once destroyed by the eruptions of the mountain, as appears from the foundations  
 and

and various lamina on which they were laid. Nothing can be more interesting than the remains of a place preserved ages after those of contemporary cities, by the very destruction which threatened prematurely to annihilate its every trace.

At our first slight descent at the entrance, we see the soldier's quarters, with the names of some ancient Romans, inscribed above seventeen centuries ago, on the walls; the plat-form and proscenia of two theatres; some rooms of a private house, with a human skull that once was animated with the features of Roman genius; the impression of a foot sunk in yielding lava; the perfect form of the temple of Isis, built of stuccoed brick; its columns, its altars; the cænabulum of the priests, in which the bones of some fish were found; the slaughter-house with the still-existing ring to which the generous and struggling victim was tied, and the canal by which the blood was conducted away.

If ascending by the Appian way we proceed across the vineyard to a suburb of the town we behold two narrow streets, each about ten feet wide entirely cleared: we have a perspective view of both at the same time  
diverg-

diverging obliquely from a fountain at a sharp angle. We see the rows of houses on each side unroofed, indeed, and with walls dilapidated, and presenting the appearance of buildings half-destroyed and cleared away after a fire. The pavement, the narrow trottoir, and the channels, worn by the wheels, are still perfect. We enter into the houses, which, excepting one distinguished by its colonnade and double stair-case, are very small, and generally built with a portico enclosing a court, into which fountains were usually introduced. The apartments, particularly those of the surgeons house, where chirurgical instruments and manuscript rolls were found; as also those supposed to have belonged to the vestals, are painted with figures, many of which have been removed, but a few still remain and look beautiful, when their colours are freshened by water thrown upon them. In some rooms are the remains of mosaic pavement. The utensils now used by soap-boilers were found at the house of one of that business. The stain of an heated cup is still visible on the front slab of a tavern; and the indecent symbol of a brothel bears testimony to the gross manners of the people  
who

who were destroyed in the town. The walls of the sepulchre at the outside of the city, are sculptured with ancient masks.

Some ruins in the neighbourhood exhibit a specimen of an ancient villa with the whole plan of the house; its out-houses; and its garden, which is about, perhaps, half an acre, and divided into compartments, in one of which was a pond. The walls of the rooms retain some delicate painting. The cellars still contain Amphoræ, with wine, encrusted by ashes to a solid substance. In the cellars of this villa the skeletons of some unhappy sufferers were found, who had fled there for shelter from the shower of ashes which buried the district.

At Herculaneum the remains of a theatre still may be seen, with its seats, its orchestra, and several departments, all much more below the surface of the ground than are the ruins of Pompeii. The ruins of Stabia have been so little cleared, that we were told it was not worth while to visit them.

If afterwards we turn to Portici, we find a display of every article which can illustrate the private and domestic œconomy of the ancients. In one museum is collected almost all the furniture

niture useful and ornamental of a Roman house. The lectisternia, the side-board, the culinary utensils, and even the eatables are preserved. The weights and scales and steelyards are scarce excelled by modern improvements. The caledaria with heaters first suggested the idea of tea-urns. The implements of agriculture, which resemble those used in our own time, prove that necessity always operates by the most simple contrivances and suggests nearly the same means. The tops, and different representations of ancient amusements, prove the antiquity of many games, as well as do the lines of Horace, that speak of riding on sticks and playing at odd and even. The toilet and its furniture unfold the decorations of female taste. The chirurgical instruments here are not sufficient in number to illustrate much of the state of surgery at the time when they were used. Among the musical instruments is an uncommon trumpet, which Dr. Burney conceives to be the ancient clangor tubarum. The altars and the sacrificial vessels exhibit the parade of Paganism. The lacrimatories and amulets of indecent superstition expose the artificial and credulous follies of the people.

The



The paintings which fill rooms, sometimes engage our admiration by the display of elegant figures and descriptions, of Bacchanals and Fauns dancing on the tight rope, of Chiron teaching Achilles, of Dido abandoned, of the victory of Theseus over the Minotaur, of Genii with their attributes. These, being found on the walls of private-houses, demonstrate the high perfection to which the art of painting was advanced, while the filthy representations which painting and sculpture sometimes exhibit, argue the coarseness and corruption of ancient taste, and disgust us with the idea of a people, among whom superstition consecrated unnatural conjunctions, and female delicacy was not shocked by the most unchaste ornaments. He that sees them cannot but marvel much at the affected refinements of some modern advocates of natural religion, who pretend to extract from the emblems of a loose and popular credulity, a pure and elevated philosophy, and instructive intimations of moral import.

The scrolls of the Papyrus, hard and resembling rolls of portable soup, particularly struck us; four or five have been explicated by an elaborate process: but, instead of the lost and regretted  
books

books of Livy and Tacitus, they unfold a dry treatise on the Epicurean philosophy; a work or two on Morality and Rhetoric; and a Dissertation on Music, by Philodemus, containing, as some say, a Vindication of the Arithmetical Proportions, in Confutation of the System of Aristoxenus, or, as others state, some Reflections on the bad Effects of Music in a republic. Two only of these works have, I believe, yet been published. A third Treatise is soon to appear, and the examiners will, I hope, persevere till we recover some of the works of which we regret the loss, and some of equal value with those which we possess.

Among the relics of antiquity which we saw at Naples, none are more beautiful than the Etruscan vases, of which Sir W. H. has established another collection more complete than those which he before disposed of; they are inimitable in their forms, and extremely engaging in their designs. There can be no doubt that they are Grecian works; and they have been chiefly found where Grecian colonies have settled.

Fine pictures do not abound at Naples. The king inherits some beautiful statues from the house of Farnese, among which is the

Tauro,



Tauro, before-mentioned, and the Farnese Hercules, at the palazzo degli studi publici, which noble building is intended for the reception of the antiquities still exposed to danger at Portici, and of the pictures at Capo di Monte. The library is already large and curious.

The king gives encouragement to modern statuary, and also to a manufactory of porcelaine, as well as to the imitations of the Etruscan vases, which, though far inferior to the originals, are very beautiful. A specimen of them has been sent as a present to the king of Great Britain; but even Wedgwood cannot imitate them.

The day Sir W. H. shewed us his collection he gave us, at dinner, the fumen, a delicacy of the Romans, and a fine piece of roast beef, the boast of Britons: we preferred the roast beef.

Naples is visited not merely for the remains of antiquity; nature no where exhibits more wonderful and extraordinary features. Vesuvius, since we have been in its neighbourhood, has only rolled out a volume of smoke, sometimes lightly and gracefully discharged, sometimes with heavy and lowering ebullition clinging to the sides. We have never once seen the coruscation of a flame, though the  
moun-

mountain has been often thought to threaten. A day or two since we mounted on mules at Portici, with impatience to visit the Crater. We rode, about four miles, to the lava at the base, part of which is covered with chestnuts, and vineyards from which the *Lacryma Christi* and *Muscadel* are made. Quitting our mules at the convent, we toiled over a continuation of large and caked ashes of lava, and above them ascended by loose and yielding sand, often, "*incedentes per ignem*," treading on latent fire, of which we were sensible from the burning heat which scorched our feet and turned the colour of our shoes; and the excesses of which were avoided only by the skill of the guides, who carefully tried and examined the appearances of the lava, lest it should burst into sudden flame. When, after much fatigue, though without being obliged, as Sir W. H. sometimes has been, to run over the incrustation of the lava, we reached the verge of the crater, we drank our friends' health in some English porter. The perpendicular height is every year increased. It is eleven thousand fathoms above the surface of the sea; and the crater gradually converges towards the top. As we looked into it, when



the wind blew in the opposite direction, we saw the white sloping sides of ashes, and a projecting tower, as it were, ready to fall into the chasm. The gradually narrowing top will probably collapse, when the bowels of the mountain and its resources shall be exhausted. The mountain groaned under our feet, and threw up threatening volumes of smoke glowing with a tinge of fire, and, sometimes, almost bursting into flame. We were too much engaged by the immediate object to enjoy the fine view of the Mediterranean; and under impressions unusual and sometimes fearful, were glad to hasten down the steep descent, dangerous as it was, and often almost perpendicular. We had, however, no excuse for fear, for women have often experienced the danger. As we crept down, some of the guides endeavoured to work on our minds, and to engage us to promise additional rewards if they conducted us safely. They deem themselves secure as they are guarded by charms, some of them being marked with a cross of St. Anthony, the patron of Italy, a guardian against fire. We stopped at the hermitage and conversed with the two monks who reside there and give a character to the place:

one

One of them is very intelligent. We questioned him concerning the eruptions. What a sublime sight must they afford ! During some of them Naples seems doomed to inevitable destruction. The ashes are extravagantly said to have been carried, more than once, by currents of air, to Constantinople, an incredible distance. Pliny describes the eruption, from which his uncle suffered, with great spirit ; but it was surely pedantry or affectation unworthy a philosopher, to pretend to read during such event. With such a scene to contemplate he had no occasion for tablets but to record his sensations. Chesterfield, a cold and conceited pedant in modern high life, might teach his son to be turning over books at every moment, while time might often be better employed in reflection ; but Pliny should have despised such affectation. When he was hunting he might have taken his pen with his spear \* to catch the ideas of his imagination, enlivened by exercise ; but it was insensibility to talk of writing when Vesuvius was casting out its tremendous destruction.

Whatever we visit at Naples is enlivened by the cheerfulness of fine weather. We

\* See Letter VI.

theatre, are very handsome. The gardens are stiff and disposed with childish ornaments, The town, and houses of the nobility are wretched,

LETTER

---

 LETTER XXXIV.
 

---

ROME, Feb. 1.

ON our return from Naples we observed that the spring began to open its early beauties. The laurustinus was in full blow ; and some thorns already spread their white blossoms on the hedges. We looked at the reputed ruins of Cicero's villa, at Mola di Gaeta, and walked to Borgo di Gaeta, which is a town finely situated, and strongly fortified, though taken by Charles the Fifth. There is an inscription on the house, where that emperor received his wife. I saw no memorial to attest that this was the burial-place of the nurse of Ulysses. We were shewn, however, the rock, said to be clefted by an earthquake at the death of our Saviour. The impression which they tell you was made, by the fingers of a man who doubted the fact, and asked if the stone was soft, is certainly such as fingers



might be supposed to make, though I do not mean to attest the fact.

Since our return to this interesting city we have refreshed our remembrance by revisiting some of the places which most pleased us, and others which we before omitted. It being now the time of carnival, we have an opportunity of seeing the theatrical amusements. The houses are all prodigiously crowded. Crecentini is the best singer here. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the dancing of men, dressed as women: their sprawling and outlandish capers have none of the graces of female elegance. The moral intention of the thing must proceed from strange misconceptions.

In consequence of an attempt at a very gross fraud here, I have had some occasion to see a little of the judicial proceedings, at Monte Citorio, where civil causes are decided by a judge, after the hearing of two counsellors, who plead before him. There are nine of these judges; one, who is brother to the Sardinian ambassador, is so little clear in his decisions that both parties have been known to appeal from his decree. We have not  
been

been able to bring our cause to a hearing, and must leave it in the hands of Mr. Jenkins.

The time now approaches for our final departure from Rome; a place which I shall often think of, which I shall always rejoice to have seen. As a city, it has neither the gaiety of a commercial, nor the cleanliness of an opulent town. Its narrow dirty streets are crowded with men who wear cloaks and daggers, and with women whose chastity no man celebrates; but at every corner is some vestige of ancient grandeur and departed character: a pillar, a pantheon, or a triumphal arch. We may walk to the houses, or tombs, or statues of the great men, of whom we have heard and read, renew the impressions and correct the errors of youth, for Rome should be visited with the lantern of Christianity, that we may justly discriminate between the parade of religion and the real impiety of this dark, gloomy, and superstitious city.

LETTER

---

---

## LETTER XXXV.

---

---

VENICE, Feb. 15.

WE left Rome Feb. 2d, and drove through a flat desolate country, about four posts, by Civita Castellana, to Borgetto, where the appearance of population began to improve. We crossed the Tiber at Ponte Felice, and travelling over a more varied country passed Otricoli, situated amidst romantic scenes, and thence mounted, by a "doubtful ascent," to Narni, which is eight or nine posts from Rome, and surrounded by tremendous cliffs and rocks, of which the moonlight did not suffer us fully to discern the beauty. Though it was late we did not stop to see if it corresponded with its former character, for elegant accommodations\*, or to examine the birth-place of Tacitus, or the reputed bridge of

\* Pliny, Letter IV.

Augustus,

Augustus, and the Æolian hills of Cæsis in the neighbourhood, but fatiated with antiquities proceeded on to Terni.

The next morning we walked through a beautiful and well-wooded country, by a gradual ascent, about four miles, to the Cascata della Marmore, to which there is a road which was cut through the rock to facilitate the passage of the emperor Joseph when he visited the cascade, so well known and so deserving of admiration.

From Terni to Strettura we admired the hills richly covered with evergreens and the valleys, which, in the time of Pliny, were mowed four times a year, and still retain their reputation for fertility. These beauties, however, gradually disappeared as we approached Spoleto, and ascended the Somma, one of the Appenines. We slept at Spoleto, a town famous for having repulsed the troops of Hannibal flushed with their victory at Thrasimene, from a gate which still exists, and is, besides, rendered worthy of attention by a fine aqueduct, and a picture of the Nativity by Raphael.

The next day we drove through a chearful olive county, by le Vene to Foligno, through the vale of Umbria, along which the Clitum-

nus

mus freshens the air, which Horace celebrates for its salubrity, and which, by its coolness, reminded us that we were travelling northward. The people still believe that the breed of white cattle, which pasture on the banks of this river, and spread themselves, indeed, over all Italy, derive their whiteness from its waters. Foligno is a large well-situated town, famous, in the records of modern history, for its confectionary. On the night which had preceded the day of our arrival, it experienced a slight concussion, an expiring throe of the earthquake which produced such considerable effects in October last, and which has so frequently continued its movements, since that time, that the observance of the carnival there has been interdicted.

The ascent of an high mountain, scattered over with poor villages, brought us to Serravalle. The country improved as we approached Ponte le Trave, and its scenery changed again to the wildness of Savoy, as we drew near to Valcimara. We slept at Tolentino. The land of this neighbourhood is highly capable of benefiting by the industry of its inhabitants, who, after having sufficiently laboured on it, repair to the environs of Rome

to

to cultivate the plains of the Campania. The town affords a small opera house, which I visited. The next day a ride through a pleasing county, swelling into gentle declivities, led us, by Macerata and Sambuchetto, to Loretto.

The pilgrims and votaries of the virgin decrease in rank and numbers: instead of repairing there in crouds to make offerings, they come individually to request charity. The liberalities of ancient adoration are still ostentatiously displayed, though the dimness of the precious stones, often excites a suspicion that their value is exaggerated. We were shewn, particularly, the present made by Henrietta Maria, queen of England, which is said to have cost 50,000 ducats. It is a small representation of an angel in cast gold, enriched with diamonds. The angel inclines on one knee and holds up a golden heart covered with brilliants, inscribed with the words Jesus Maria, and terminating in a flame of rubies. There is a lamp burning before it.

The town depends for its wealth on the reputation of our lady's miracles. As those are on the decline, the trade for beads, crucifixes, and relics, is not so brisk as it was. Our English  
servant,

servant, however, purchased the trumpery with which every shop is filled, with the devotion of a pilgrim. We were permitted, as strangers, to be present, in the evening, at a private theatre. The public opera-house was suppressed, about twelve years ago, upon the pope's observing that it faced the church.

The next day we had two stages through a populous and prosperous country to Ancona. We were pleased with the improving neatness of the town, which has flourished since it was declared a free port by Clement XII. who, with a liberality scarcely shewn by any former pope, allowed a general toleration in religious matters. The mole, the port, and the triumphal arch of Trajan, the chearfulness of commerce, and the indications of successful industry, render the town very interesting. In the evening we were present at a masked ball, which, however, was not more enlivened by character than those are in England. It commenced with a lottery, the effects of which, though they may intoxicate a few, must produce a general depression of spirits little favourable to the spirit of the entertainment.

Our

Our next day's route lay by Cafe Brugiata and Senigaglia, the last of which is a large and flourishing town, and has a cathedral embellished by the present pope, of whose munificent piety we have seen many proofs in Italy. Passing thence through a flat country, by Marotto and Fano, we arrived in the evening and slept at Pefaro, the ancient town of which, as we learn from Plutarch, was swallowed up, a little before the battle of Actium, by an opening of the earth : it is now a distinguished place of resort for Italian merchants.

With the next morning we renewed our journey and drove over a dreary flat, by Catholica, to Rimini, an handsome but irregular town, decorated with the ornament of a fine old Arch. Passing thence through Savignano we arrived at Casena, a Bologna in miniature, just at the conclusion of a tournament, which is annually kept up there. Continuing our course afterwards through Forli, we slept at Faenza, where, at the opera, we were regaled with the sight of female dancers.

The succeeding day brought us by Imola and St. Nicholo, to Bologna. Having visited this city before, we stayed but one day ; and  
on



on the following morning travelled by a very bad road to St. Georgio, and thence by a still worse to Cento, a small neat town, which contains some good pictures, by Guerchino, who was born in the neighbourhood; one of which, a beautiful representation of Jesus appearing to Mary, is preserved in the confraternity of the Nome di Dio; it is engraved by Strange. Another is notified as Guerchino's by a very indecent and prophane conceit, in which the figures of St. John and St. Francis, are introduced in representation of his Christian name, and the Eternal Father as the symbolical figure descriptive of Barbieri.

The roads the next day, for a post and half to St. George, and afterwards for the same distance, to Ferrara, were so execrably bad that we were obliged to have eight oxen to our chaise, and eight horses to that of our friends, with whom we had joined party, and notwithstanding this, we were detained for nine hours in a deep clay and stiff mud, through which, the persevering efforts of the poor animals could, with difficulty, drag the straining carriages, before we could accomplish the two posts and half. Such is the entrance of the country of Ferrara, once so flourish-

flourishing under the paternal government of its dukes. Its agriculture and trade now pine beneath the inauspicious influence of the papal authority, exercised by a legate, who is changed every five years. Ferrara became subjected to the control of the pope in the time of Clement the Eighth, who took possession of it with great pomp, after the demise of Alphonso the Second.

With this and other acquisitions the territory of St. Peter's is computed to extend two hundred Italian miles, equal, as commentators on the Apocalypse have remarked, to a thousand and six hundred furlongs, the space without the city, over which St. John saw "blood flow even to the horse bridles\*." The city has the appearance of decay. It retains, as vestiges of its former grandeur, the palace of the princes of the house of Este, built in a bad stile of architecture; an ancient cathedral; a strong citadel, and spacious streets. Ariosto's monument is shewn at the Benedictine convent. He is said, with the usual fate of poets, to have been very poor, though his patrons employed him

\* Revel. 14. v. 20. Newton, 3d vol. p. 266—268.  
Mede. p. 522.

in high offices ; and an old traveller quaintly observed of him, “ that though he were a good poet he wore very bad breeches.”

At Ferrara we felt, very seriously, the effects of a transition from the mild air of Naples to the severity of a northern latitude, and regretted that we had occasion to quit the southern parts of Italy so early in the year.

On leaving Ferrara, we proceeded four miles, by land, to Ponte di Lago, where we embarked in a very commodious vessel large enough to receive both our carriages, and floated down the stream of the Po, which has here a noble breadth. We dined, and slept on board in some tolerable beds that our courier made up ; and next morning we entered the Taglio, and were towed along the canal by the side of dreary Lagune, spread out half water and half mud. We left the carriages at Fusina, and entering the open Lagune had a fine view of Venice, gilded by the rays of an evening sun, and appearing to have just risen, as the mother of Love is described, in elegant and classic imagery, from the waves of the sea\*. We glided through

\* “ ————— Mater amoris

“ Nuda Cythariacis edita fertur aquis.” OVID.

rows of handsome palaces lining each side of the great canal, and were landed at Petrillo's door, near the Rialto, of which, the beautiful arch is blemished by the effect of shops and houses built upon it.

As soon as we had procured, next morning, our gondola, which we have engaged for a trifle to be always waiting at our door, we embarked to take a view of this wonderful city and to deliver our letters of introduction. We were concerned to hear that Sir F—— V——, for whom we had a letter, was dead. Mr. Watson, the consul, received us with much politeness.

---

 LETTER XXXVI.
 

---

VENICE, Feb. 26.

THE Venetians, to whom we had letters, have treated us with much attention, and an hospitality more liberal than that of Rome or Naples. They give splendid entertainments, though their private tables are served with great oeconomy. They live in handsome palaces, many of them built from the designs of Palladio and other famous architects; and some contain fine collections of pictures, particularly that of the Doge, though the productions of the Venetian school are not so numerous or so fine here as we expected. Those set up in the churches never emigrate; but the fluctuations of a commercial town sometimes waft away private possessions.

Concerning the Gremani palace here an odd law-suit is now pending. The late possessor, it seems, left it to the first-begotten son

of

of a relation. It happened that the wife brought twins, and the lawyers are set at work to dispute which of the brothers is to be considered as the first begotten, the first or the second born. The point is dignus vindice, for the academy of Paris has decided, that in the case of twins, the last born is usually the first conceived, which, indeed, has been lately exemplified, as to quadrupeds at least, of different species, at Verona, where a mare produced an ass and an horse, the former being first dropped though it was known to have been conceived after the latter.

Of the gaiety and splendor of the carnival we see but little. The rage for its extravagance seems to have expired in the feeble efforts of a few grotesque figures and some insipid masks. The baout is, however, convenient, and serves as an apology for the want of dress. I have been in it at the phil-harmonic society, a casino or assembly, of which, only the first ranks are members, and where a full dress is usually worn. The theatres at Venice are abundantly crowded, and during the carnival, especially, well supplied. We have David, whose manly tones gratify an English ear, disgusted with the "gargling

of outlandish throats;" and we have Mara, though the capricious lady is de mauvaife humeur on account of some tweedledee arrangement, notwithstanding she is to be paid 1500 sequins for the carnival, which is, perhaps, more than Farrinelli ever received, in public salary, for the same space of time.

The Venetian society is really pleasant, The women, who are pretty, though they have bad figures, are as devoutly inclined to the tender passion, as in the days when Ascham and Burnet treated of the vices of Venice. We are invited to exceeding good private concerts; seven public theatres are open every night in this joyous city; and the Furor Dramaticus has run so high that another is just built.

The Doge has only the exterior of royalty, and few privileges but that of divesting himself of his official dignities, and sometimes appearing as a private man in the evening. He has a revenue of about 2000*l.* and nominates the dean and canons of St. Mark. His sons and brothers, however, are disqualified, by their affinity to him, from holding any civil office, or from being employed in any public department, domestic or foreign; and he is not  
allowed

allowed himself, to form a connection with any foreign prince without the consent of council. He is subjected to the troublesome and scrutinizing authority of the inquisition, who have the keys of his palace and can search it at pleasure, being accountable for their conduct only to the council of ten. Every member of the state, indeed, it is well known, is amenable before these vigilant and jealous magistrates, to whose tremendous power the government is supposed to be indebted for its security; and may be conducted out of a palace, to a prison over the Ponte di Sospiri, or thrown into the Canal Orphano without any regular trial or known sentence.

Titles of nobility have been sold at Venice upon great emergencies; but the nobles gradually decrease into a small aristocracy: all are employed in some department of state. The podestas, who have the civil presidencies of towns; and the captains, who have the military power, are not allowed salaries sufficient for the state which they maintain, and make up the deficiency by oppression and corrupt administration. The execution, however, of criminal justice is, generally, equitable,



table, though strict ; and the people are kept in good order, and not extravagantly taxed. The commerce of the country, however decayed from its former extent, still flourishes. Its glass manufactories are famous ; but the plate glass is not by any means so large as that of France, nor so good as that of England.

The arsenal still exhibits a grand display of naval stores, and affords employment for its 3000 men, which is above double the number usually employed at Plymouth. The men receive from a paul and half to eight pauls per day. When we were shewn the twenty-four Carlos on the stocks, which are constructed for 88 guns, though capable of containing 120, and recollected that such vessels are too large for the Venetian seas, and that travellers many years ago speak of the same number, we began to suspect that they are never finished, and kept merely for ostentation.

We contemplated here, very scientifically, the short cannons, made in imitation of those of the English at the time that they began to judge them inconvenient ; the mode of boring, by which the men emulate turnspits ; the long rope-walk, of I know not how many hundred feet, and the gilded bucentaur : and

we concluded our observations with remarks on some excellent oysters, in which we all joined with unanimous commendation.

The oysters within the arsenal, which fatten on the bitumen and exudation of the wood in the docks and canals here, are in high and deserved estimation, for their size and quality, with the Venetian epicures.

The nobles of Venice are, perhaps, more intelligent than those of any other parts of Italy, being early called out to the exertion of their talents in public departments. The lower classes of the people are, however, but little instructed even on the most important subjects. The clergy being on the worst of all establishments, that of election, is necessarily degraded in its character. Persons of respectable family, and liberal talents, shrink from a profession where subsistence must be obtained by a popular canvas, and authority depend on the caprice of the parish which is to be directed. The higher ranks are, indeed, virtually restrained from taking up the profession, since a noble, who enters into the sacred function, forfeits his hereditary vote in the council. If he obtain a cardinal's cap his whole kindred must withdraw from all interference

ference with public affairs: and should he even attain the pre-eminent dignity of patriarch, he will have no power or jurisdiction even over the church of St. Mark,—ecclesiastics being suspiciously excluded from all authority.

From these unfavourable circumstances the whole body is placed in a degraded point of view. Its members are seldom seen in elevated society; and are little revered by the inferior ranks. Religion itself seems less regarded here than in other parts: its external circumstances are less frequently displayed, and morality is scarcely professed, at least in many of its branches. The host is never carried in public procession, at Venice, on account of the narrowness of the streets and alleys. Protestants are indulged in the domestic exercise of their worship. The Armenians have a church; at the Greek church the service is in Greek; and the epistles and gospels are chaunted, by an high priest, in a desk.

Literature is not cultivated so much as it has been. The Venetian press has been formerly celebrated, and books of value may still be collected here; but modern books  
seldom

feldom appear. Liberty of opinion, on political and religious subjects, is much circumscribed ; it is therefore vain to look for great improvement in these departments. The age of true poetry is lost at Venice, as elsewhere. Some modern productions, however, in the lighter works of genius, are to be admired for more elegance and correctness of versification, than the Venetian dialect has before exhibited. It is a peculiarity at Venice, that the history of the state is written by persons publicly appointed, and who compose, therefore, under some restraint.

The annals of Venetian literature were published, in the 16th century, in a regular paper, sold in a single sheet, called a *gazzetta*, from the piece of money so denominated, which it cost. Other articles of intelligence were gradually admitted ; and the term was adopted by other countries, to signify those registers of miscellaneous information which are read with such avidity all over Europe.

The carnival here finished on the 20th with extraordinary parade of caricature figures and trumpery masks. The people endeavoured to amuse the tedium of the day with an opera in the morning, besides the usual enter-

entertainments at night. Towards the conclusion of the carnival we were present at the annual ceremony of the flight of a man, dressed as Mercury, who descended by a rope from the Campanile, in St. Mark's place, to present the Doge with a nosegay. At the same time were exhibited some feats of strength, equal to those celebrated by Juvenal, or displayed at Sadler's Wells, of men standing on each other and building up a lofty architecture of human bodies. After this, and some fireworks played off with little effect, by day-light, the Doge was regaled, for a concluding treat, with the slaughter of three bulls, of which the heads were severed from the body with a large sword, wielded by a strenuous arm, in conformity with a savage custom which took its rise, eight or nine centuries ago, from the rebellion of a patriarch of Aquileia, in Friuli, in conjunction with twelve vicars. The patriarch was beheaded, with his confederates, in the Piazza di St. Mark. In commemoration of this punishment a bull and twelve hogs were afterwards beheaded in patriotic resentment. But the decapitation of the hogs being deemed ludicrous, and, perhaps, awkward, as these  
per-

perverse animals shewed no disposition to acquiesce in the ancient custom, two more bulls were substituted as vicars ; and beef, instead of pork, is distributed among the people, who contemplate the catastrophe with great satisfaction and appetite.

LETTER

---



---

## LETTER XXXVII.

---



---

VERONA, March 2.

WE left Venice, on the 27th, in a borchetta, and taking in our carriages at Fusina, were towed, by horses, along the Brenta to Padua, where we arrived in the evening. This river is confined by banks somewhat formal. It seldom dilates into fine reaches or graceful bendings. Among the noble palaces which adorn them, that of the Pisani family chiefly arrested our attention. We entered it, and admired its grand apartments filled with pictures by Zuccarelli.

A seat of learning in decay is always melancholy. The large unoccupied spaces of Padua remind us of its ancient population and trade, famous in the time of Martial, as its vacant schools suggested regret for its departed science. The circus, decorated with the statues of the illustrious men whom this city  
has

has produced, exhibits not only an interesting sight, but an incitement, one should suppose, to living virtue. Dr. Burney, when he was here, was as much delighted with conversing with Tartini, the celebrated composer, as if he had found another Livy. We met with no one to rival the historian in fame. The attention paid to literature appears not to be considerable.

The schools are still, however, frequented for lectures. It is remarkable that they are called *il Bue*, or the Ox; we are as unable to tell why, as to ascertain the correspondent etymology of our University in England; and know of no more analogy between schools and an ox, than Mrs. Cowley's *Gradus* did between learning and an hog.

We were surprized at the injudicious construction of the anatomical school. The benches hang, in a confined apartment, perpendicularly over the table on which the subjects for dissection are placed, so that the student may, with science, imbibe the vapours of infection, and the school may furnish its own subjects. Part of an human body was carelessly and indecently left on the floor of the anti-chamber.

Botany



Botany appears to be much attended to at this university, which has been so long famous for the study of physic. The garden contains many very curious plants; among these, which I recollect, were the white pepper tree from Africa, of which the fruit does not ripen here; the China rose, which changes its colour every day; the date tree; the canuba; the ficus indiana spinocissima, which forms the boundaries of property in America, and bears a fruit; the cicuta aquata, which is very scarce; and to mention no more, the rux vernix, the accounts of which would incline one to credit what Dr. Darwin, in the notes to his Poem, reports concerning the poison-tree of Java; for though it does not sensibly scatter its influence, the touch of it is poisonous, even though it come not into contact with the blood. A man last year, who accidentally touched it, was confined six weeks. It is imported from Japan; is about the size of a common rose tree, and has leaves which resemble that of the lemon tree.

In the town hall, at Padua, of which the roof is so curiously painted, we were shewn the tomb of Livy, and the lapis vituperii, "the stone of disgrace," on which every debtor,

debtor, who will sit, with bare rump, in full assembly, and swear that he is not worth more than a sum equivalent to five pounds, is exempted from arrest. It is curious to remark, how anciently and uniformly vindictive justice has directed its resentment against this unoffending part, where, as we learn in *Hudibras*, honour is supposed to lie. It appears from ancient paintings, preserved in the museum at Portici, that the pædagogues of antiquity flogged the offending youths of their time mounted, as they still are at some schools, on the backs of other boys. It may be recollected also, that the creditors of this country were formerly accustomed to look for vengeance at least, if not for indemnification to this part; and the ministers of the law, though they now grasp the shoulder, seem, formerly, to have levelled their aim at a nobler part, as may be collected from the homely appellation which Blackstone derives, by an unsatisfactory etymology, from bound bailif.

The post, which we resumed at Padua, conveyed us two stages over a bad road, and through a flat country to Vicenza. As we were travelling northwards we shivered, on observing

that the distant mountains, towards which we advanced, were covered with snow.

The taste for architecture, excited by Palladio and Scamozzi, shewed itself before we reached the town, in various buildings prettily designed. We were much struck with the works of the former of these artists in several edifices of the city, especially in the town-house, and in that which is called his own little mansion, of which the design is very elegant. The rotunda of the marquis of Capra, which is near the town, is well known to have been the work of Palladio, which suggested the plan of that beautiful trinket of a villa, built by Lord Burlington, at Chiswick. This building contains thirty-two rooms in a space inconceivably small. It is called a rotunda from a circular apartment in the center, but has four uniform fronts. The architecture of Palladio, the Raphael of his art, should be more studied by our countrymen. There is, doubtless, a style of building adapted to every country; but many of the fanciful designs of Italy might be introduced in our buildings much to the ornament of England. It would be absurd indeed in our latitude,

To

“ To draw the wind through long arcades to roar,  
 “ Proud to take cold at an Italian door.”

But the banks of the Thames, the slopes of Richmond, and the green retreats of Windsor, should be decorated with the display of edifices, designed with some display of taste and fancy.

The olympic theatre here, built on the principles of Vitruvius, from a design of his great imitator Palladio, is the most elegant and classical work I ever saw. It has the image and appearance of antiquity; and I wished to see the plays of Terence performed there, as with us by the Westminster boys. Such a work at a public school, with all its decorations and appendages, would furnish a lively illustration of the dramatic entertainments, at which Scipio and Lælius appeared.

Palladio did not live to see the completion of his work. This great architect first laboured at Vicenza for twelve sous a day; and, about the same time, Paul Veronese exerted his distinguished powers for fifteen sous. At the convent of la Madonna della Monte, at Vicenza, he has left an invaluable monument of his abilities, in a picture of the Reception of the Pilgrims among whom

Christ is represented to have appeared. In this picture the painter has introduced his own portrait, and that of his uncle.

Verona, which is about three posts and an half from Vicenza, contains many things that deserve more attention than we gave them. The eye is never tired of seeing, when the imagination can chuse its objects; but our fancy, which was engaged only on domestic reflections, suffered us not to linger in the city, beyond the walls of which Shakespear's lover could find no joys. Yet the beautiful remains of the amphitheatre, of which the form and many of the seats are perfectly preserved, awakened many interesting reflections; and the conversation of the Countess Mosconi, to whom we had letters, would have afforded pleasure for many weeks.

The pictures at Verona; the paintings of Paolo Cagliari, who conferred much splendor on the reputation of a city of which he assumed the distinction; those of many other artists; the architecture of Sansovinò; the centre of a long labyrinth of passages, by which the town was undermined; the mausolea of the Scaligers; the arch over the Adige; and the collection of fossils, imprinted with forms of fish,  
collected

collected by Signior Bozza; and now in the possession of Count Cazolas, are better worth seeing than hearing of.

We quitted them all, without regret, the next morning, and saw the country gradually impoverish, as we approached Volarni. From thence, to Beri, the beautiful river Adige accompanied us, washing, in its gentle course, the brown and polished base of some picturesque rocks which re-echoed every sound that disturbed the tranquil solitude of the country.

At Beri we tasted an excellent white wine made in the neighbourhood, which, for aught I know, may be the Tramminer wine. It is called *Vino Santo*, in strong expression of the estimation in which it is held. At Borghetto, before our arrival at Ala, we quitted the Venetian territories, and were allowed to import all our property unmolested, except our money, into the Tyrol; the first entrance to which, as we approached Roveredo, opened to us a rude country covered with heaps of rocks, wilder and more fantastic in their forms than those of Savoy, and intermingled with tracts cultivated and populous.

A road through an open valley, bounded by bold hills, conducted us through Befeno to Trent, where we found little to interest us but the recollection of a council which, after the dawn of reformation, had roused the attention of mankind to the accumulated errors of a corrupted church, confirmed the most extravagant doctrines of the Romish faith. We were conducted to the cathedral, where the council was held, to hear an incomparable organ, from which were expressed sounds far more in unison and harmony than those uttered by the cardinals, legates and bishops assembled within the walls in the sixteenth century.

The Adige still accompanied us on our departure from Trent, flowing through a bold country, towards St. Michel. Our day's journey led us from thence, by Soleurno and Nairmach to Branzol, where we were pleased with the neatness and boarded floors of a German house, and with female attendants, who, however, were more remarkable for good humour than beauty. Their figures were not such as a sculptor would select; and the broad features of their faces were oddly decorated by white woollen caps or black frilled

frilled bonnets of a triangular shape. At Branzol we were shewn a green-house filled with noble orange-trees, from which the fruit is plucked three times in a year, though the trees are enclosed for seven months. As we travelled next day by Teutschchen, Colman Brixen and Mittewald, we admired a succession of rude and romantic scenes clad in the rigors of winter, of which the appearance became more striking in the display of a glacier at Stertzingen, where we slept at a tolerable inn, though half-suffocated with the oppressive heat of a German stove.

As we proceeded the next day by Brenner and Steinach and Schonberg to Inspruck, we sometimes walked a stage, faster than the horses would drag the carriages. We were struck with the grand scenery of the country. Before our arrival at Inspruck we noticed an inscription, near the road, which seemed worth copying.

“ Anno 1782 Quo Pius 6. Pont. Max. Vienna Redux Æniponti. A. M. Elisabeth A. A. Hospitio Honorifice exceptus Tirolim suo numine implevit. 12 Id. Maii heic trajecit.”—Suo numine was a strong expression, however piously designed, to console his



holiness for the disappointment which he had experienced in his journey to Vienna.

The approach to Inspruck is fine. On our arrival there, we heard that the emperor died under strong suspicion of an accelerated fate, on the first of this month, by the bursting of a blood vessel. We were, on that account, refused permission to see the palace where his sister resides; and were contented with viewing, at the church of the Franciscans, the tomb of Maximilian and the figures of his illustrious kindred. Poor Leopold is now numbered with "the mighty dead." Many virtues, however, may be inscribed on his monument; and we may hope that they are registered where they will not be forgotten.

Inspruck is finely situated on the Inn. We passed the river the succeeding morning, and toiled the whole day up steep hills, or cautiously descended down frozen roads, conducted by postillions whose phlegm we could never animate to profit by the few intermediate levels that we found in passing through Dorstenbach, Parvis, Nazareit and Lermes, so that we travelled the last stage, to Reita, by the pale light of the moon, which magnified the appearance of the mountains and reflected

lected its beams on dark forests of fir, rising in beautiful contrast above extended wastes of snow. At the edge of these forests our servant saw two prowling wolves; in spite of which, however, and in spite of many a fearful precipice, we arrived, about midnight, at a good inn at Reita.

At Reita we understood that the nearest road would lead us through Bavaria, but a passport could not be obtained without delay; we therefore continued our course over the plains of Suabia, diversified with fine plantations of fir and parkish scenery; and after a tedious lingering drive arrived, long after midnight, at Augsbourgh, where we were glad to stay a day to refresh ourselves among the chearful ways of men, by a sight of the many curious particulars which it contains.

Augsbourgh has the spacious streets and bold character of a town that once flourished considerably. Its buildings are designed in a stile of architecture that disgusted Winkleman's refined taste so much, that he affected to be unable to endure the sight of Germany. They are, however, of a better character than those of contemporary cities; and the simple front of the town-house has been very much and  
very

very justly admired. Roger Ascham tells us, that there were, in his time, a number of houses which, set in Cheapside, would overlook and over-brag the whole street; that there were then five merchants in it able to disburse as much ready money as five of the greatest kings of Christendom. The emperor Charles the Fifth wished to borrow eighteen hundred thousand guilders of one of these merchants, and was offered a million, which was equivalent to about one hundred and seventy thousand pounds, then a vast sum. One of them, during the time that the famous diet was held here in 1530, entertained the emperor, together with the king of the Romans, the prince of Spain, and the queen of Hungary regent of Flanders, for a whole twelvemonth, when the town was so thronged, by the attendants of the court, and the resort of ecclesiastics and others to the important diet, that 2300 waggons, laden with provisions, came every market-day into the town. Luther, during the sitting of the diet, resided at Coburg, in the neighbourhood. He had been once a monk of the Augustin convent here. The confession of faith, drawn up with great eloquence, was read by Christian Bayer,

chancellor of Saxony, in presence of the emperor, who was more partial to the Romanists and disposed to countenance their weak reply. The confession, though it breathed the mild and temperate spirit of Melancthon, yet, as it established boundaries of distinction, was the occasion of a war between the two churches which continued till 1555, when the treaty was signed which restored peace to Germany.

Augsbourg is a sovereign state with an appendant territory. It is aristocratically governed, as all republics really are, by the higher families, but with more freedom of admission of the lower ranks, by the representatives of the burghers, than is usual in such government. Power is equally divided between the Romanists and the Lutherans. The former have the step of precedence. The latter are sometimes reported to be gaining the ascendancy in numbers. Disputes are frequent, but they seldom burst out into open rupture. The diocese of Augsbourg is extremely valuable. It has generally been held by some one of the house of Bavaria or of the electorate. The minister from the Imperial court to the circle of Suabia usually resides here.

here. The town has every convenience: it is watered by aqueducts from the river Lech, which flows at no great distance from it. The useful arts are more cultivated here than those of a politer nature. The toys and small pictures for prayer books are, however, famous; and it is curious to see grave and phlegmatic Germans labouring for the amusement of Children.

We were shewn an admirable collection of pictures here belonging to the dean. After being satiated with the rich colouring and bold designs of Italian pictures, we returned to a kind of domestic pleasure in contemplating the accuracy and neatness of the Flemish style.

But the principal object of attention at Augsbourg is its library, where we spent some time. Among the curious books which the civil and attentive librarian shewed us was the Polyglot of Ximenes, one of the three vellum copies of which was purchased at the sale of the Pinelli collection for four hundred and fifty guineas. We noticed also two manuscripts of the Hebrew Pentateuch, a Greek manuscript of the Gospels, and Erhardus Ratdolf's Euclid with the first page with golden letters, the characteristics of its antiquity.

This

This Euclid was published at Venice in 1482, when the inquisition objected to its figures as mysterious, suspecting them, I suppose, to contain some lurking herefy or sedition. We saw also Cicero's Offices, printed at Mentz in 1466; and a Greek Psalter, which appeared with a Latin Version, Sept. 20, 1481, and was the first Greek book published in Italy. The last book which I recollect was a copy of an Itinerary, supposed to have been made in the time of Theodosius: the original of which was bought by prince Eugene for three hundred florins, and is now at Vienna.

LETTER

---

## LETTER XXXVIII.

---

BRUSSELS, March 23.

NO remarkable town intervened to detain us between Augsbourg and Ulm, which are distant four posts and an half from each other. The country, through which we passed, is flat and unadorned. Ulm is an Imperial town built in an antique stile of architecture. It is situated on the Danube at its confluence with the Iller. Its steel manufactures have been long famous.

The snow began now to fall in great quantities, and we congratulated each other on having quitted the Alps. We continued our journey by Westerfetten, Geislingen, Gæppingen and Blockingen, five posts to Stutgard, the capital of the duke of Wertemburg's dominions, which are bounded by the Alps and the Black Forest, and finely watered by the Neckar and its different branches.

Stutgard

Stutgard contains about 20,000 inhabitants. It suffered much by the removal of its sovereigns, who, on some dissatisfaction, retired to Louisburg. It has, however, recovered its reputation for loyalty, now a rare virtue, and prospers as the seat of government.

We left the town next day and pursued our course over a trackless road, through a country of which the beauties are now covered with snow, by Entzweingen, Knittelingen, Bruchsal and Wagheusel to Heidelberg, where we looked at the old object of attention, the great tun, which begins to be neglected, though the D—— of Y——— endeavoured to bring it into reputation again, by bestriding it as well as any Bacchus of antiquity could have done. Not far from the place where it is kept, are the ruins of the palace destroyed by Turenne, the possessors of which must have formerly enjoyed the fine view of the Neckar, which fertilizes a valley from which they derived their profits. The town has not recovered from the distress produced by the French plunder, towards the conclusion of the last century, and the removal of the elector's court to Manheim. The Lutherans hold up  
their



their heads and use the church alternately with the Catholics.

Manheim is but a few miles from Heidelberg. Here we fell into the road which we had passed last year, and proceeded by Worms to Oppenheim. It was flattering to our country to notice, that while the people took us for Frenchmen, we were always desired to pay for the post-horses before we set off; but when it was understood that we were Englishmen, we were suffered to proceed in full confidence that we should pay at the end of the stage. We could procure but two beds at Oppenheim, where we were detained for want of horses. The place was full of Frenchmen, exiles from a once happy and flourishing country. What scenes of private distress has this mad and ill-conducted Revolution occasioned!

We spent a day again at Mayence; and understanding that Coblenze, Bonn, and Cologne are crowded to the threshold with Frenchmen, we determined to pursue our route by Luxembourg, though the road was represented to be bad—not indeed in the degree in which we found it.

Our

Our first stage was to Bingen, where the French are now ordered to assemble, though the village can scarce afford them room, and they must suffer there great inconveniences. Their poverty interests our compassion exceedingly. Many subsist only on a daily allowance from the prince de Condé, who is at Bingen. Some of them, men formerly of family and consequence, and accustomed to affluence, could not afford to pay to eat with our servants. The roads were covered with straggling parties of them. The hotels are, sometimes, closed against them.

After driving through a very beautiful country, delayed by bad roads, we proceeded by Lattershall to Simerin, where we slept. A lingering drive through a dreary country, in which we were obliged to struggle over roads broken and rough, as if they had been designedly destroyed to secure the wretched country from invasion, brought us, after a passage over the broad and rapid Moselle, to Keyrith, where we found little to console us that we could not reach Treves, at which city, however, we arrived early next morning, and found it crowded with French, who are

fled for shelter here under the protection of the elector.

We slept at Grævenmaker, and arrived the next day by dinner at Luxembourg. We were much struck with the situation and apparent strength of the place. Its elevation, the difficulty of the approach, and the fortifications, constructed upon French plans by the French when they possessed it, appear to make it an almost impregnable fortress. The rivers and mountains which surround it render it likewise a very advantageous position to maintain. On application to the commandant to see the fortifications, we were told not only that we must not see them, but that we must immediately leave the town, unless we were detained by necessity. Such being the jealousy at this critical period, when all Europe seems prepared to arm, that no stranger is allowed to stay above twenty-four hours in the town; we drove by Steinfort to Attort, where we slept.

The next day we were shaken over very bad roads by Malmaison to Flamisoul, and thence through dreary and almost unpeopled wilds, on which, however, much cattle is bred, by Grinsheim to Marche, where we slept,  
and

and the next day proceeded over level uninteresting plains to Namur.

Namur, after having been so severely besieged by king William and uncle Toby, was dismantled of a great part of its fortifications by Joseph the Second. The feelings of the people were so little consulted, that the walks and trees of the ramparts were at the same time insultingly injured and almost destroyed by the injudicious agents of the emperor. The intention of demolishing the fortifications of the towns in the Low Countries, was to deprive the people of places of defence, when they remonstrated against grievances. The court, however, thereby lost its strong forts for garrisons against domestic or foreign enemies. The error was soon perceived, and the fortifications will be restored. We heard here many complaints against the injudicious and unjust proceedings of the Imperial court, which has offended, considerably, the people of these rich dependencies, by repeatedly promising and as repeatedly and evasively failing to confirm their ancient and stipulated privileges. Why will not power lean to conciliate, and consider gratitude, a better pledge than fear to secure obedience ?

The

